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STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review

DECEMBER 1934

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*An t-Oileánach, Scéal a bheatha féin do scríobh Tomás Ó Criomhthain. An Seabhac do chuir i n-eagar. Ar na fhoillsiú do Mhuinntir C. S. Ó Fallamhain, Teo., i gcomhar le hOifig an tSoláthair. 1929.

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Twenty Years a-Growing. By Maurice O'Sullivan. Rendered from the original Irish by Moya Llewelyn Davies and George Thomson. London: Chatto and Windus. 1933. 8s. 6d.

mainland like a group of fabulous monsters risen from the deep.

The family with whom I live in Coumeenole have many relatives on the Great Blasket, and invitations to visit the latter are constantly lavished on me when I meet its friendly people after Mass in Dunquin, or on market day in Dingle. I well remember the lovely Autumn day on which my reluctance to attempt the crossing was first broken down by the united efforts of my friend and teacher Dr. Osborn Bergin, a party of the islanders, and practically the entire population of Coumeenole. We were given a royal send-off from Dunquin harbour, and even I felt hopeful of surviving the three mile journey over a sea that seemed as blue and placid as an Italian lake. Alas, we were barely half a mile out when the beauty of the scene faded for me, and island, boat and sea alike began to revolve in a monstrous dance before my aching eyes. The remainder of our voyage is a vague memory of misery, and when finally we reached the landing stage I could only stagger out of the boat, oblivious of my surroundings and deaf to the cries of the children who had descended in full strength to welcome us. As the waves of nausea gradually subsided, I forced myself to listen to their greeting. At first I took it to be some local Gaelic blessing still unknown to me, but with a shock reminiscent of the worst moments of the crossing I eventually disentangled the refrain: *A pinny far shweets! Up di Valera!* Afterwards I was relieved to discover that their knowledge of English was entirely confined to this judicious compound of patriotism and mendicancy.

The main purpose of my visit to the island was to make the acquaintance of Tomás O Crohan, or as he is more usually called by his neighbours Tomás Dhónail. In my mind his figure had assumed almost legendary proportions, so accustomed was I to hear his praises sung by the people of the mainland. Nor were my expectations

disappointed. I can still see him as he stood by the hearth in his own kitchen, a trim lithe figure with finely chiselled features and keen bright eyes that seemed to survey the world with friendly and somewhat ironic detachment. His voice still lingers in my ear, clear and musical like a silver bell. Although at the time I hardly knew enough Irish to enjoy the full flavour of his speech, yet I could not fail to recognise his unique mastery of the language. We spoke of the articles he had contributed to a Dublin newspaper, which had been collected and published a short time previously under the title *Allagar na hInise*. He went on to tell us that he was presently engaged in completing a larger work, his own autobiography, most of which he had already written at the request of his friend Mr. Brian O'Kelly of Killarney. His attitude towards the proposed book was typical of the modesty and humour which are among his salient characteristics. At first he had demurred. He could not see, he said, how strangers could take any interest in the life of a simple man like himself: "Sure I could fit an account of every queer thing that happened me on the back of a picture postcard!" It was only when Mr. O'Kelly had translated for him parts of the autobiography of Maxim Gorki that he realised what the strangers expected. He set to work with a will, and the final result was *An tOileánach*, the appearance of which in 1929 caused nothing short of a sensation in the small world of Irish readers.

On the day I first met Tomás I must also have shaken hands with a young islander named Muiris O Súileaváin, but without any idea that I was being presented to yet another author. A couple of years later he joined the Civic Guards, and having been posted to a quiet district in Connemara, occupied his spare time by writing an account of his youth on the island. *Fiche Blian ag Fás*, as his book was aptly entitled, appeared in 1933: an English translation by Mrs. Llewelyn Davies and Mr. George Thomson appeared simultaneously, and was

greeted with an enthusiasm which, as will be seen presently, I cannot entirely share. Thus within the space of four years one small island, with a population of less than 150 souls, has contributed to the scanty stock of original literature in modern Irish the only two works which, in my opinion at least, are worth reading for their own sake.

Both works have required a certain amount of editing at the hands of third parties. The bulk of *An tOileánach* was contained in letters written to Mr. O'Kelly and handed over by him to Mr. Sugrue, already well known to readers of Irish as the author of some delightful stories of the West Kerry Gaoltacht. On Mr. Sugrue fell the heavy task of making a selection from the original materials, of normalising the orthography (not always consistently, it must be added) and of seeing the work through the press. To what extent he has also remodelled the grammar and constructions of the original I am unable to say; but I doubt, for example, if Tomás has really used the past subjunctive so frequently: in the ordinary speech of the people it has been almost entirely replaced by the conditional. On the whole, however, Mr. Sugrue has done his work with considerable skill, and all those who take any interest in Irish literature are deeply in his debt. They are equally indebted to the editor of the other book, Mr. George Thomson, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and up to recently Lecturer in Classics through the medium of Irish in University College, Galway. Apart from native speakers, there are very few Irishmen who have achieved Mr. Thomson's command of the spoken language, and there is certainly no Irishman who has been so staunch a friend to the author of the book. Except for his generous aid and encouragement, to which Muiris pays frequent testimony, the latter would certainly have joined his brothers and sisters in America and we should never have heard of him or his story. Mr. Thomson modestly disclaims all

share in the composition of the original, but it is probably safe to credit him, not merely with the opening quotation from the ninth book of the Odyssey, but also with the very happy title of the work (a fragment of a well-known proverb), and perhaps with much else besides. His edition is a model of accuracy, in eloquent contrast to the slovenliness of many native editors.

The reading public for works in the Irish language is strictly limited, and the number of people who have read these books in the original for their own sake—not merely for professional or examination purposes—must be very small. The great majority of Irish and foreign readers have made their acquaintance through the translations. For this reason Muiris, although his book came later in point of time, has received a long start on Tomás, who has had to wait five years for a translator. But Dr. Robin Flower, Deputy Keeper of Manuscripts in the British Museum, was well worth waiting for: as all who are even vaguely familiar with Irish studies know, it would have been impossible to find anyone with better qualifications. One of the leading authorities on the classical language, a fluent speaker of the local dialect, a regular visitor to the island, and a close friend of Tomás for over twenty years, Dr. Flower is the ideal interpreter of this man and this book to the English-speaking world. And he has risen nobly to the occasion, producing a masterly translation in which the sensitiveness of the poet and the accuracy of the scholar are blended in a perfect harmony.

To my mind, the instinct which led Dr. Flower to adopt simple straightforward English as the literary medium of his translation was eminently sound. A translator of smaller stature would have sought for cheap effects by reproducing the language (real or imaginary) of the English-speaking Irish peasantry, thereby giving an entirely false impression of Tomás and his work. What Dr. Flower has to say on this point in his Introduction deserves

to be memorised by everyone who aspires to do similar work in the future :—

Irish and English are so widely separated in their mode of expression that nothing like a literal rendering from the one language to the other is possible. It is true that there has come into being a literary dialect, sometimes used for translation from Irish or for the purpose of giving the effect of Irish speech, which in books or on the stage has met with considerable applause. . . . It does not to my ear, however, convey the character of the language as naturally spoken by those to whom it is their only speech. There is always something slightly artificial about it, and often a suggestion of the pseudo-poetic. This literary dialect could not be used to render the forthright, colloquial simplicity of the original of this book. For the same reason the more sophisticated forms of literary English are also excluded. It seemed best therefore to adopt a plain, straightforward style, aiming at the language of ordinary men who narrate the common experiences of their life frankly and without any cultivated mannerism. The constant charm of Irish idiom, which is so delightful in the original, must necessarily be lost. But rouge is no substitute for a natural complexion.

I only wish the translators of *Fiche Blian ag Fás* had been inspired with the same artistic vision. Their translation of the narrative portions is in general quite accurate [1] : Mr. Thomson's collaboration is a sufficient guarantee of that. If the style is more boisterous and less austere than Dr. Flower's, it may be argued that so too is the original. But unfortunately in their rendering of reported speech they are not satisfied with the ' plain, straightforward style ' of Dr. Flower. " We have freely used," they state in the preface, " the Irish dialect of English, and in this respect we are following the example of Synge, who of all writers in English had the deepest understanding of the Irish-speaking peasantry. But

[1] I have noted one ludicrous blunder. On p. 260 of the original, when old Bríde is asked for a song, her reply is printed as *ná bac le coileach dom shórtsa*, and solemnly translated (p. 214) " Don't mind a cock like me " ! *Cailleach* should obviously be substituted for *coileach*—even if, as is possible, Muiris by a slip of the pen wrote the latter word. On p. 35 of the translation there is a sentence of which I can find no trace in the original. The entire ninth chapter of the original has been omitted from the translation : a note to that effect would hardly have been superfluous.

rich and highly coloured as this English is, its range is less than that of Irish." The result is " highly coloured," but it has not the colour of " the English language as commonly spoken in Ireland " which the translators profess to reproduce. When and where, it may be asked, have they heard English-speaking peasants use the salutation " God bless your life " (p. 123) ? Or the reproach " My pity for you entirely, isn't it you who has the skull of a chicken " (p. 162) ? Or the greeting " My love for you for ever from the village far west " (p. 65) ? Or the affirmation " The Devil, it is my strong opinion " (p. 151) ? Or the parting wish " May the night prosper with you " (p. 126) ? To compare all this and similar nonsense with the work of Synge is grotesque, for that great artist in prose worked exclusively on the living speech of the people. Mrs. Llewelyn Davies and Mr. Thomson on the other hand, by giving a purely literal translation of almost every Irish conversational idiom—what would be said of the translator of a French novel who adopted this extraordinary procedure ?—have invented an " Irish dialect of English " that has no existence outside the pages of their book. The resulting extravaganza may tickle the palate of an English reader—perhaps even the august palates of the Book Society. The ordinary Irish reader, however, will probably agree with Dr. Flower that " rouge is no substitute for a natural complexion." Nor is he likely to be impressed by the literal reproduction of the oaths with which Muiris is probably much freer on paper than in real life. Thus *th'anam 'on dial*, which one meets more frequently in three pages of this book than in three weeks' actual conversation with the islanders, is invariably rendered " your soul to the devil " : it is precisely as if our translator of the French novel were to set down " My God " every time *mon Dieu* appeared in the original. Even the various euphemisms, *th'anam 'on diucs*, *th'anam 'on riach*, etc., are ruthlessly stripped of their disguise. Apparently the translators were

determined to give the devil a great deal more than his due.

So much for the translations. Those who have read both works in the original will have realised the difficulty of drawing too close a comparison between them. The authors differ widely in age, experience and temperament, and these differences are reflected in both the style and the content of their autobiographies.

I am told that some of our neo-Gaels, finding Muiris more easy to understand than Tomás, have egregiously concluded that the former possesses the simpler and more natural style, thereby setting up their own ignorance of Irish as a criterion of taste. Nothing has distressed Tomás more than the suggestion that his book contains "hard Irish": "There isn't one word in it," he said to me at our second meeting, "that wouldn't be understood by every child on the Island." To anyone familiar with the local dialect *An tOileánach* offers no difficulty whatever. But although every child may understand it, nobody except Tomás could have written it. All the qualities which distinguish his conversation from that of his neighbours are to be found here: his mastery of idiom, his effortless vocabulary, his wealth of literary allusion, and above all what Dr. Flower justly calls "his own inborn genius for speech." Perhaps the most interesting thing about his style is that it is entirely self-formed, for he has none of the standards of comparison which a knowledge of English imposes on all other writers of modern Irish. Here accordingly, in the most literal sense of the phrase, *le style est l'homme*,and those able to read the original have a great advantage, for much of its elusive beauty is impossible to capture even in Dr. Flower's superb translation. Personally I have always been profoundly sceptical of the value of modern Irish as a literary medium: this book has at least convinced me that it can be both a sensitive and a powerful medium in the hands of a writer like Tomás. But where shall we

find such another? Tomás belongs to the older generation of Irish speakers, the last representatives of a rapidly dying tradition.

Between that older generation and their descendants, the young men and women of the West Kerry Gaoltacht to-day, a great gulf is fixed. Even the quality of the young people's Irish differs radically from that of their fathers: it has grown thinner, more diluted, less substantial. Chief among the causes of this is the universal knowledge of spoken and written English acquired in the national schools, which has shaken the structure of the Irish language to its foundations. The latter, even where it remains the normal channel of communication, seems to have lost its power of assimilating new words and new ideas drawn from an alien world, and the attempt to discuss such matters as national politics has resulted in a steady infiltration of *béarlachas*, English words and constructions. Even more serious is the shrinkage of the native vocabulary, the loss of much pungent idiom, and the partial breakdown of the old grammatical framework —and for a reason that is little short of tragic. The rising generation, having acquired the doubtful blessing of being able to read the newspapers, has turned its back upon the rich storehouse from which the language of the old people drew its savour and its strength, the folk-tales handed down from generation to generation around the kitchen fire. Nowadays let one of the seniors begin a "story," and in a flash the kitchen is emptied of the entire youthful population. There could be no greater proof of the debt which linguists as well as folklorists owe to Mr. Delargy and his associates in the Irish Folklore Institute for rescuing from oblivion the precious fragments of an oral tradition that is now on its death-bed.

I am far from suggesting that Muiris is an example of the younger generation of native speakers. On the contrary he is in most respects a shining exception. From his grandfather, a splendid type of the generation which

produced Tomás, he has inherited not merely a genuine love of the older ways and traditions, but also a rich and vigorous Irish such as is possessed by few, if indeed any, of his contemporaries. Yet even he has not entirely escaped the influences which I have described. He has neither the command of idiom nor the effortless vocabulary of Tomás, and occasionally one finds him using phrases and constructions that his grandfather would never have used.[1] Although born on the island, he spent the first five or six years of his life in Dingle—where the inhabitants are content to speak the worst English in the world in preference to the best Irish—and thus he has been bilingual from childhood. His Irish style has naturally been affected by his reading in English, which has given him at least a subconscious standard of comparison. In consequence a certain striving after effect is noticeable, for example in descriptions of scenery (never a strong feature of Gaelic literature at any period) that are neither original nor successful, and in the somewhat arbitrary introduction of proverbs and snatches of poetry without much regard for their relevance. Although in general he writes as he speaks and deserves the highest credit for eschewing the dictionaries and printed books which must have been a constant temptation,[2] his style lacks the certainty of touch and the felicity of expression which characterise Tomás. And his general approach to his subject seems to me to be more conventional and less instinctive than that of the older man.

Do I perhaps exaggerate the difference? The reader shall judge for himself. For purposes of comparison I propose to cite from their respective translations the beginning and end of each book. Here is Muiris' opening :—

There is no doubt but youth is a fine thing, though my own is not over yet, and wisdom comes with age.

[1] Thus while it is quite possible that his school friend did actually say to Muiris : *An mbeir im phàirtídhese ?* (p. 45), none of the older generation would have phrased it so.

[2] Dr. Bergin's eagle eye has noted a "ghost-word" on the very first page, but the work as a whole is admirably free from them.

I am a boy who was born and bred in the Great Blasket, a small truly Gaelic island which lies north-west of the coast of Kerry, where the storms of the sky and the wild sea beat without ceasing from end to end of the year and from generation to generation against the wrinkled rocks which stand above the waves that wash in and out of the coves where the seals make their homes.

And now contrast Tomás :—

I was born on St. Thomas's day in the year 1856. I can recall being at my mother's breast, for I was four years old before I was weaned. I am "the scrapings of the pot," the last of the litter. That's why I was left so long at the breasts. I was a spoilt child too. . . . . .

My father was a middle-sized man, stout and strong. My mother was a flourishing woman as tall as a peeler, strong, vigorous and lively, with bright, shining hair. But when I was at the breast there was little strength in her milk, and besides that I was "an old cow's calf," not easy to rear. For all that, the rascal death carried off many a fine young ruffian and left me to the last. I suppose he didn't think it worth his while to shift me.

The difference of which I speak seems to me to be still more forcibly exemplified in the concluding passages. Muiris is describing his return to the Blasket on a brief holiday after two years absence in Connemara :—

After tea I wandered out through the village. Everyone I met on the road stopped to welcome me.

There was a great change in two years—green grass growing on the paths for lack of walking ; five or six houses shut up and the people gone out to the mainland ; fields which had once had fine stone walls around them left to ruin ; the big red patches on the Sandhills made by the feet of the boys and girls dancing—there was not a trace of them now.

When I returned home the lamps were being lit in the houses. I went in. My father and grandfather were sitting on either side of the fire, my grandfather smoking his old pipe.

This passage has been signalled out for special praise by Mr. E. M. Forster, the distinguished English scholar and novelist who has contributed an introductory note to the translation. I must confess that to me it seems

trite and conventional beside the rugged grandeur of Tomás's farewell :—

> One day there will be none left in the Blasket of all I have mentioned in this book—and none to remember them. I am thankful to God, Who has given me the chance to preserve from forgetfulness those days that I have seen with my own eyes and have borne their burden, and that when I am gone men will know what life was like in my time and the neighbours that lived with me.
>
> Since the first fire was kindled in this Island none has written of his life and his world. I am proud to set down my story and the story of my neighbours. This writing will tell how the Islanders lived in the old days. My mother used to go carrying turf when I was eighteen years of age. She did it that I might go to school, for rarely did we get a chance of schooling. I hope in God that she and my father will inherit the Blessed Kingdom ; and that I and every reader of this book after me will meet them in the Island of Paradise.

In their attitude to life as a whole, in what a German critic would call their *Weltanschauung*, the two writers reflect the natural difference between youth and age. Muiris is full of healthy exuberance ; he sees the island and its people through the rosy spectacles of youth. In his descriptions of his native scene the sun is nearly always shining, the sea crystalline blue and the sky cloudless : indeed to anybody who only knew the Great Blasket from these descriptions and from the idealised picture on the dust-cover of the book, it might well seem to be the island of Avilion,

> Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
> Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.

Muiris has little to say of the leaden Atlantic mist which descends on the islands like a shroud, blotting out sea and mainland, or of the bitter north wind which suddenly whips the Sound to seething fury and drives the stinging rain in the faces of the crew, pulling for their lives towards the solitary harbour. Tomás is more attuned to the

changing elements, for his own long life has had more shadow than sunshine, as all who read the moving account of his loss of wife and children will bear witness. And so his picture of the islanders and their world is broader and deeper than that of the younger man.

It is no disparagement of Muiris to say that in those chapters of his work which deal with his life on the Blaskets he is somewhat overshadowed by Tomás. True, they are full of excellent entertainment—the description of Ventry boat races, for example, could not be better done—and were it not for *An tOileánach* and the comparisons which inevitably suggest themselves, they would undoubtedly have occupied the centre of the stage. But to my mind the most interesting part of the book begins with his farewell to the island and his departure to the "foreign" world beyond Dingle. His account of that first disastrous train journey to Dublin (*via* Cork City !) is unforgettable, and his first impressions of the Capital and the Depot in Phoenix Park are set down with a vivid freshness that is wholly delightful. With his remarkable powers of observation he should find materials for many more books in his experiences during the second stage of life—the "twenty years a-blooming" (*fiche blian fé bhláth*)—on which he has now entered. Let us hope that he may have both the inclination and the opportunity to write them.

Tomás on the other hand has lived his whole life on the island, never venturing farther afield than across the bay to Valentia and Cahirciveen on two memorable occasions. His world is small, but he knows it all the more thoroughly for that, and his picture of it is authentic in every detail. Nor is it of purely local significance, for in his account of the island people and their neighbours on the mainland Tomás is describing the Gaoltacht as a whole. With unerring insight, often seasoned with a kindly irony, he reveals them in their strength and their weakness. They appear in the pages of this book endowed

with all those qualities which to the present writer make them the very salt of the earth : their quick intelligence, their ready wit, their innate good breeding and perfect manners, their hospitality and friendliness to strangers, their fortitude in adversity, their generosity to those whose need is greater than theirs. But Tomás is far too acute and detached an observer to gloss over the failings of his people, and these too are faithfully set out : their small regard for truth, their mutual suspicion and quarrelsomeness, their wild bouts of drinking (for which, however, he makes an interesting *apologia*) and their exasperating improvidence. From the whole there emerges the epic of a great and lovable people, illiterate in the modern sense, but steeped in the traditional culture of the native aristocracy from which many of them are sprung. The echoes of this tradition linger in the natural poetry of their speech, but they themselves are far too close to nature to have much in common with the romantic peasantry of the Celtic Twilight school. That they have not been brutalised by the harshness of their constant struggle against mighty odds, their efforts to wrest a livelihood from the barren rock and the pitiless sea, is due before all else to the influence of their religion. Under " the bludgeonings of chance " they are sustained and fortified by a faith that partakes of the elemental quality of their surroundings, firm as the rock and deep as the sea.

I have often wondered about the nature of the difference, at once so subtle and so infinite, between the people of the Gaoltacht and the bulk of their compatriots whose mother tongue is English. The latter, in the country districts at least, retain many of the characteristics I have just enumerated. But in reality they belong to quite a different world. Tralee, Cork and Dublin are almost as " foreign " to the Blasket Islander as London or Glasgow. Indeed, by a curious irony of circumstance, they are much more remote from him than Springfield,

Mass., where so many of his kith and kin are congregated.[1] In a sense he is a stranger in his own land, singularly indifferent to the questions which agitate his English-speaking countrymen. He knows little of the wrangles of our politicians (each group of whom vies with the other in exalting him to the skies), almost as little as he knows of that political nationalism which owes its introduction to the descendants of English colonists and its progress to the spread of the English tongue. Nor would his private views on the relative merits of Irish and English commend themselves to Gaelic League orators. As for the swarms of Gaelic enthusiasts—some of them equipped with far more enthusiasm than Gaelic—who invade his territory annually, good manners and self-interest alike dictate a friendly reception of them, but he is secretly puzzled by their zeal. To those few visitors (and as a rule they are the most constant) whose interest in Irish is scholarly rather than patriotic, he sometimes voices his real opinion. "I think the world must be going mad," an old man once confided to me. "Long ago the gentry had no Irish, and we had no English to give them. Now, thank God, our children have plenty of English—and the gentry come looking for Irish!" It is said that this attitude is a survival from the period when English was the gateway to even the slightest material advancement: now that the situation is to some extent reversed, it will be interesting to see whether there will be a corresponding change in the native speaker's view of his own language; but he has no illusions as to the rôle which many people expect him to play under the new dispensation, and he does not seem prepared to accept it. I know of one prominent neo-Gael who holds that the Irish language can only be spread from the towns and that the disappearance of the Gaoltacht is not merely indifferent

[1]Nothing illustrates this better than the description given by Muiris of his reluctance to join the Civic Guards. All his instincts were in favour of following the normal course and joining his brothers and sisters in America rather than launch into the unknown world of English-speaking Ireland.

but desirable. I fear his desire may be granted all too soon, but such a sentiment shows a hopelessly distorted perspective. Whatever be the future of the synthetic Gaeldom now being produced on such a large scale, the men and women of whom Tomás writes are the only survivors of the historic Irish nation, and when the last of them have been gathered to their fathers, not merely Ireland but the whole world will be the poorer.

It is some consolation to think that their memory will not perish with them. And this is our greatest debt to Tomás O Crohan. As an autobiography, as the record of a singularly attractive personality, and as a literary achievement of rare beauty and strength, his book deserves to live. But still more does it deserve to live because it has triumphantly achieved the purpose which its author has formulated in such moving words : " to set down the character of the people about me so that some record of us might live after us, for the like of us will never be again."

D. A. Binchy

SOME THOUGHTS ON PARTITION

BY AODH DE BLACAM

LORD CARSON is the most successful figure in Irish politics. Dowered with rare gifts as an advocate and with dynamic pugnacity, he was certain to take a great place in affairs, which might have been for good. Alone among Irish leaders of our time, he was completely successful in his aims. What were they? Alas! he set out to destroy the historic unity of the Kingdom of Ireland, to remove the name of his native country from the map. He succeeded. The monument of this remarkable man is—the partition of our country.

The story of this calamity is unfolded by an admirer of Lord Carson in the continuation by Mr. Ian Colvin of Mr. Marjoribank's *Life*[1] of the great Dubliner who is called the Ulster leader. This book lacks the historic temper. The writer is untruthful. He depicts Nationalists as drunken and treacherous ruffians, while Ulster is an orderly, peaceful Paradise.[2] However, extravagant misrepresentations do not rob the work of value; for here the Carsonite movement is described from within, and important documents are made public. Here is the most thorough insight that we are likely ever to gain into the origins of Partition, in a wave of strange, romantic fanaticism, roused and directed by Lord Carson—cynically perhaps, but more seemingly in passionate hostility to Irish peace. This account from within of the Ulster Separatist movement suggests that Lord Carson was honestly prepared to drag down the British

[1] *The Life of Lord Carson*, Vol. II. By Ian Colvin. (London: Gollancz. 1934. 15s. net.

[2] *Cf.* pp. 390-391. It is a fact that the Volunteer movement, good or bad in itself, went with a strict sobriety, as anyone who lived in Ireland in the Volunteer years can testify.

Constitution itself in ruin rather than see the Irish majority gratified by the attainment of even a subordinate Irish parliament. He had an English party with him, and infected the most conservative with his own lawlessness, so that he produced in 1914 a revolutionary state of affairs: another 1688, with the established Government overridden.

Unionist opponents of O'Connell's Repeal and Parnell's Home Rule, although these movements demanded more than was sought by Mr. Redmond's, never proposed to divide Ireland. The first suggestion of this unhistoric plan was heard in June 1912, when the Liberal Government's Home Rule Bill was being debated. An amendment to exclude the counties of Derry, Antrim, Down and Armagh (*four* counties, observe) was tabled, but was rejected. Mr. Asquith then said that Ireland possessed "a fundamental unity of race, temperament and tradition," and Mr. Redmond declared that Ireland must be treated as a nation. It was at this time that Lord Carson (then Sir Edward) called Irish Unionism to arms. On June 14, he said at the Albert Hall that "the Government . . . declared war on Ulster." On the 24th he defied the Government to arrest him, and announced his resolve to go to Ulster and "to break every law that was possible." Lord Craigavon (then Sir James Craig) drafted a Solemn League and Covenant binding its signatories to refuse to acknowledge an Irish parliament. This was signed by Lord Carson and all other Unionist leaders in September amid scenes of wild excitement at Belfast and elsewhere (which Mr. Colvin glowingly describes). In 1913 an army of 100,000 men was organised as the Ulster Volunteer Force, and Lord Roberts, former Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, was asked to name a Commander—he named an Englishman, General Sir George Richardson. The Protestant Primate and the Presbyterian Moderator, with other clergymen, assisted at the dedication of the colours of this unconstitutional force. A Provisional

Government for Ulster was set up, with a full range of executive Departments. A fund of over a million pounds, to maintain the rebel army and the rebel Government, was raised, largely from English sources.

Such was the measure of resistance which Lord Carson opposed to—what ? To a Bill in the Imperial Parliament which was being brought to enactment with the expressed approval of the electorate of the United Kingdom. Let it be considered carefully what would have followed, if Lord Carson's movement had not intervened. An Irish Parliament of narrowly limited powers would have been set up, but the Union would remain substantially intact. This would have satisfied moderate Irish nationalism, and this body of opinion, with the Imperialists of the North, would have dominated. Advanced Nationalism would have remained ; it is inextinguishable ; but it would have been far less potent than it proved to be when the persistent denial of all Irish liberties had driven the most moderate to desperation. In fact, if it was desired to defeat advanced Nationalism by depriving it of large public grievances and saddling it with reactionary weights, the enactment of Home Rule was precisely the means. P. H. Pearse, the most thorough-going of all nationalists, faced and acknowledged this,[1] but favoured the acceptance of Home Rule in even the most moderate form, on the grounds that the logic of Irish nationality would mould opinion and unite all groups, even Unionists, when an Irish forum came into being. Other advanced Nationalists feared Home Rule, as likely to blunt the demand for greater things. It was against this mild constitutional change that Carson organised his armed movement.

In November, 1913, Carson addressed a great Unionist demonstration at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Here he asked for a mandate " to go on fighting for Ulster," but to surrender the South. " And the Southern Loyalists, seeing the logic of the case," Mr. Colvin says, gave the

[1] *Scríbhinni Phádraic Mhic Phiarais* and *Political Writings of P. H. Pearse.*

leader his mandate. That was the beginning of the concentration of Unionism in a Northern Pale which so many Southern Loyalists have deplored. A few days later Mr. Asquith invited Carson to a confidential talk, and so began the critical negotiations which filled the following months. Carson was emboldened by Asquith's evident fears. Redmond repeatedly assured Asquith that the Ulster resistance was "bluff."[1] We see Redmond as a tragic, honourable figure, no match for his forceful and relentless rival, and never aware of the encouragement that Asquith gave, by private confessions of weakness, to an Opposition that carried off one defiance after another with impunity. In March, 1914, came what is called the Curragh revolt. Asquith's Government had sought to move ships and troops to stations which would command Belfast. A Brigadier and fifty-seven officers of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade, stationed at the Curragh, announced their resignations "if ordered North." This made it clear that the Imperial Parliament could not control sufficient forces to enforce its own laws. Meanwhile, at Craigavon, Carson and Craig sat *in praetorio*, and Sir Nevil Macready, commanding the Government troops, called upon them in uniform, as if negotiating with rebels in the field. The gun-running at Larne followed in April, when 47,000 rifles and millions of rounds of ammunition were landed from Germany and distributed over the province—a brilliantly-executed performance, which reads like an adventure story by Max Pemberton in Mr. Colvin's pages, but all the more a deadly blow to peace and constitutional procedure. "I could not have done it better myself," said Lord Roberts gleefully, and an ex-Moderator held up a rifle saying: "She's all right, but I would like another hundred cartridges." Asquith described

[1] About this time, Sir Roger Casement met Redmond and assured him that the Northern movement was earnest. He proposed a plan to take Irish politics out of the hands of the English politicians by a purely Irish conference, but Redmond refused to be diverted from Westminster. Casement then began in desperation to work for an Irish rising with German aid.—This was told to the present writer by Sir Roger in January, 1914.

the affair as an outrage against the constitution, but did not proceed against anyone. The rebels boasted of their immunity and intensified their defiance of an impotent Parliament.

Now came the fatal days. The Liberal Government surrendered to violence, told Redmond that Ulster must be excluded, temporarily at least, from the operation of Home Rule, and discussed privately with Carson the limitation of the "Statutory Ulster." In July, Asquith wrote to Carson telling him that his difficulty was to persuade Redmond concerning the crucial county of Tyrone. Indeed, Asquith veered so far towards Carson that Redmond, seeing himself about to be betrayed by his allies, threatened to vote against the whole measure and throw the Government on the country. On July 20, when the Continent already was in ferment, King George summoned the Buckingham Palace conference of all parties, to consider means to avert "an appeal to force . . . To-day the cry of civil war is on the lips of the most responsible and sober-minded of my people." It must be recalled that the Irish Volunteers had arisen in November, 1913, "to secure and maintain the rights and liberties common to the people of Ireland, without distinction of class, creed or politics." The paralysis of Parliament, the virtual military dictatorship of the Tories, had obliged Nationalists to arm for their rights or acknowledge themselves slaves. Irish politics had passed finally into the sphere of physical force. The conference broke down in four days, since the Unionist demands were such that no Nationalist leader could concede them and survive. It now seemed that nothing could avert an appeal to arms. Guns were run into Howth two days later and received by a column of 1,000 Irish Volunteers. In contrast to the connivance of high military officers with the arming of Ulster, an attempt was made to disarm the Nationalists, and troops, after being hooted and mobbed, fired on the crowd with mortal results. That was on July 26, 1914,

when the World War intervened and suspended the action of the Irish tragedy.

The Home Rule Bill was passed into law, with conditions of postponement and amendment which implied partition; leaving only the delimitation of the separated area to be decided. In the four years that followed, nations of less antiquity and fame than Ireland rose from oblivion to independence. Everywhere, old ambitions revived. Yet Ireland could hope for no more from the Parliamentary movement than partition and the whittled-down liberties of the 1914 Act. Not unnaturally, therefore, nationalism swept the old movement and the old leaders aside, and made a bid for complete freedom. The world was in the melting pot, and nothing was too Utopian to be possible. The Rising of 1916, endorsed by the election of 1918, resulted in a declaration of independence and the establishment of an All-Ireland Republic, the authority of which was asserted with varying success until 1921. Nationalists now had withdrawn from the Imperial Parliament. That authority, in their absence, passed a Government of Ireland Act, in 1920, which is to this day the legal basis of Partition. The Act provided for two Irish Parliaments, with a Council of Ireland nominated by these assemblies to act in matters of common interest. The vital matter to observe is, that this Act gave six counties, including historic Irish sites and vast Nationalist areas, to the Northern Parliament. It was a British Act, passed without the consent of the Irish majority, and it arbitrarily divided Ireland. In 1921 King George opened in Belfast the Northern Parliament which rested on this measure. Republican Ireland refused to recognise that Parliament's legitimacy, and fought for recognition of its own national assembly, *Dáil Eireann*. In Midsummer 1921, there came a truce. Articles of Agreement between delegates from *Dáil Eireann* and the Imperial Parliament were signed in December, and were approved by the *Dáil* in January 1922.

The Articles of Agreement provided that the members of the Southern Parliament set up by the Act of 1920 should be convened to approve them. This was done on January 14, and the members elected to the Southern Parliament set up a Provisional Government, with General Michael Collins as president. It was to this Government that the Viceroy surrendered Dublin Castle. The Treaty provided that the Provisional Government should draw up a Constitution for an All-Ireland State, but that the existing Northern Parliament should be able to vote itself out of the Free State if it so desired, in which case the boundary of the Northern Government's area of jurisdiction would be revised. The Free State Constitution Act became law on December 7, 1922, and the Northern Parliament seceded on the very next day. "Northern Ireland" was part of the Irish Free State for twenty-four hours.

It is important to observe that Mr. Arthur Griffith and General Collins signed the Treaty on the distinct understanding that "Northern Ireland," if it refused to remain in the Free State, would be required to surrender those areas in which a majority of the inhabitants desired to remain with the body of the nation. It is certain that these patriotic men never would have put their hands to a document which categorically reserved Six Counties or their equivalent. The *Dáil* approved the Treaty on the same assurance that there would be no surrender of Nationalist territory. It is a proven truth that Mr. Lloyd George, the architect of the Treaty, promised the Irish delegation that there would be no exclusion, unless of an area out-and-out Unionist and so small that it hardly would find exclusion attractive. In Parliament the British leader made it clear that he had promised at least Fermanagh and Tyrone; that is, that partition at the utmost would embrace four counties. "There is no doubt," he declared, "that since the Act of 1920 the majority of the people of two counties prefer to be with

their southern neighbours to being under the Northern Parliament." Again, " Though I am against the coercion of Ulster, I do not believe in Ulster coercing others." Nor did Mr. Lloyd George repudiate the statement of General Michael Collins in March 1922 :—

> The arrangement in regard to North-East Ulster is not ideal. But then the position in North-East Ulster is not ideal. If the Free State is established, however, union is certain. Forces of persuasion and pressure are embodied in the Treaty which will bring the North-East into a united Ireland. If they join us, they can have control of their own area. If they stay outside Ireland, then they can only have their own corner, and cannot and will not have the counties and areas which belong to Ireland and the Irish people, according to the wishes of the inhabitants. Then upon the area remaining outside will fall the burdens and restrictions of the 1920 Partition Act. The disabilities cannot be removed without our consent. If the North-East does not come in, then they are deciding upon bankruptcy for themselves ; and, remember, this is not our wish but their own.

These statements by Mr. Lloyd George and General Collins suffice to prove, what is well known, that the Treaty was signed on the distinct understanding of the recovery of two counties, " and areas," from the separatist Parliament ; but in 1924, when the Boundary Commission was set up, Mr. Lloyd George reversed his declarations, and stated in Parliament that he never had given an undertaking that Tyrone and Fermanagh would be transferred. The Hon. Hugh O'Neill, Unionist Member of Parliament, aptly wondered " if he said this to the *Sinn Féin* delegates." In brief, it was discovered, as at the Buckingham Palace conference ten years before, contradictory assurances had been given to the two Irish groups.[1] One or the other must be disappointed, and of course it was the Nationalist side, not the Unionist. The Boundary Commission refused to consider the claim for transfer of

[1] Full proof of this will be found in Appendix F in Professor Alison Phillips's *Revolution in Ireland*, a strongly Unionist authority.

" counties and areas " ; it held that the words of the Articles of Agreement provided only for " rectification " of the frontier of the Six Counties. A Protestant parish might be swapped for a Catholic parish, but there would be no substantial change in the basis of the Six-County State. At this flat reversal of the promises on which the Treaty had been accepted and the Republic waived there was an outburst of the passions of 1914. The upshot was that the whole revision of frontiers was dropped, and reunion was left to the indefinite future. The original Six Counties, an area devised by Britain in the interests of Carson's friends, remain intact and separated.

The Six County region has no logical or traditional basis. Of its area, precisely half has a majority of Nationalists ; the other half of the area is the more populous and is predominantly Unionist. At the census of 1926 [1] it was found that a trifle over 33 *per cent.* of the Six County population was Catholic. Allowing for a *percentage* of Protestant Nationalists, it follows that considerably more than a third of the population is against separation.[2] In 1918, parliamentary elections[3] afforded evidence as to the desires of the region, county by county, as follows :—

Unionist	*Nationalist*
All County Antrim	Most of Tyrone
All County Derry	Most of County Fermanagh
North Down	The City of Derry
North Armagh	South Down
	South Armagh

Thus, even if Nationalists were to consent to what galls them and is unjust, the secession from historic Irish unity of the *bloc* which is predominantly Unionist, less than four counties would stand to be surrendered. For

[1] Full *data* may be found in the *Ulster Year Book*, an admirable publication of the Northern Government.

[2] The census showed that 35 *per cent.* of the school children are Catholic : evidence that the Catholic proportion is growing.

[3] Exhaustive *data* may be found in *Handbook of the Ulster Question*, 1923.

the wresting of six whole counties from the Irish State, there can be no justification in political morals; it was an act of arbitrary violence. Had the whole of Ulster been excluded, it would be the exclusion of an historic unit; but Carson did not desire that. In all Ulster there always has been a Nationalist majority. Carson and his allies simply sought to carry away as much territory as they could without danger to a permanent Protestant ascendancy. In truth, revived Protestant ascendancy is the kernel of the problem. "Ours is the Protestant Parliament of a Protestant people," said Lord Craigavon, Premier of a Parliament which rules over a population 33 *per cent.* Catholic. It must be remembered that the whole Ulster Separatist movement is founded on religion. The Ulster Protestants are mainly Gaelic in blood. Their *ethos* is that of the Scottish Protestants. Like the Scots they have the same traits of character as Catholic Gaels, but inverted.[1] An Orange procession is utterly un-English; it is like a parody of a Catholic procession. Perverted kinsmen are the hardest to reconcile, and the revolt in the North East has all the bitterness of a family quarrel. It is a large-scale version of the ruptures that are caused in families by mixed marriage. "Our enemies are our brothers from whom we are estranged," Terence MacSwiney justly wrote.

Partition, then, was consummated when the Boundary Commission betrayed the trust of the Irish side. The civil war, in which good Irishmen found themselves impelled to mutual conflict by a seemingly insoluble dilemma, increased the disabilities of nationalism. Not yet has any turn for the better appeared. There has been no cooperation between the two Irish Governments, although the Treaty provided for it. The two areas have grown further apart. Bigotry has fed on its own

[1] Gaelic literature contains copious evidence of a unity transformed into hostility when a religious cleavage occurred between Ireland and Scotland at the time of the Protestant Reformation.

victory, ascendancy has grown more relentless, as we may see by such utterances as these :—

" I have 109 officials, and so far as I know there are 4 Roman Catholics . . . whom I had to take when we began."—Sir E. M. Archdale, Northern Minister for Agriculture, March 1925.

" Many in the audience employ Catholics, but I have not one about my place."—Sir Basil Brooke, now Minister for Agriculture, July 1933. Again : " I recommend people not to employ Roman Catholics."

Following a report that 28 porters at Stormont were Catholics : " I have investigated the matter, and I have found that there are 30 Protestants and only one Roman Catholic, there only temporarily."—Mr. J. M. Andrews, Minister for Labour, July 1933.

When some of Sir Basil Brooke's notorious utterances were quoted in the Northern Parliament, this year, Lord Craigavon said that all his Government stood over them, and that he himself was prouder to be an Orangeman than to be Premier—surely an amazing utterance for the head of a democratic Government ! In order to make ascendancy more complete, the Northern Government hastened to abolish Proportional Representation, thus reducing Nationalism in Parliament to far less than its due strength. The parliamentary and municipal boundaries were " gerrymandered." Mr. J. J. McCarroll, M.P., pointed to Derry city as " a classic example of gerrymandering " ; for, while Catholics number 27,000 out of 45,000 and have a majority of over 1,700 on the Local Government register, they have only 17 representatives out of 40 in the Corporation—under " P.R." they had 21 to 19. The town clerk of Derry, Sir Henry Miller, publicly claimed that he had arranged the wards in such a manner as to give the Unionist minority control. Omagh Rural District has 62 *per cent.* of Nationalists, but they hold a minority of seats since the rearrangement of wards. Examples might be multiplied.[1]

[1] See *Parliamentary Debates, Northern Ireland*, April 24, 1934, for full *exposé* by Nationalist Members.

When the heads of the State explicitly advocate a boycott of the minority in public services and in private employment, it is not surprising that Catholics throughout the Six Counties suffer bitterly in every walk of life. While some Irishmen who never saw the North of their own country talk of Ireland having won her freedom, it remains true that in a quarter of our country to be a Catholic is to live in a Nessus-shirt of humiliation. Catholic schools are denied the full measure of State assistance enjoyed by non-Catholic schools, an injustice against which the hierarchy in the North has protested in vain. The dearest traditions of the race are penalised ; Irish history is virtually excluded from the school programme ; grants for the teaching of the Irish language, with all its cultural wealth and growing commercial value, have been stopped ; and Catholic teachers are required to go to another country for their training. Enmity to the historic Irish culture has struck the language even from the census paper, so that mere ethnological curiosity as to its survival is denied gratification. Indeed, the condition of the Nationalist minority may be summed up by saying that it continues the condition of Irish Catholics under the Penal ascendancy ; they suffer material boycott, constant humiliation and the flat denial of the right to their own ideals. Riots directed against the unhappy Catholic quarters are frequent ; priests are insulted in public places.[1] Leaders of religion and politics held a public meeting and threatened violence to prevent the holding of a Catholic Missionary Exhibition, under Episcopal auspices, in June 1934. A protest by an eminent clergyman against this threat was one of the first welcome signs of a revolt of conscience. Dean Kerr of Belfast, a strong Protestant controversialist, himself declared that Orangemen had disgraced themselves by recent violence of bearing. The Protestant Bishop of Clogher, Dr. Mac-

[1] These things both happened during 1934. The *Ulster Protestant*, October 1934, prints in large black type the slogan : "While there is one Romanist in a Protestant's job our duty remains undone."

Manaway, recently paid tribute to the absolute fairness with which the Protestant minority is treated in the Free State. Judge Thompson, at the October Sessions in Belfast, said that " the lodges should be deeply ashamed " of an outrage at Lisburn. Such *dicta* grow more frequent, as propriety asserts itself.

Meanwhile, the evil effects of partition weigh on all parties. By exclusion, the Six Counties have lost what would have been a lion's share of the Irish industrial revival now in progress. While Newry's mills are all but stopped, 'bus-loads of workers go daily over the Border from Newry to employment in the rapidly-growing industries of Dundalk : an example which brings home the universal contrast between decline in the Six Counties and development in the Twenty-six. While tillage is reviving apace in the Free State and hundreds of thousands of acres have been brought under wheat, tillage is dying even in County Down, formerly Ireland's best farming county. The Free State farmer in 1934 got 14s. 6d. a barrel for oats, the Northern farmer was lucky to get 8s.—and he has to be content with 4d. a pound for butter ! Social services in the Six Counties are so much cramped that there was a riot with bloodshed in 1933 in demand for larger relief, while the Free State has the most ample social services in Europe.[1] There is little new housing in the North, but there is not a townland in the Free State without new and reconditioned houses, and Dublin is ahead of all other capitals in housing development.[2] The Free State budget in 1934 shewed a surplus, the Six County budget a deficit. What wonder that a traveller in the North is besieged with inquiries : " Any chance of a job for *me* in the Free State ? " Literature and the arts suffer. The University of Dublin has lost its hosts of Northern recruits, and so has fallen from its olden rank among seats of learning ; Protestant scholarship

[1] *Dictum* of *The Irish Times* in the Spring of 1934.
[2] See *The Irish Builder and Engineer*, Special Housing Number, 1934.

has thus lost, through Separation, its chief boast. Sport suffers ; Irish athletes in 1934 withdrew from international events on losing the right to compete in Ireland's name. Such are the fruits of Lord Carson's statesmanship.

If freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell, the soul of a race cried out when Ireland was divided. All Unionists save Orange fanatics hated partition almost as much as did Nationalists ; the ancient kingdom of Ireland, even under the Union, held a grand prestige in their minds. For a quarter of a century the late Mr. John Edward Healy, Editor of the *Irish Times*, was the acknowledged interpreter of Irish Unionism. Down to his death in 1934 he anathematised Lord Carson as the greatest enemy of Irish interests—and of British interests, too. He blamed Carson and partition for the growth of an irreconcilable Irish hostility to Britain. The reunion of Ireland [1] was the ideal ceaselessly before him. When leaders of North and South chanced in the same week to speak of Ireland, John Healy wrote burning lines : " A word has been spoken that we have heard of late too seldom—that word is Ireland." There is thus a powerful feeling for unity outside the Nationalist ranks ; no man speaks of partition save with shame. British encouragement enabled the great Separatist to achieve his disastrous work, but British interests have not gained. National Ireland has not been turned from enemy to friend, but rather has been embittered, and it is difficult now to persuade an outraged people even to consider " association " with tolerance. At the same time, Britain has lost most of her former Irish markets ; her coal mines and factories are paying the price of the betrayal of the Irish signatories. The day must come when England will need an Irish settlement. Irish Unionists, who have found an Irish Government good to live under, will be on the same side as Nationalists in the demand for Irish unity. With

[1] The present writer can testify that Mr. Healy's inmost desire was religious as well as temporal unity.

them will stand the growing body of the common folk in the Six Counties, who are learning how much they lose by partition. Perhaps, friendly motions yet will come from even the Separatist leaders, save the irreconcilable Lord Carson himself; for Lord Craigavon, behind his grim exterior, is a lover of Ulster—he did not raise a storm and go to live outside its range—and the heart of Ulster is good to know.[1] Indeed, the "Protestant Parliament for a Protestant people" itself has tended to a growth of local patriotism which yet may be fused into Irish patriotism. Belfast remains, for all its dourness, almost the most Irish of cities in hospitality, humour, homeliness. Lord Craigavon is the man who could undo Carson's destructive work, if he would.

Nationalists of the South make two errors. Some, like Redmond in 1913, regard the Ulster movement as mere bluster, easily to be suppressed; they do not know their own countrymen. Others grant the sternness of the Northern resistance, but think that it can be worn down by soft words; they judge the solid Protestant *bloc* by the amenable Protestants of Munster. It would be well if all would copy Terence MacSwiney, who cycled round Ireland and saw his own country with his own eyes. Then it would be found that Ulster Unionism is a gigantic obstacle, to be overcome only by patience, reason and frank acceptance of facts. It is not impossible to devise a revision of the present state of affairs which would bring the Six Counties into a united, federal, sovereign Irish State, without injury to any party's principles or ideals. True, we will not see such plastic conditions again as in 1919-1921, unless a world war again melts the world, which God forbid! In 1934 we must be content to strive forward stage by stage. Two *dicta* of President de Valera during 1934 point hopefully towards our desires. In one, he said that an Irish

[1] When Lord Craigavon met the President of the Republic during the truce, before the peace negotiations opened, it cannot have been to say: "We never will have anything to do with you."

Senate yet might be used as the instrument of federal Irish unity. In the other, he declared that we wanted not a coercive material unity so much as a voluntary spiritual union. He never has refused a reasonable measure of association with Britain—association such as ought to exist between all civilised States, if the world is not to dissolve. The alienation of Protestant as well as Catholic citizens from Irish culture is the bitterest result of partition. It can be corrected only by a settlement through consent. Nationalists ought to make any reasonable sacrifice to bring and to hold Ireland together. Ever since the days of Davis we have protested much about our wish for the union of all Irishmen, and have repudiated the segregation of Catholics and Protestants in separate nationalities; but how little we have done in propaganda to this end! How seldom Nationalists have addressed as much as a pamphlet to the Protestant minority! What is needed is a clear envisaging of the final settlement that we are prepared to accept, with its provisions for the minority's reasonable demands; then, a determined effort to persuade all parties to agreement on those lines as the only way to happiness for all Ireland and a lasting friendship with our neighbour over the Channel. Had we the faith of Wolfe Tone, who swept the bigots of Belfast into a demand for Catholic Emancipation when all save he believed that impossible, we might recover Irish unity in our own days.

These remarks on partition are put forth in the anxious desire for its ending by consent. The author has striven to keep to historic fact, without party predilection.

Aodh de Blacam

PAUL CLAUDEL

BY SISTER M. JEROME KEELER, O.S.B., PH.D.

PAUL CLAUDEL has been called the "unusual ambassador." [1] It seems to be an unwritten axiom of the human race that a poet should be more or less of a dreamer, so we scarcely expect him to exhibit in a marked degree the practical turn of mind required in a good diplomat. On the other hand, we cannot name many foreign ambassadors who write mystical poetry flavoured with medievalism. But Claudel is recognized by critics, not at all given to exaggeration, as the greatest living French poet,[2] while there is no question here in the United States about his ability and success as an ambassador of the first rank. Perhaps no other literary man has ever combined in so admirable a manner the contradictory qualities of the intuitive lyrist and the practical man of action. His dramas and poems do not, indeed, afford matter for light reading, but anyone who seriously devotes himself to study the mystery of his genius will be amply repaid.

Better to understand his work, we shall cast a hasty glance at his life, to find out whence he came and what were the influences that helped to mould his genius. Paul-Louis-Charles-Marie Claudel was born, on the sixth of October 1868, at Ville-Neuve-sur-Fère in Tardenois, the same district where the scene of his *L'Annonce faite à Marie* is laid. His family moved to Paris in 1882, in order that his sister Camille might study sculpture with Rodin. He attended the famous Lyceum of Louis le Grand, where his companions were Léon Daudet, Fortunat Strowski, and Joseph Bédier. Strowski tells us that "little Claudel had a round face with a frank expression,

[1] *This Publishing Business*, vol. 2, no. 1, p. 22.

[2]. See Turquet-Milnes: *Some Modern French Writers*, p. 155. Duhamel, Georges: *Paul Claudel*, p. 6. Dimnet, Ernest, in the *Outlook*, vol. 145, p. 337. Cattaui, Georges, in the *Dublin Review*, vol. 190, p. 268.

a rather harsh accent, lively manners, and a robust build."[1] At the distribution of prizes in 1883 at the close of his college career, he was crowned by Renan himself, whom at the time he idolized, but of whom he wrote later: "Do not destroy me with the Voltaires, and the Renans, and the Michelets, and the Hugos, and all those other villains."[2]

Shortly after this, his grandfather, whose lingering sufferings the boy had been watching for years, died of cancer. The thought of this death and the works of Arthur Rimbaud, which he began to read about this time, made a profound impression on Claudel. Though he had been baptized a Catholic, he was quite indifferent, even hostile to religion, until his eighteenth year. He himself relates the story of his conversion.[3] It took place on Christmas day in 1886, when he and some companions went to Notre Dame in Paris, not out of reverence for the feast which was being celebrated, but hoping to gain inspiration from the poetry of the ceremonies. Like his great patron, St. Paul, he was struck down by grace that very day, though he acknowledges that it was four years later that he gave a whole-hearted submission, wrestling meanwhile with grace. Since 1890 he has been an undoubting and militant Catholic.

He attended the Ecole des Sciences Politiques for a short time, and then entered consular service. His first appointment was in 1893 as vice-consul in New York. Since then he has successfully held diplomatic positions in China, Austria, Germany, Italy, South America, Denmark, and Japan. In 1926 he became ambassador to the United States, which position he held until last year, when he returned to France with his wife (*née* Mlle Reine Sainte-Marie-Perrin) and five children. At present he is French ambassador to Belgium.[4]

[1] *La Vie catholique dans la France contemporaine*, p. 465.
[2] *Cinq grandes odes*, p. 108.
[3] *Ma conversion*, in *Revue de la Jeunesse*, October 10, 1913, p. 158, ff.
[4] Louis Chaigne gives many interesting biographical details in *Le Chemin de Paul Claudel*, Paris, 1931.

Claudel is the author of some twelve dramas, of numerous lyric poems, and of several volumes in prose, most of which are collections of critical or philosophical essays.[1] He is probably best known to Americans for his *L'Annonce faite à Marie*, which was played in translation by the New York Theatre Guild in 1923-24. His first dramatic effort [2] was *Tête d'Or*, written before his conversion in 1889. It is a violent drama, showing the ear-marks of youth and resembling the extravagant performances of the Romanticists more than the artistic plays of the Symbolists. It tells the story of Simon Agnel, the "man of desires," who later becomes Tête d'Or, the reckless hero who kills the king, conquers the country, and makes himself a demi-god. But after having reached the heights of human power and glory, he meets defeat and death in a solitary spot in Asia. The meaning of the play is obscure, but the author evidently intended to present the emptiness of egoism and the helplessness of man without God; for if there is no eternity, life is full of bitterness and despair.

The first version of *La Ville*, a social drama, followed in 1893 without the name of the author. On the whole, it is perhaps less intelligible even than *Tête d'Or*, though in the second version (published in 1901) the characters are not so abstract as in the first. The hero is the City itself, whose downfall is caused by the strife and rebellion of restless men. Then it is for the poet-priest Couvre and his son Ivors to build a new city, whose laws shall be based on the divine law and whose inhabitants shall be wiser and more God-fearing.

Le Repos du septième jour is an oriental play which shows that death and hell are the punishment of sin. It contains beautiful passages, dantesque in their grandeur. The emperor of China descends to the lower regions to

[1] See Benoist-Mechin and Blaizot: *Bibliographie des oeuvres de Paul Claudel.*

[2] He wrote *L'Endormie*, a short satirical drama, at the age of fifteen, but it was not published until 1925.

find out from the Prince of Darkness the cause of the evils that have come upon his country. The Angel of the Empire is sent to him and explains that the people are being chastised for their wickedness and forgetfulness of God. He says :—

Six days, then, let him do his work, nourish his body and his mind,
And on the seventh, as a servant who, having adorned his house, introduces his master into it,
Let him raise his hands toward heaven.
Such is the law which you have transgressed, and that is why the Earth,
Seeing that you use badly the fruits which are given to you, wishes to take back from you that which belongs to her.[1]

L'Echange is simpler and more direct than the three preceding dramas. The scene is laid in America and there are only four characters. Louis Laine, led on by avarice and cupidity, proposes to give his wife, the honest Marthe, to Thomas Polluck Nageoire, in exchange for money and for Polluck's mistress, the wicked Lechy Elbernon. Tragedy results from this flagrant violation of the sacredness of the marriage bond, and the reader is convinced that there are many precious things in life which have no monetary value.

The four preceding plays, together with *La Jeune Fille Violaine*, appeared in one volume entitled *L'Arbre* in 1901. A revision of this last play was published in 1912 under the title, *L'Annonce faite à Marie.* It is much more dramatic than the earlier work and is, in many ways, Claudel's most perfect production. Both versions tell of the lovable Violaine, who is to marry Jacques Hury, but who, on account of the jealousy and calumny of her sister Mara, is driven from home and leads a solitary life of penance and suffering. Later, when this same Mara is in trouble and grief, she comes to Violaine for help ; for, though she is wicked herself, she recognizes the power of sanctity in her elder sister. Neither is she disappointed,

[1] *Théâtre*, vol. iv, p. 90.

for Violaine's prayer obtains a miracle. There are many minor changes in the later play. For example, in it Violaine is struck with leprosy as a result of an innocent kiss of sympathy given to the church-builder, Pierre de Craon, while in *La Jeune Fille Violaine* she becomes blind on account of the ashes thrown in her eyes by her cruel sister. Again, in this earlier play, Violaine's prayers cure Mara's baby boy Aubin of blindness, while in the later one it is Mara's baby girl, Aubaine, who is restored to life. Perhaps the greatest improvement is that *L'Annonce* is put back in the Middle Ages, while *La Jeune Fille Violaine* has a modern setting.

Le Partage de Midi, like *L'Echange* a drama of passion, appeared in 1906. Ysé, the woman with a too human outlook on life, is redeemed by Mesa, the man in whom the spirit triumphs over the flesh. It is a work of transition, leading up to the next group of plays, and presents a peculiar combination of simplicity and sublimity.

The idea of the beauty of Christian sacrifice is again stressed in *L'Otage*, published in 1911. It was followed by *Le Pain dur* in 1918 [1] and by *Le Père humilié* in 1919.[2] These three plays form a trilogy, in which the same characters or their descendants appear. They all have a historic background and give a rather vague picture of France after the Revolution. In *L'Otage*, Sygne de Coufontaine, to save the Pope who was hidden in her home, offers herself as a hostage to the brutal Toussaint Turelure. She becomes his wife and lives a martyr. *Le Pain dur* recounts the life of their son Louis, Count de Coufontaine, who seems to have inherited all the bad qualities of his father and none of the virtues of his mother. His greatest ambition is to destroy Christ in himself and to rid his home of the family crucifix venerated by Sygne. *Le Père humilié* is the story of the unfortunate Pensée, Louis de Coufontaine's blind daughter,

[1] Written in 1913-14.

[2] Written in 1916. *La Nuit de Noël*, a short mystical drama in no way connected with this trilogy, was published in 1915.

who is loved by the two nephews of the Pope. She has a child by one of them, who is killed in battle, and the other marries her to save his brother's honour and to protect mother and child. The first of these plays is probably the best on account of its genuinely human appeal, its dramatic action, and the exquisitely drawn character of Sygne de Coufontaine.

The most remarkable of Claudel's dramas, the colossal one that seems to sum up his genius, is *Le Soulier de Satin* (1929). Its message, like that of *L'Annonce*, is that "all things minister to a Divine Purpose and so to one another, be it events or personalities. Even the falterings of circumstance and the patternings of personality, sin and falsehood, are made to serve truth and justice, and above all, salvation in the long run." [1] The plot is complex with many scenes and characters, but the main theme is the tale of the noble lady Prouheze and her lover Rodrigo, who play an important part in the history of sixteenth-century Spain. Duty and honour prevent the union their passion would desire, so Rodrigo plunges into the feverish life of the New World, while Prouheze marries the hateful Camillo to save his soul for God and Africa for Spain. Rodrigo, after years of glory in America, again seeks Prouheze, encouraged by a letter which had been written long before but which had not been delivered. She rejects his love, having found happiness in sacrifice to duty, and in the end Rodrigo follows her example of renunciation and allows himself to be sold as a slave to the nuns of St. Teresa. The play takes its title from Act I, Scene 5, in which Dona Prouheze, standing in her saddle, takes off her little satin slipper and puts it in the hands of the statue of the Blessed Mother, begging the Virgin to prevent her from being to her house a cause of corruption, from doing any dishonourable act. She prays thus :—

> See, while there is yet time, holding my heart in one hand and my shoe in the other,

[1] English translation by Fr. John O'Connor, p. xi.

I give myself over to you, Virgin Mother; I give you my shoe, Virgin Mother, keep in your hand my luckless little foot!
I warn you that presently I shall see you no longer and that I am about to set everything going against you!
But when I try to rush on evil, let it be with limping foot! The barrier that you have set up,
When I want to cross it, be it with a crippled wing!
I have done so much as I could; keep you my poor little shoe,
Keep it against your heart, tremendous Mother of mine![1]

Claudel's *Book of Christopher Columbus* stands somewhat apart among his works. It is a lyrical drama in two parts,[2] interpreting the life of the great discoverer and showing once more the futility of human endeavour against divine appointment. The story is rather fragmentary and the whole impression somewhat confused. This impression is increased rather than lessened by the illustrations, powerful but grotesque, of Jean Charlot.

Claudel's dramas form the major part of his work. Spiritual and idealistic in tone, they are often abstruse and lack popular appeal. They belong to that class of books which Bacon says must be "chewed and digested." Several critics have called attention to the fact that, to appreciate them fully, we must be in a state of receptivity. The longer we study them, the more they grow upon us and the more we grasp the unity in them; for each one expresses an idea, and this idea is an integral part of a great harmonious whole. As Jacques Rivière says: "Each drama is a verse of the immense poem of life."[3] God is the explanation of the world, and all the events that take place in it are directed by Him. Claudel does not attempt to explain further these events, but simply relates them as an absorbed on-looker. He believes that "all things minister to a Divine Purpose." Still he makes it evident that, in this drama of life, God does not interfere with human liberty. Man can choose to be saved or lost,

[1] English translation, p. 23.
[2] It is in reality the text of the opera composed by Darius Milhaud and produced in 1929 at the Opera House in Berlin. Claudel himself made the English translation.
[3] *Etudes*, p. 74.

his soul can progress toward God or retrograde. Claudel's main interest is not, however, in the moral struggle of his characters, but rather in their destinies, often influenced in the plays (as in life) by external events even more than by personal choice. Here he differs widely from Corneille and Racine, whose plots represent the inner strife between the will and the passions.

Claudel has been called a "peintre d'ensembles." [1] His very setting and stage directions emphasize this. Often no date nor country is mentioned. The names of his characters are usually strange and give no hint as to nationality. We know neither the race nor century to which Tête d'Or belongs. *La Ville* might be situated anywhere in the world. *L'Annonce* takes place "at the end of the conventional Middle Ages." [2] The note at the beginning of *Le Soulier de Satin* is typical: "The scene of this play is the world, and more especially Spain, at the close of the sixteenth, unless it be the opening of the seventeenth century. The author has taken the liberty of compendiating countries and periods, just as at a given distance several separate mountain chains make but one horizon." [3] We realize then that dates and geography are secondary in the author's mind. As a dramatist he is interested in neither history nor politics, but in individuals. Yet he is noticeably specific about time and atmosphere, since these have an effect on the soul. The first scene of *Le Père humilié* takes place on "a beautiful night, when the glow of twilight is still afloat." *Le Pain dur* is set in the gloom of November, and *L'Otage* opens in a violent storm.

Man must seek God, and according to Claudel the way to find Him is renunciation and sacrifice. If we refuse this, life will be a failure. Thus Tête d'Or dies in despair, the City perishes miserably, Louis Laine is punished for grasping forbidden goods, while on the other hand Marthe, Violaine, Mesa, the emperor of China, Sygne, and Prouheze

[1] Tonquedec, Joseph de: *L'Oeuvre de Paul Claudel*, p. 22.
[2] Prologue, p. 9. [3] English translation, p. xxvi.

find salvation and redemption through suffering and self-immolation. Nearly all Claudel's dramas are tragedies, and realistic ones at that. He does not convert his characters and crown them with haloes in the last act (as some might expect from a mystic). They are natural and very human, even the best of them. Sygne, in spite of her heroic act of submission, comes near breaking under the awful strain, and we are left in doubt about her final repentance. Her death is almost a suicide, and the dispositions of her last hour remain a secret in the drama as they would have in life. Violaine, in spite of her sanctity, retains her love for Jacques Hury—purified, it is true, but nevertheless unlawful. Most dramatists would have seen to it that Mara turned to a life of penance and reparation after her child's resurrection, but human nature is not changed so easily even in the presence of a miracle, so Mara remains the malicious, jealous sister. Again, Orian, notwithstanding his noble ambitions, is not careful to avoid the occasion of sin and so falls pitiably.

In the earlier plays the characters are somewhat vague and abstract. We hardly get acquainted with Besme, Lala, Avare, Couvre and Ivors in *La Ville*. The emperor of China and his followers have little individuality. In *L'Echange*, however, and the later dramas the characters become more clearly defined. We feel that we know Sygne, Violaine, Marthe, Ysé, Prouheze, and Rodrigo personally, while even the secondary characters such as Anne Vercors, Pierre de Craon, Orso, Sichel, and Musica are less shadowy and more natural. Some of these are types, while others have a symbolic meaning—for example, Tête d'Or represents egoism; Violaine, renunciation; Orian, weakness; Camillo, selfishness; Polluck, greed, etc. Kathryn Brégy says that "Claudel's women, when they are decent at all, have a unique, unearthly quality not unlike the fragrance of incense, and Violaine is the essence of this pitiful and mysterious charm."[1] Of

[1] *Poets and Pilgrims*, p. 203.

course, some of them are not "decent at all," but others, such as the Princess (in Tête d'Or), Sygne, Pensée, and Prouheze, are simply unforgettable.

The lyric element often predominates over the dramatic, especially in the early plays. Thus *Tête d'Or*, *La Ville*, and *Le Repos du septième jour* are full of platonic dialogues and poetic monologues which often have very little to do with the plot. The author allows the characters to express their individual ideas, and sometimes he even forgets all about his characters and speaks himself. Take, for instance, Couvre's dissertations on poetry in *La Ville*[1] and the demon's dogmatic explanation of the three degrees of sin in *Le Repos*.[2] This lyricism is much less noticeable in the later plays, where we find some examples of the most direct and perfect dialogue in modern French literature. Anne Vercor's conversation with his wife concerning the future of their two daughters,[3] and Mara's talk with her mother in which she persuades her to forward her plans for marriage with Jacques Hury in *L'Annonce*,[4] are masterpieces of simplicity and naturalness. Sometimes the tone becomes vulgar and almost brutal, as the remarks of the soldiers in *La Ville*[5] and the sallies of the workers in *L'Annonce*.[6] In *Le Soulier de Satin* such a passage (the conversation of the Chinaman with the Negress)[7] is wedged in between two of the most poetic and beautiful scenes in the book. This combination of gross realism with sublime idealism is one of the surprising qualities of Claudel's work. It is what Cunliffe calls "a poetic materialism."[8] But Claudel's nature worship is not at all pantheistic, for he does not identify God with nature, but sees in it a magnificent work of God.

Few of Claudel's plays have ever reached the stage,[9] and the difficulty of presenting them is evident. Never-

[1] *Théâtre*, vol. ii, p. 203. [2] *Théâtre*, vol. iv, p. 58. [3] *L'Annonce*, Act I' Scene 1, p. 39.

[4] Act I, Scene 2, p. 52. [5] Act III, Scene 1, p. 116. [6] Act III, Scene 1, p. 113. [7] First Day, Scene 11.

[8] Cunliffe and De Bacourt: *French Literature during the Last Half Century*, p. 298.

[9] Besides the plays already mentioned, Claudel published two lyric farces, *Protée* and *L'Ours et la Lune*, Paris, 1927.

theless there are some excellent dramatic scenes in nearly every one of them. To mention only a few: the miracle scene in *L'Annonce*,[1] Sygne's struggle with her spiritual director in *L'Otage*,[2] Pensée's confession of blindness to her lover in *Le Père humilié*,[3] Louis Laine's acknowledgement to his wife that he is exchanging her for money in *L'Echange*,[4] Rodrigo's encounter with Camillo in the fortress of Mogador,[5] Prouheze's conversation with her Guardian Angel[6] and her final choice between love and duty[7] in *Le Soulier de Satin*. Probably the author never intended some of his dramas to be played. This does not necessarily detract from their merit or his reputation. André Gide says: "At present there are two kinds of plays: the one kind is not played, but it is important; the other kind is played, but without any importance. Claudel's plays are more important than all the products of Donnay and Capus."[8]

As a dramatist Claudel has often been compared to Aeschylus, three of whose plays he translated into French.[9] As a poet, too, he shows Greek influence, especially that of Pindar. His master in France was, according to his own testimony, Arthur Rimbaud,[10] who "tried to express the inexpressible." We are not surprised, then, that his lyric poems, even more than his dramas, must be read and re-read, literally ruminated upon. His principal volumes of verse are: *Cinq grandes odes* (1910), *Corona Benignitatis Anni Dei* (1914), *Cette heure qui est entre le printemps et l'été* (1913), *La Messe là-bas* (1919), and *Feuilles de Saints* (1925).

Jacques Rivière calls the odes "an immense act of thanksgiving."[11] The first, *Les Muses*, is in praise of

[1] Act III, Scene 2. [2] Act II, Scene 2. [3] Act I, Scene 3, p. 79. [4] Act III, Scene 1. [5] Second Day, Scene 11. [6] First Day, Scene 12. [7] Third Day, Scene 13.

[8] Quoted by Edward Goldbeck in *Bookman*, vol. 67, p. 501.

[9] *L'Agamemnon* (1896), *Les Choephores* (1920), *Les Euménides* (1920).

[10] "Others, and especially Shakespeare, Aeschylus, Dante, and Dostoiewsky were my masters and showed me the secrets of my art. But Rimbaud alone had an influence which I shall call seminal and paternal." Correspondence between J. Rivière and P. Claudel, p. 142. [11] *Etudes*, p. 123.

the figures of the nine Muses sculptured on a sarcophagus in the Louvre. The second, *L'Esprit et l'Eau*, is an abstruse philosophical treatise showing that water (tears), vivified by the spirit of penance, cleanses the soul. The third, *Magnificat*, is a canticle of love and gratitude to God for His gifts to the poet. The fourth, *La Muse qui est la Grâce*, is a dialogue between the poet and the Muse, who little by little is transformed into Grace. The fifth, *La Maison fermée*, is an answer to those who reproached the poet for the " closed " character of his art. In these odes, Claudel gives us many interesting hints about his theories as a lyric poet. He tells us that " the poem is not made up of these letters which I plant as nails, but of the white spaces which remain on the paper " (p. 17). When accused of obscurity in his verse, he answers with supreme disdain : " I do not care whether you laugh or cry, nor whether or not you like my language, and no praise nor blame from you will change its modesty. I have nothing to do with you, it is for you to find your account with me " (p. 156).

The *Processional* (which follows *Cinq grandes odes*), *Corona Benignitatis Anni Dei*, and *La Messe là-bas* are all liturgical poems much easier to follow than the odes. The *Processional* deals with the Mass, the sacraments, the litany of the saints, and the Blessed Trinity, while *La Messe là-bas* follows the Holy Sacrifice from the Introit to the last Gospel, with appropriate reflections on each part, varying from sublime outbursts of praise in the Gloria to the touching, homely picture in the Pater Noster, where the husband and father is departing for the War thinking of his wife : " And all the long years which are beginning during which she will never cease to be a widow " (p. 46). The *Corona Benignitatis Anni Dei* has been appropriately styled " an ornamental breviary of poetry, an illuminated missal, a liturgical year in colours." [1] It proves that the author is deeply familiar

[1] Tonquedec : *L'Oeuvre de Paul Claudel*, p. 92.

with the Bible and the Divine Office, for almost unconsciously he uses their phraseology. He begins with the Epiphany and leads us with triumphant note through the glorious chain of feasts that adorn the Church's calendar. Each poem is full of elevating thoughts, expressed in simple but lofty style.[1] For example, in the hymn to St. Benedict, he assures us: "Rather than to return to God, it is simpler never to leave Him" (p. 30). In *Le Jour des cadeaux*, he tells God that if He wants heroes, virgins, Christians who will follow Him bravely and gladly, there is Dominic, Francis, Lawrence, and Cecilia; but if He has need of a sluggard and an imbecile, a proud man and a coward, ungrateful and sinful and hard-hearted—then "You will always have me!" (p. 149).

Most of these poems are written in what is called "claudelian verse." It is a form of expression which should hardly be called verse at all, though it is more rhythmic than ordinary prose, and reminds one of the cadence of the Psalms. Usually there is no rime nor assonance, but occasionally we find both. The length of the verse varies from one syllable to five lines. Claudel's poetic instinct and sense of harmony enables him to use this verse-form with marked success and to obtain admirable effects from it at times. Yet we must confess that there are many lines and passages that differ not at all from pure prose, and that, on the whole, it is not as musical and effective as the Alexandrine. Claudel uses this classic verse in a few instances, as, for example, in *Vers d'exil*. But this meter is rare, and by far the greater part of his lyric poetry and practically all his dramas are written in his own "vers libre."

Besides his poetry, Claudel has published several volumes of prose, of which the most important are: *La Connaissance de l'Est*, *L'Art poétique*, and *Ways and Crossways*. The first of these is considered by many the author's most readable book. Peyre calls it "Claudel's

[1] The best known of these poems is probably the one to the Infant Jesus of Prague, translated into English by Henry Van Dyke.

masterpiece in the Mallarmé manner." [1] It is a collection of short sketches written in racy, picturesque prose, and dealing with a variety of widely different subjects with which Claudel became acquainted during his years in China and Japan. We read of cocoa-trees, cemeteries, tombs, rice, feasts, Chinese writing, cities, gardens, pigs, pagodas, etc. Sometimes we find the crudest realism; for instance, in describing the leper in *La Pagode*, he notes the single eye full of blood and water, the mouth despoiled of its lips by leprosy and discovering even to the roots the teeth, yellow as bones and long as the incisors of the rabbit; "and the rest of the face is gone (p. 11)." Other sketches are real little prose poems, idyllic and charming: "O God, what novelty this blue has for me! how tender is this green, and how fresh! And looking at the far-off sky, what peace to see it still so dark that the stars are blinking in it (p. 123)."

L'Art poétique, the most abstract of his works, is a metaphysical treatise which only a philosopher can understand. It deals with the meaning of time, our knowledge of the exterior world, vegetal and animal life, man with his intellect, and finally the development of the Church. Claudel's latest volume, *Ways and Crossways*, published only in English translation, is also philosophical, but not so abstruse as the former work. It is a collection of essays on such subjects as art, religion and poetry, the physics of the Eucharist, an underground church, etc., between which there is no relation excepting that they all disclose the author's sound Catholic philosophy.

The universal complaint against Claudel is that he is difficult to understand, and this criticism is often justified, especially (as we have pointed out) in the case of his lyric poetry. Whence this obscurity? First of all, Claudel is synthetic, while the French genius is, as a rule, analytic. He rarely explains a subject or mentions details, but rather gives a mere suggestion and leaves the reader to follow it out. This is true in his dramas as well as in

[1] Henri Peyre, in *The Living Age*, vol. 343, p. 227.

his poems. For example, who is the woman that Simon Agnel buries in the first scene of *Tête d'Or ?* The author hints that she is the daughter of the old Peasant and that Cebes had loved her, but that is all. Again, in *Le Soulier de Satin* the tortures to which Camillo puts Don Sebastian makes the reader feel that Prouheze's life must be one of horror, but we know nothing more. In his poems this tendency to compactness is even more marked. His odes are crammed with original but undeveloped thoughts. The author seemed to realize this, for he wrote an " argument " at the beginning of each. Even with the aid of this argument, most readers find it difficult to follow the theme.

Claudel was a symbolist in his early years, and learned from Mallarmé and Rimbaud to express by symbols the inner relations that exist between our souls and the exterior world. His own prodigious imagination saw resemblances which sometimes seem strained to his less gifted readers. He looks down from an eminence on a village and sees " in the midst of the trees . . . the poem of roofs." [1] In the *Presentation* he finds only Simeon and Anna in the temple to welcome Christ, all the other Jews are " reading the newspaper or playing at politics against the Romans." [2] In *Feuilles de Saints* he describes the outbreak of war thus : " The monstrous torso of War appears at the end of the embankment, and with a turn of her shoulder she uproots the gate of the city." Every page of his works contains breath-taking similes and metaphors, and this power of imagination plus a desire to express his whole thought rapidly results often in peculiar syntax, ellipsis, omission of verbs, inversions, etc. We like writers whose sentences can be analyzed and whose paragraphs can be outlined, and Claudel deliberately rejects this order. He says in Ode I : " O my soul, we must not draw up any plan." He has a rich, colourful vocabulary, containing unusual French words and words with foreign flavour. Jacques Rivière

[1] *Connaissance de l'Est*, p. 31. [2] *Corona Benignitatis Anni Dei*, p. 26.

says: "His words have not only light and sound, but also a consistency, an odor and a taste." [1]

We must confess that, on account of his tendency to synthesize, his vivid imagination, his unusual expressions and unfamiliar vocabulary, his peculiarities of syntax and versification, Claudel is frequently obscure and almost never easy reading. But on the other hand, we insist that he is well worth study and effort. He opens to us a new world, a world full of mysterious beauty and charm, vibrating with vigorous Catholicity, which at first seems unreal and strange, but after we become accustomed to the energizing atmosphere, it fills us with delight. Of course, as Madame Sainte-Marie-Perrin says, some never appreciate lyrists and mystics,[2] so there will always be a coterie who consider Claudel half mad. So precise and clear in his diplomatic writings, he seems to prefer that poetry be shrouded in mystery.

We Catholics find a further reason for this strange, primitive, unearthly note in Claudel's works, which to many is wholly inexplicable. When we ponder that in 1900 he made a retreat with the Benedictines at Ligugé and received the habit of an Oblate of St. Benedict; [3] that through his influence many others have been brought into the Church (notably Francis Jammes, Gabriel Frizeau, and Jacques Rivière); that for years he has been a daily attendant at Mass; that while a busy ambassador at Washington, he found time to spend an hour every day in front of the Blessed Sacrament; then we begin to grasp the source of his power. He rises before us as one of the inspired prophets with a message all his own, pleading eloquently by his life and by his writings for Christ, whose standard he chose once and forever in 1890. And the world never will understand this language, for its ears are not attuned to the melodies of heaven.

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[1] *Etudes*, p. 71. [2] See *Revue des deux Mondes*, February 15, 1914, p. 877.
[3] See Chaigne: *Le Chemin de Paul Claudel*, p. 51.

WALLENSTEIN AND BUTLER

1634—1934

BY PROFESSOR MARY M. MACKEN, M.A.

THE coincidence this year of the tercentenary of Wallenstein's death (25 February 1634) and the hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of Schiller's birth (10 November 1759) is a remarkable one. For it was Schiller who, in the fires of his genius, cast that great figure of seventeenth century European history in a drama that is destined to endure as long as the German language itself. It was Schiller who gave what looks like being final literary form to that remarkable personality. His Wallenstein trilogy, as to two-thirds of the whole, has long been accessible to the English reading public in Coleridge's translation. The first part, "Wallenstein's Camp," he did not attempt. We have it, however, in an English version nearer home, by James Clarence Mangan; but it—a *tour de force* from beginning to end—lies buried in the *Dublin University Magazine.*

Historians and writers, either themselves German or writing in German, have always been busy with the Wallenstein theme. Schiller had, previous to the trilogy, written a History of the Thirty Years' War with particular reference to the character of Wallenstein; but the materials at his disposal (Murr and Herchenhahn) were scanty and one-sided, though Murr's *Beiträge* included the narrative of Carve [1]: De Morte Wallensteini reliquorumque Proditorum Tertzky, Illo, Kinsky, Nycmann Tribuni Equitum, which is Chapter XI of Carve's *Itinerarium.* The nineteenth century brought an improvement. Friedrich Förster published in 1828-1829 three volumes of Wallenstein letters, of which those of Walter

[1] Father Thomas Carve (sometimes written Carue, Carew and O'Corrain) was military chaplain, respectively, to Colonel Walter Butler and Colonel Walter Devereux, both of whom will figure in this article.

Butler, immediately after the murder, are interesting to us. Johann Graf von Mailath produced in 1834-1850 a *History of the Austrian Empire.* Discussing the Wallenstein tragedy, he endeavours to exonerate the Emperor and to prove (by a translation of the Latin Report of Butler's Irish chaplain, Father Taaffe) that the "execution" was Butler's plan and deed. Leopold von Ranke it was, however, who in his *Wallenstein* (1869 and 1872) lifted the narrative into the region of scientific objectivity and humanity. His work gave an immediate impetus to Wallenstein studies. Foremost amongst those who were directly inspired by him was Hermann Hallwich with his *Wallenstein's Ende* (1879); *Thurn als Zeuge im Prozess Wallensteins* (1883); *Fünf Bücher Wallenstein Geschichte* (1910); *Briefe und Akte zur Geschichte Wallensteins* (1912). Eduard Schebek published in 1881 *Die Lösung der Wallenstein Frage,* giving, in a note, interesting details of Butler's Will and its consequences. Schweizer in 1899 dealt with *Die Wallenstein Frage in Geschichte und Drama,* whilst individual points such as *Wallenstein's Conversion to Catholicism* (Stieve, 1897) and *Wallenstein's Economic Work* (Ernstberger, 1929) were removed from the region of legend and surmise into the realm of carefully documented and scientific fact. The last word on the question of Wallenstein's guilt and on the causes, course and consequences of the catastrophe has probably been said by Professor Heinrich Ritter von Srbik of Gratz in an excellently documented and impartial work published in Vienna in 1920 under the title *Wallensteins Ende.*

To those of us whose approach to Wallenstein was either through German literature or general European history, it came as something of a shock that the tercentenary was so much more the affair of Czecho-Slovakia than of the Reich (Third, Second or First). So remote are we still from the history of the smaller European states and so dominated by the Imperial idea, whether that idea be as old as Caesar or as young as Hitler!

Wallenstein was for us, until this year, the Imperial Commander-in-Chief whose surname (going back, in Bohemia, to the year 1417) raised no suspicions of non-Germanic origins. His Christian names, Wenzel Eusebius, might have given us pause, if we adverted to them. We did not—so far did the man who bore them transcend any need for particularisation ! Prague—now a completely Czech city—and Cheb (Eger) on the north-western frontier of the Republic—predominantly German in character—were the two stages on which the Wallenstein scene was this year set. The exhibition—Wallenstein and His Age—which opened in Prague on the 15th May, had for its object an appreciation by the public of the significance of Wallenstein for the Bohemian question. As prologue there was, on the 23rd February, an inaugural lecture by Prof. Josef Pekar. Prof. Pekar is a Czech Catholic of eminence in the intellectual life of his country and its most important historian of the Thirty Years' War period. His 500-page volume on " Wallenstein between the years 1630-1634 " appeared originally in 1894. Unfortunately, owing to the fact that the work was in the Czech language, European research into the Wallenstein story was but little affected by the publication. The Czecho-Slovak state has, however, in 1933-34, seen a new edition—in two volumes—a republication which is undoubtedly due to the tercentenary. These two volumes probably represent the nearest approach to a final verdict on Wallenstein which history is ever likely to reach. Prof. Pekar's lecture was followed by others, in March and April, by German and Czech professors and archivists ; for much of the Wallenstein material was handed over to the Republic after 1918 and is being carefully preserved and scientifically studied. The exhibition was housed in the great hall and ducal apartments of the magnificent Wallenstein palace, where the family archives are now permanently kept. It included such material, from private collections and public museums, as would give an

idea of Wallenstein's military, political, economic and personal activities. The Arts and Crafts Museum sheltered a second exhibition characteristic of the religious and political situation in Bohemia in the seventeenth century and tending especially to show the efforts of the Bohemian Protestants to secure the assistance of Wallenstein for their plans.

Cheb (Eger), as the scene of Wallenstein's murder and also of his great triumphs in 1625 and 1632, has always preserved the memory of the Generalissimo. Dr. Karl Siegl, Director of the Town Museum and Archives, published this year a commemorative pamphlet on Wallenstein and organised, in the rooms of the house in which he was murdered—now the Town Hall—an exhibition of documents as well as of contemporary portraits and pictures. Dr. Siegl's little book gives an account of the various occupants of the Wallenstein house—including amongst others, the Jesuit Fathers who held it from 1635 until 1705, when it was acquired by the town. He tells how the Council, in the years 1908-1911, helped to organise Festival Plays recreating the Wallenstein period. It was for the 1934 revival that Josef Mühlberger wrote his play *Wallenstein*, published by the Insel Verlag.

Wenzel Eusebius Albrecht von Wallenstein was by birth a Bohemian Protestant. Born in 1583, he was the youngest of three children. His father belonged to a somewhat impoverished branch of a noble family, an ancestor of which brought twenty-four sons out to fight for Ottokar in the 13th century against the first Hapsburg emperor. His mother, who died when he was ten, was likewise noble—a Smiritzky. At his father's death in 1595, when Wenzel was twelve, he was committed to the guardianship of a maternal uncle, Slawata, also a Protestant and was educated, in the Czech vernacular, by one of the Moravian Brotherhood—the guardians of Bohemian Protestantism. His education was continued outside Bohemia from 1597-99 at a Latin school in

Goldberg in Silesia and in Altdorf, near Nürnberg, both Protestant establishments. He seems to have been involved in a brawl in Altdorf and was sent down after a few months. He was then not quite sixteen and was obviously a person of rank, since he was accompanied to school by a tutor and attended by his own servant. From 1600-1602 he toured Germany, France and Italy, where he became interested in Astrology, Mathematics and Architecture. War was to be his profession, and in Europe at the beginning of the seventeenth century he had scope enough. He crusaded against the Turks in 1604, and at various times in 1605, 1610, 1615 he raised and commanded a regiment for the Bohemian or Moravian Estates. In 1607 his brother-in-law, a Protestant, writes that "he is going to Mass." He had been converted to Catholicism shortly before by Father Pachta, an intimate friend of his maternal aunt—she had married a Catholic, von Rican. It was Fr. Pachta who sponsored his marriage with a rich Catholic widow, Lucretia Nekyssowa von Landeck, in 1609. He must have been an engaging cavalier, for she is said to have given him a love potion! She died childless in 1614, leaving him large estates in Moravia. Capital has been made out of this marriage and its "speculative" character. She was reckoned neither young nor fair and her wealth enabled him to appear at Court with the splendour which he ambitioned. But Czech archivists say she was not so old as was usually supposed and he had been to Court before he wooed her. He was already Chamberlain to Archduke Matthias.

Stern times came after her death. Wallenstein, speculating again perhaps, transferred his allegiance from Matthias to the Court of the heir, Archduke Ferdinand, at Gratz. In 1617 he rendered his new master signal service in the Venetian war, coming to his assistance at the siege of Gradisca with a troop of horse raised at his own expense. Ferdinand having become Emperor in 1619, Wallenstein, who was in command of a body of

Moravian troops in the service of his home government, refused to lead them to the assistance of the revolted Bohemian Protestants and went over to the Emperor, bringing with him the Moravian military funds. The die was cast; Wallenstein was now, in the eyes of his countrymen, a traitorous Bohemian. His loyalty was henceforth to the Hapsburgs.

In the years 1619-1625 Wallenstein continually raised troops for the Emperor, which he sent into action against the Bohemians at Naitolitz and Tein (1619) and at the White Mountain in 1620, or he fought personally with signal success—as at Vienna in 1619 against Bethlen Gabor and Thurn and in 1620 on the north-western frontier of Bohemia, bringing one place after another under Imperial authority. His effective support and his loyalty were richly rewarded. In the wholesale confiscations that followed in 1621, he reaped a large harvest, profiting at the expense of his own relatives, so that more than sixty Bohemian estates became his. These were consolidated into the Principality of Friedland. In 1622 he became Count Palatine with the right to confer titles, checked the invasion of Bethlen Gabor (Prince of Transylvania) into Moravia, married Countess Isabella Harrach (the daughter of an Imperial Councillor with widely ramified interests at Court), was made Colonel of Prague, Governor of Bohemia and a Prince of the Empire. The fugitive Czech had come home to found a dynasty!

The word "condottiere" has been used to describe the man who was now Prince of Friedland. But the term is misapplied. Wallenstein was much more than a mercenary adventurer. His political, economic and social activity in the period now opening is unexampled for his age. He was engaged in fashioning a state, and he forgot nothing. Justice and administration were kept strictly apart, roads and canals built, industries established and developed, agriculture promoted, mines worked, horses and cattle carefully bred. He had his own way of

realizing the Imperial policy of the Catholicisation of rebel Bohemia. He neither persecuted nor banished, but he brought in the religious orders everywhere—Carthusians to Walditz; Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans and Capuchins to Jicin; Augustinians to Böhmisch Leipa; Benedictines to Bösig. They all received land from him for novitiates, churches, schools, colleges. He planned a university, and, with the idea of setting up a bishopric in Jicin, he had a magnificent church built there on the model of the Church of St. James at Compostella. His palaces in Prague and Jicin—with their riding grounds, tourney courts, aviaries, fountains, grottos and loggias—rivalled those of the Emperor. His architects and artists he brought from Italy—the Renaissance being his favourite style. They were liberally paid and their children provided for.

On the social administrative side the state was a model. Proper wages were paid, and a rebate on taxes allowed to farmers affected by bad weather conditions. The tax burden was fairly distributed, levies being according to property and capacity. Measures were taken against high food prices, and bread and seeds were distributed free at certain times. Poverty was attacked, work provided, poorhouses built and vagrancy punished. Jicin had a Fire Brigade, a Cleansing Department and the beginnings of a Public Health system!

As for his supreme military activities, Wallenstein's so-called First Generalship began in the year 1625, the birth year of his daughter. That year saw the opening of a new phase in the war. Christian IV of Denmark had come in on the side of the dispossessed Winter King and the King of Sweden might at any moment make up his mind to do the same. Christian of Brunswick, Count Mansfeld, Bethlen Gabor (Prince of Transylvania) were on the march, and the Catholics had only the army of the League, controlled principally by Maximilian of Bavaria and led by Tilly. The Emperor had no standing

army and he was never quite sure of the loyalty of his Electors. Wallenstein's offer to raise an army of 20,000 or more was tempting and was accepted. This army entered on a long series of triumphs, the most remarkable of which were the victory over Mansfeld at the Dessau Bridge in 1626, the victory at Wolgast over Christian IV in 1628, and not least the Peace of Lübeck in 1629, by which the King of Denmark was definitely withdrawn from the war-front. Set against these successes were the ineffective campaign against Mansfeld (who had escaped through Silesia) and Bethlen Gabor in Hungary, the failure to take Stralsund in 1628, and the futile blockade of Magdeburg in 1629. This campaign produced, like the Bohemian one, a rich crop of confiscations, and Wallenstein received from Ferdinand the forfeited Duchies of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Wenden, with the lordship of Rostock and Stargard, the rulers of which had sided with Denmark.

Wallenstein's position now seemed impregnable. He had accomplished the unbelievable : he had raised and equipped an army, and motley though it was, maintained it in as good order and discipline as was possible from the nature of the warfare. Religious toleration was one of his principles, absolute obedience he insisted on, and plunder—as far as he could prevent it—was taboo. He rewarded courage and was pitiless towards cowardice. His troops were well paid and well fed, maintained by a contribution system so devised that the country was not hopelessly exhausted in the process. The economic developments which he had so farsightedly planned and so energetically carried out in his Bohemian territory—organised production of material and magazine storage and transport within an area which he insisted on keeping immune from war—ensured steady supplies and so served his military system. He may not have been a first-class strategist ; but he had in four years either swept Germany clear of Ferdinand's enemies or had played them off one

against the other. He had a definite political policy—to curb the power of the Princes by means of his army (which he hoped to see maintained) and so establish the Emperor in undisputed authority. When he so grandiloquently had himself invested by his Imperial Master with the title "Admiral of the Baltic and of the Ocean" (in which character he is painted in triumph on the ceiling of the Great Hall of his palace in Prague), he had visioned a fleet that would secure the northern coast and, to facilitate its operations, had planned a canal to connect the Baltic with the North Sea. His dream of greatness for Ferdinand even transcended the boundaries of the Holy Roman Empire. He was in correspondence with the Pope on a project for making war on the Porte and setting the crown of Constantinople on a Hapsburg head.

But Wallenstein reckoned without the weakness of Ferdinand and the strength of his enemies, the Princes Lay and Spiritual, whom he had outraged by his phenomenal rise to power, his arbitrary militarism in the name of the highest authority in the land, his overweening ambition and his usurpation of sovereignty in Mecklenburg. Maximilian of Bavaria and the Elector of Mainz had, since 1627, been planning his removal from the Command of the Army. At the Diet of Regensburg in August 1630, they succeeded in securing his dismissal, Ferdinand hoping in return to get them to declare his son King of Rome and heir to the Empire.

It is instructive to note that, at this time, when Wallenstein was beyond yea or nay absolutely devoted to the Imperial idea and mindful to further it in the person of Ferdinand II, accusations of treasonable plans were continually brought against him—and (with the exception of the Spanish party, who were opposed to his removal) by the same groups. His Catholicism was, then as later, aspersed and that in spite of the fact that he, a munificent patron of the Church, professed and practised his religion openly and, in a will drawn up after the birth of his

daughter in 1625, had made provision for her marriage with a Catholic.

The General received with calmness the intimation of a dismissal which was made as palatable as possible, since it was not accompanied by any loss of territory or title (though the cession of Mecklenburg was in dispute). He apparently attributed it to "the stars, the Emperor's constellations showing him dominated by those of the Elector Maximilian." He had seen the Emperor for the last time in 1628, when Mecklenburg had been ceded to him. They never again met. Wallenstein sent an appeal to him by the Ambassadors to consider what he risked by the break-up of the Imperial Army; but he received no reply, though the Emperor continued to speak of him as his Commander-in-Chief and, curiously enough, constantly consulted him on the conduct of a war from the sphere of which he had solemnly removed him.

The years 1630-34, which include his retirement and the resumption (in 1632) of the generalship with increased powers, are the controversial period. A literature has been written round them, historians ranging themselves now for, now against Wallenstein's innocence of treason to the Emperor. Professor Pekar, in two articles contributed to the review *L'Europe Centrale* (3 and 10 March 1934), leaves us in no doubt as to the issue. In 1630 Wallenstein entered on a new phase of his political career—a phase that implied an entire reversal of his former Imperialistic policy. He, now a Bohemian with a grievance, still powerful and with his military reputation unimpaired, entered into negotiations with the Swedish King—negotiations carried on by the Bohemian emigrés Kinsky, Bubna, Rasin, who were always intriguing for the restoration of their ancient privileges. Wallenstein was to get a force of from ten to twelve thousand Swedes. Reinforced by Bohemians under Thurn, he was to take Bohemia and March on Vienna. The negotiations having broken

down, Wallenstein acceded to Ferdinand's request to come to the aid of the Reich against the victorious forces of Gustavus Adolphus and of the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg. The extraordinary conditions that he laid down—conditions guaranteeing his supreme control of the army, the elimination of any interference by Crown, Court or Church, and even his right to negotiate with the enemy—were necessary for the carrying out of his promises to the Bohemians. These promises amounted in fact to a turning of the " Imperial " army against the Emperor for the purpose of restoring the ancient rights and privileges of the Bohemian Crown, which Wallenstein himself should wear. The coronation proposal may not have been Wallenstein's. The Swedes made it in 1633, and there was no doubt that a number of the European powers were anxious to set up an independent Bohemia as an offset against the exclusive power of the Hapsburgs in the Reich and in Spain. This was more especially so since Wallenstein mated this project with the idea of a European peace which would end the horrors of a long and futile war and would restore the religious and political liberties of the peoples of the Empire !

Wallenstein's campaign of 1632-34 is well known. His military tactics were cunctatory—fighting alternated with negotiations—and decisive battles were avoided where possible. Lutzen, where Gustavus Adolphus was killed in November 1632, was inevitable ; it was not a victory of arms for Wallenstein, nor did he follow it up. Bernhard of Weimar was allowed, in 1633, to besiege Regensburg—city of Wallenstein's old enemy—and the Court party became excited. The victory of Steinau in the same year let them breathe again ; but this was followed, in October, by the release of the Emperor's ancient foe, Matthias Thurn, and by the fall of Regensburg in November. The Court and the Spanish party were now at one—Wallenstein's dangerous powers must first be curtailed and then destroyed. Orders were sent to him to retake Regensburg

in the depths of winter—a technical impossibility—to detach a division of his troops to join the Spaniards on the Rhine, whilst Imperial orders were issued independently of him to some of his chief commanders. All these were breaches of contract. Wallenstein stormed and threatened to resign, endeavouring however to assure himself at the same time of the loyalty of his officers—against eventualities. That was the motive of the first Declaration of Pilsen by which, on the 12 January 1634, forty-nine commanders (including Colonel Walter Butler and Octavio Piccolomini) pledged themselves to hold by him to the last drop of their blood.

Meantime spies were everywhere in the camp and the Generalissimo's words were being carefully reported. The Emperor was overwhelmed with accounts of treasonable negotiations between Wallenstein and the enemy as well as of fantastic plans to destroy the Catholic Church and the House of Hapsburg. He asked his councillors to consider all the circumstances and make a report. Their recommendation was the elimination of the Generalissimo at all costs—if necessary with sacrifice of his person. The Declaration of Pilsen had been a bombshell. A secret imperial patent was issued on 24 January 1634, ordering the arrest or death of Wallenstein and his chiefs Illo, Terzky and Kinsky. This was followed by a second, ordering Gallas, Altringer, Colleredo and Piccolomini to carry out the decree.

Wallenstein now seemed to be physically and morally incapable of taking a decisive step. His health was seriously undermined, and those who were permitted to see him suffering were convinced that he had not long to live. He summoned his officers a second time on the 19 February 1634 to get from them another declaration of loyalty, coupled this time with a reservation in favour of the Emperor and the Catholic religion. It was a confession of weakness. Only thirty officers appeared to sign it (Butler's name was not amongst them). He even

sent messengers to the Emperor offering to resign, if he could do so with honour. It was too late—the Court was scared. He then at last moved and decided to advance on Prague, having sent messengers to the Saxons and Swedes. That decision came too late also : his dismissal and outlawry had been publicly posted at Prague, the army had fallen away from him, the city was no longer his for the taking. He now had to flee from his camp at Pilsen and make for Eger, where junction with the Saxons and Swedes was still possible, Of his chief officers only three remained—the two Bohemians Terzky and Kinsky and Illo (married to a Bohemian and with property in that country). His escort numbered only 1,300. At Mies, between Pilsen and Eger, he met Colonel Walter Butler with his regiment of Dragoons—it was the 23rd February. They were ordered to proceed with him—a fateful order ; for they were to be his " executioners."

Colonel Butler's story is fairly well known to students of history from the *Itinerarium* already mentioned of Father Carve. He does not seem to have served under Wallenstein until the second generalship, when he got the regiment of dragoons formerly commanded by his cousin, James Butler. Whether he had signed the first Declaration of Pilsen in good faith or whether, like Piccolomini, he was dissembling, we have no means of knowing. What his ideas were when he met Wallenstein at Mies we know from the Latin narrative sent by Fr. Taaffe, his chaplain, to a priest in Regensburg in 1653. He dared not disobey orders ; he was unwilling to flee and leave his regiment to be used against the Emperor ; for Wallenstein, suffering heavily from the defection of his troops, had made such a disposal of his forces at Mies that the Colonel was kept beside the Generalissimo and separated from his men. He was able, however, to dispatch Fr. Taaffe to Piccolomini to explain the situation and to ask for advice. The latter instructed the chaplain

to tell his Colonel, as he hoped for reward, to take Wallenstein alive or dead.

Meantime Wallenstein endeavoured to bind Butler to him with promises of preferment; and the Colonel, dissembling, promised—when released from his oath to the Emperor—to serve him to the end. Arrived at Eger, Butler proceeded to sound Gordon, the Commander of the fortress, and Leslie, Lieutenant Colonel of the Guard—both Scotch Protestants. Leslie proposed, after some discussion, to kill the General. Butler demurred at first. Later, on the receipt of a message, possibly from Piccolomini (though not through Fr. Taaffe, who did not get back to Eger until all was over), he planned the "execution" of Illo, Terzky, Kinsky and Secretary Neumann as well as of Wallenstein himself. The officers were invited to a banquet in Gordon's quarters in the fortress, into which a number of Butler's Dragoons had been secretly admitted. The "trustworthy Irish"—Deveroux, Macdoniel, Burke, Brown and Fitzgerald—were let into the dreadful secret and, with other Irishmen and one Spaniard, were entrusted with the work of execution. When the wine had flowed freely and treasonable toasts were being proposed by the excited Bohemians, the signal was given to fall on the guests and they were despatched—not without a brave resistance by Terzky, whom they found it hard to kill. Butler then led a contingent with Deveroux down from the fortress to the Market Square, in which Wallenstein's house was situated. They do not seem to have met with any resistance; there were probably only a few guards to ensure the silence that Friedland always insisted on, and it was not unnatural, in the critical stage of Wallenstein's affairs, that an officer should seek his quarters even at a late hour. Deveroux cut down a chamberlain who endeavoured to prevent him from opening the door of Wallenstein's apartment. He then kicked it open and with a "partisan" stabbed in the breast the Commander-in-Chief, whose only utterance

was a request for "quarter." One of the more brutal of those who accompanied Deveroux wished to throw the body out of the window; but he was prevented by the officer, who wrapped it in a red carpet and had it conveyed to the fortress, where it lay with the naked corpses of his generals awaiting the arrival of Piccolomini.

This Italian General, whom Wallenstein had blindly trusted and on whom he had heaped favours, was as vindictive as he was wily. Arrived at Eger, he ordered the bodies to be conveyed to Prague to be publicly exposed to shame. Gallas countermanded the order, and the procession was halted at Mies, where the remains of the three officers were handed over to the relatives and Wallenstein's body, in a poor coffin, was deposited in a vault of the Franciscan Church, where it lay for two years. It was then taken to the Church of the Carthusians which he had had built near Jicin and had richly endowed with Mass offerings. There it lay beside that of his Bohemian first wife until, on the dissolution of the monastery by Joseph II, they were both transferred to Münchengrätz.

Butler, having carried through the dreadful deed, took measures to prevent tumult and to secure the town for the Emperor. Detailed reports of their activities were sent immediately to Vienna by Gordon, Leslie and Butler, all of whom shortly after appeared at the Court to claim their reward. Wallenstein's vast estates, with the exception of Sagan (which the Emperor kept for himself) and two small properties which were graciously conceded to the widow, as well as the estates of Terzky and Kinsky, became the spoil of those who were responsible, directly or indirectly, for the murder. Colonel Butler was made a Count and received Friedberg, one of the most valuable of Wallenstein's properties in Bohemia. He had married a Countess Anna Maria von Dohna (not Fondana, as the name is sometimes misprinted) and had an infant daughter. He died in 1634, soon after the

victory of the Imperial army at Nördlingen, and left a will[1] in which he wished his daughter to marry a Butler. She died in infancy, and a share in the estate was then claimed by a Thomas Theobald Butler, Abbot of Duiske,[2] on behalf of his nephew, Thomas Butler of Clonmore, grand-nephew of the Colonel. The case was settled in 1659 by the cession of one-third to the Irish claimant. Colonel Butler's widow married again and, she having died childless, her husband, Count Heissenstein, sold the remainder of the original Butler Bohemian estate to a member of Wallenstein's family in 1680. Thomas Butler married an Irishwoman and they had two sons, one of whom—Theobald—became the lord of the Bohemian property. His son, having married a Bavarian, sold the Bohemian estate and settled in Bavaria, where the family still existed down to the beginning of this century as Butlers of Clonebough Hainhausen. It is interesting to note that the Bohemian Butler property returned to the Wallenstein family in 1810, having been sold by the then owner, Countess O'Reilly, to a Count Ernst von Wallenstein.

Much has been written to justify or condemn the judicial murder of Wallenstein and his Bohemian friends. The lay mind will never cease to be shocked by such happenings, whether they take place in the 17th or the 20th century—under an Imperial or a National-Socialist State. It will always urge that a man's outstanding position should not disentitle him to be heard in his own defence. Wallenstein was cut down without a possibility of escape, and the " execution " of the officers when they were guests of the assassins outraged every decent convention. Added to this is the commanding position

[1] Two bequests in Butler's will have a special interest for Irishmen: one to the Irish Franciscans who had opened a college in Prague in 1629, and another to Father Peter Wadding, S.J., Chancellor of the University of Prague, for the assistance of poor Irish students in that University.

[2] James Butler, brother of the Earl of Ormond, was granted by Queen Elizabeth (15 January 1567) the abbey of Duiske and the monastery of Fertnegeragh (Kilkenny) with their lands and possessions.

of the principal victim. It is scarcely possible for us to-day to realise the powers or the prestige of the man who was Prince of Friedland, Duke of Sagan and Gross Glogau, Generalissimo of the armies of the Empire and of Spain. He was a Prince of the Empire, even though he was the Emperor's servitor. He believed himself to be, like the other Princes, a co-partner in the State, with the sovereign rights which that implied. His wealth and his court at least equalled that of any other Prince, and his capacity was infinitely greater. The conditions that he was able to dictate for his acceptance of the chief command are the measure of his greatness as well as of the Empire's need. Cunctatory as his military policy had been, it was effective in that it destroyed the prestige of the only man against whom he felt himself matched—Gustavus Adolphus. The King of Sweden was the feared foe of the Empire and, when he had been removed, Wallenstein was no longer indispensable. His enemies—and they were legion—could now have their way. It has an ugly look. Moreover, his treason was at the time by no means clear. Piccolomini hoped to prove it when he came to Eger and was free to examine the dead man's papers. He found nothing to substantiate the fantastic charges that he himself had helped to formulate. The Court waited in vain for incriminating documents and was forced, in the end, to fall back on an informer, a treacherous Bohemian—Rasin—who, for a price, told his story of the negotiations with Gustavus Adolphus. That the Emperor tried to act conscientiously, there is no doubt. He was the victim of the Electoral Princes and of his Court, some members of which were genuinely nervous of Wallenstein's powers, whilst others were actuated by the meanest personal motives. Only after prolonged discussions and after he had called one-time supporters of Wallenstein into council did he consent to publish the fatal patents.

After the first shock—of horror on the one side and of

relief at being rid of too powerful a personality on the other—was over, public feeling turned decidedly in favour of Wallenstein, and this feeling increased with every year of the war. Bohemia felt his loss—though modern Czechs bear hardly on him. His principality of Friedland was broken up and given over to the horrors of a war from which he had kept it immune. The Jesuit historian of the Order in Bohemia, Pater Balbinus, tells what that meant to Jicin and its cultural activities. The wholesale confiscations brought a new race of colonists into the country, and the old Bohemia lapsed into a coma from which it took more than two centuries to recover.

And the man Wallenstein—what of him ? He was a portent. Portents are rarely patriots ; neither are they amenable to moral and social laws. Wallenstein was a law unto himself. He had a strange nature, but his powers were strange. His hates were elemental and his rages fierce, and yet he was curiously human. He loved and honoured both his wives, who seem to have worshipped him. His relations with them were delicate and considerate ; he adored his baby son, whom he could not keep alive. He had a passion for horses, birds and flowers ; and, soldier though he was, he refused to kill any wild creature for sport. He may not have believed in men, and he had good cause for not believing in them ; but he believed in the stars, and the tower from which he watched their courses is still pointed out in his palace at Prague. Some will find it natural that he believed in the stars : his own course was like a meteor.[1]

MARY M. MACKEN

[1] Wallenstein seems to have frequently consulted the astronomer Kepler on points of astrology. It is certain that Kepler twice cast his horoscope—in 1608 and 1625. The Generalissimo also kept and paid liberally an Italian astrologer, Seni, who accompanied him in his campaigns and who was with him in Eger on the night of his death.

THE NATION THAT WAS NOT A NATION

BY DANIEL CORKERY

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MY article, "Ourselves and Dean Swift," had no sooner appeared [1] than A. de B., writing in the *Irish Press*, informed the world of Fodla that I was wrong: Protestant nationalism, he held, did not begin with Dean Swift; it began with Ussher in the previous century. Mr. de Blacam now elaborates his contradiction.[2]

But my article made it clear that, in my opinion, no such thing as Protestant nationalism began with Swift. Neither do I think it began with Ussher, or with anyone else, before or after Swift. I am blamed for not having discovered the origins of a thing that to my mind has never been! What resulted from Swift's hurly-burly was a slight dilution of the *English* nationalism that was, and is, the "grah ma chree" of the Anglo-Irish "race." It is true that in my article, harking back to Swift's name for the Catholics, "the national Irish," I wrote these words: "So was it that the *un*national Irish became a nation." This sentence Mr. de Blacam takes seriously in spite of the grin in its face, in spite also of the fact that I proceed immediately to show that nothing of the kind came about. My article remains.

I

Nationalism is a communal thing. No community, no nationalism. The existence of Protestant nationalism cannot be shown by merely quoting stray sentences, or even whole poems or books, spoken or written by this Protestant or that. Such things may or may not have significance. They require co-ordination; they require

[1] STUDIES, June 1934. [2] STUDIES, September 1934.

interpretation. The co-ordination has not been done; if Mr. de Blacam's interpretation of those he quotes does not cohere, he has that anyway to fall back upon as an excuse. A Protestant who in the eighteenth century set himself against the efforts of his fellow-Protestants to kill the Irish language was in that much acting as an Irish nationalist. He was an Irish nationalist *sans phrase*, if his purpose was to conserve the national mind. If, however, he took his unpopular stand merely from a feeling for literature or culture, never thinking of ousting the English language from pride of place in Ireland, he was, of course, an English nationalist, not, perhaps, a fanatic English nationalist. Scraps of writing remaining after such a one cannot be taken as manifest indices to the mind of the community. Suppose again that an Irish poet had a son, that he sent him in his babyhood to England to be educated and brought up an Englishman. Did the contributions of that poet to Irish literature compensate, nationally speaking, for his withdrawal from the national service of a living mind, his son's mind? How determine? What facts are we to judge by? Amassed, are they comparable at all, one with another? Innumerable such problems may be propounded. The fact should teach us how useless is this method of getting at the mind of a community. We are all two-handed, and the left hand may undo the work of the right. Worse still, in our own small way we are all myriad-minded. Nationalism is tangible only in its communal pieties. The origin of them, the growth of them, the reverence for them, the homogeneity of them, are the considerations we should keep before our minds. Protestant nationalism will not stand against such tests.

II

Nationalism is a force working in a people's mind. To say as Mr. de Blacam did in the *Irish Press*, "It [Protestant nationalism] began with Ussher," is to give

us to understand that Ussher created such a force, or at the least freed it from inactivity or from bondage; and that this force, gathering momentum, went on working after his time. Mr. de Blacam's own writings help us to recognize the force that Ussher directed. In Mr. de Blacam's most recent book we find: "Yet it [the Bedell-Daniel Bible] is not without merit, and might have been perfected by revision, if Protestant Churchmen had been favourable to the cultivation of Irish. Before we leave the subject, it is well to note that Dr. Ussher's influence was decisive. At the critical time, he cast his influence against the use of Irish, and made the Protestant Establishment wholly English." [1] In the same book we have: "More than any other, he [Ussher] gave the Protestant Church of Ireland its tradition." Elsewhere again: "Trinity College, Dublin, which had taken its character from men like Ussher, who were typical sons of the Renaissance and early Protestantism, and were studious to avoid every contact with old Irish nationality, was the cradle of the genius of the new century." [2] Ussher therefore had an influence on both Church and University, an influence that made dead against the Irish language in particular and against Irish nationality in general. And it was chiefly those two institutions that had, and that still have, the nurturing of the Ascendancy conscience. If not known, the callousness of that conscience towards all things Irish can be guessed at from Mr. de Blacam's words. And it was from Ussher, who did these things, who avoided contact with Irish nationality but who lived out his life in English nationality, that Protestant nationalism, Mr. de Blacam tells us, derives! He writes:

[1] *A First Book of Irish Literature*, p. 129.

[2] p. 147. In this book Mr. de Blacam seems to accept the view that there was an Anglo-Irish nation. "It called itself the Irish Nation." It did, meaning a political entity and nothing else. And its 'nationals' to one another were 'English gentlemen born in Ireland.' And the Gaels among them were not so very long in America when they spoke of themselves as the Scotch Irish, so distinguishing themselves from the Irish Irish. Those northern Irish evidently did not know that they were of "The Irish Nation" of Sir Jonah Barrington. The best one can say of the Anglo-Irish 'nation' is that it was a nation with a divided mind—which, of course, is the very antithesis of nationhood.

"They [Ussher and Ware] had a certain national vision, not the same as that of the Catholic body, but a Protestant version of it." [1] Is "national vision" justifiable? Those two men had some thought of how their own Church should be governed, had some feeling for antiquarian study, for culture in general, but a hundred such aptitudes may flourish in a man's mind without gathering to a focal point, without disturbing a focal point already established. Whether he knew it or not, Ussher was an instrument in the grip of a force more powerful than himself.

III

Parson Dunkin, an Irish-speaking Protestant clergyman, some of whose verses Mr. de Blacam quotes, may represent for us the type of Protestant that Ussher silenced as far as any Gaelic spirit in the Protestant Church was concerned. Why should the fact that Parson Dunkin, already a clergyman in 1615, wrote his poem in Irish surprise Mr. de Blacam? When he was growing up, when his mind was being formed, the Reformation was in Ireland a young and a very uncertain movement. Does any one imagine that those Gaelic speakers who went the new way or who, born into the new way, were yet reared in a community whose mind had been formed in the old way—does any one imagine that those Gaels ridded themselves at once of all they had inherited, whether of Catholicism or Gaelicism, from their fathers? Surely no. For a hundred years almost after the Reformation in England passages full of Catholic colouring can be met with in English literature, in poems and plays written by Protestants. In the poem of Dunkin's from which Mr. de Blacam quotes there are some lines in which we find the divided mind of early Protestantism: "They [the Presbyterians] keep neither the fast nor Saints' festivals, and they think no more of Mary than they do of a rush"—expressions that we do not associate with

[1] Studies, September 1934.

Protestantism. To find in this poem or in others written at the same time by Irish-speaking Protestants a vision of what might be expected to come only for accidents, emigration or such, as if these poems were incipient, were germinal, is not wise; for such poems were no more germinal, no more incipient than those passages of Catholic colouring in Protestant English writers. Dunkin's and the other Gaelic Protestant poems of that time are not a beginning; they are the dying fall of the Catholicism and Gaelicism from both of which those Gaels were straying or had strayed.

Remark: those who thought of an Irish-speaking Protestant Church, or even a bilingual one, fail. Nothing communal emerges from their efforts, nothing institutional, strengthening itself from generation to generation. On the other hand, those who would have the Church " wholly English," although independent in point of governance, succeed. The tide is with them; something communal emerges, and it perpetuates itself. That something was not Protestant nationalism. Instead of a nationality being built up, a nationality is failing, is being absorbed in another. That greater force in whose hands Ussher was an instrument—his recalcitrancy in certain matters being only a measure of his strength of character—saw to it that in his efforts against Irish national pieties, such as the language, he would succeed; and it was the self-same force that also saw to it that those others who would have the new Church *not* wholly English would fail. That greater force was not the English state or any English king or government. It was the spirit of English imperialism, to which spirit Bedell the Gaeliciser, as well as Ussher the Angliciser, had both surrendered themselves.

IV

That Gaelic *stratum* in Irish Protestantism Mr. de Blacam wishes to see studied. In that we are all with him, even if we cannot agree about its significance. He

holds it left a "great mark" on the Anglo-Irish mind. But have we not been listening to him telling us that the Protestant Church went wholly English and that Trinity College was no bad second. And these two institutions are always taken as truly mirroring the Anglo-Irish mind —they do so still. Those mirrors do not, however, seem to reflect that mind as a thing strongly marked by Gaelicism. Or did Anglo-Ireland throw up other institutions in which it is so reflected? If it did not, it does not appear that there is need to say much more about that "great mark." Interesting points, however, arise from Mr. de Blacam's view of it. After all, it was the Anglo-Irish that squelched Irish Ireland almost to the death. Catholics were, of course, among the squelchers. We wonder if they ever noticed that the mind of their fellow-squelchers were "interpenetrated with Gaelic influences," as Mr. de Blacam says? Why, those Anglicised Catholics themselves were surely far more deeply marked by their Gaelic ancestry, yet who can say that it made any difference? To read about them, whether we find them active in big or little things, in private or public affairs, is to be astonished by the entire successfulness with which they kept that Gaelic *stratum* of theirs from showing itself. It is, of course, certain that neither Catholics nor Protestants were always conscious of the unnatural work they were engaged in; they sometimes firmly believed that they were praiseworthily getting rid of an old growth that prevented the spread of civilisation. Knowing how close those Anglicised Catholics were to the immemorial Gaelic past; failing at the same time to find any except the scantiest traces of it in such self-expressional relics of them as remain, we may learn how easily and quickly an inherited culture goes dormant once sentence of death has been pronounced upon it, if there is another culture, vigorous with growth, at hand ready to take its place. If so it was with such Catholics as, seizing opportunities, turned from Gaelic ways, it is not hard to understand

why the amount of Protestant literature that exists in Irish is small in bulk and smaller still in significance. Mr. de Blacam is hard put to find evidence of that " great mark " when he points to it. Besides this corpus of literature he relies on the fact that Irish Protestants have written in the " Irish mode." " No Englishman," he writes, " can write a ballad in the Irish mode, but it is a matter of common experience that Irish Protestants have the very accent in their popular verse." [1] That " Irish mode " is little better than a mare's nest. Its characteristics are two : speech-rhythms and direct and homely speech. Taking the second first, it is true that Irish Poetry never discountenanced the homely word ; it had its poetic diction, but, unlike English poetry, it never had the thought that some words were not fit for poetry—testimony to what small effect the Renaissance had on Irish literature. This characteristic of homely speech may be allowed to derive from Irish poetry, but with equal truth it may be said to derive from medieval poetry, whether in English or French or other languages. As for the second note of this mode, speech-rhythms are no more characteristic of Irish poetry than of English. There is no fundamental difference between a speech-rhythm and a verse-rhythm. A speech-rhythm becomes a verse-rhythm if sufficiently used. That is, we learn to associate it with poetry and do not recollect that it may also be found in speech. Every rhythm therefore may once have been a speech-rhythm. The rhythm of Gray's *Elegy* may be heard any day in the streets—" The mason says he'll do no more to it " surely is a sentence we may catch up without thinking of verse. If, however, you take any rhythm in Irish poetry and introduce it into English it of course has the appearance of a speech-rhythm. It is a strange thing, not associated in our minds with verse. Used often enough in English, it will, however, soon cease to surprise us. So that the Englishman can write speech-

[1] STUDIES, September 1934.

rhythms ; he has been always doing it, in the same way as the Irish poet has been always doing it. In pre-Renaissance English poetry, in the ballads, in the miracle plays, in *Everyman*—you may find scores of passages that satisfy all the requirements of the so-called " Irish mode." The rural labourers in England still sing songs in this mode. How perfectly " Anglo-Irish " this is, in style if not so in grammar :—

> These words were composed by Spencer the Rover
> As have travelled most parts of Great Britain and Wales.

Yet it is a song from Yorkshire. If the Englishman has not developed such examples of the so-called Irish mode, the Renaissance is the explanation, not his want of Gaelic ancestry.

We are to believe that because eighteenth century Protestant playboys in Dublin, taking as models translations of Irish songs made by schoolmasters half-ignorant of English, succeeded in writing burlesques in the same rhythm and diction, those Protestants did so because of that " great mark " left in their minds by Gaelicism ; and in the light of this high mystery we are to read Irish history anew. And Mr. de Blacam chides me for want of a proper historical attitude !

Looked at from any angle that " great mark " is a very wraith.

V

Mr. de Blacam is astonished at my saying that St. Patrick was not a national piety among the Gaels. He reminds me of the fable that makes St. Patrick the judge of the Irish at the last day. He also reminds me of the pilgrimages. I confess I made my judgement without having such things in my thought. I depended on my knowledge of the place St. Patrick holds even still in Irish consciousness ; I depended also on the literature that

mirrors that consciousness. Mr. de Blacam, unaware of what he is doing, comes and presents me with very telling evidence as to the nature of that place. For the Gael the Saint exists in the supernatural plane and in that plane only. He is the great apostle of the Irish. It would be wrong to speak of either St. Columcille or St. Brigid as a national piety; yet a much more convincing case could be made out for both than for Saint Patrick. There is nothing supernatural about nationalism. It is as natural a thing as the love of parent for offspring. It has its orbit in the natural plane, and the planes are not to be mixed without disaster, a thing that neither Herr Hitler nor Mr. de Blacam seems aware of. I do not, however, cry Nazi at Mr. de Blacam, as he does at me. I leave him to his confessor.

It is high time some of our historical students wrote a study on the great vulgarisation of the cult of the Saint that took place in what Mr. de Blacam calls quite rightly the Golden Age of Anglo-Ireland, the eighteenth century. Catholics for a long time had little or nothing to do with that vulgarisation. Afterwards one must confess they did take pattern by their "betters." They threw aside the cross for the shamrock, and would even join in singing ribald songs, songs made by the Ascendancy :—

> And the saints of the Welshman and Scot
> Are a couple of pitiful pipers;
> Both of whom may just travel to pot,
> Compared with that patron of swipers,
> St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

And :

> St. Patrick, they say,
> Came up sweet Bantry Bay,
> Riding cross-legged astride on the back of a whale,
> Which gave him a bob,
> Into Ballydehob,
> Saying, "Phadrig, you're welcome to green Innisfail."

And, doubtless :

Oh ! St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people ;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher,
His mother was a Brady ;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.

I have never seen even as much as one humorous line about St. Patrick in Irish poetry or in the songs the people made for themselves. Yet they feasted on his day, doing so however without any dulling of their sense of his spirituality.

With the " green " things upon which Mr. de Blacam would have us look so tenderly there is not space to deal adequately. They too need a study to themselves. " The green immortal cabbage " was Dr. Henebry's way of obliterating Tom Moore's " green immortal shamrock," and a very good way too.[1] He was a scholar, and he knew that the shamrock is mentioned in Irish poetry as a food, a cress. In that poetry the harp is a musical instrument, nothing else. When elsewhere the early forms of the piano had replaced it in drawing-rooms, it lingered on in Ireland. To the outsiders it appeared " so Irish " they made an emblem of it for us. There is no such word as Shillelagh in Irish. It is the name of a village in Wicklow, a place-name about whose meaning the scholars argue. Oak woods are said to have flourished about the village, but cudgels are not often made from oak branches. There is no tradition behind the Blarney Stone. I have never seen a reference to the Round Tower or to the Wolf-dog in Irish poetry.

Do other nations go abroad with such extraordinary wares hung about their necks ? They cheapen us in our own eyes, and the world finds in them an image of us.

[1] See *Essays in Irish Biography* by Professor Stockley.

As for the early songs of Anglo-Ireland, some of them, but only few, are genuine expressions of Irish consciousness. It is true, of course, that when the people turned from Irish to English, they wrote some very ridiculous songs. These have not survived. It is the burlesques of them that have survived. These were well-made, were witty, and ministered to the Ascendancy's sense of superiority. The more modern songs, "Kathleen Mavourneen" and such, are of course only commercial wares. In many cases it is not easy to say whether a song is genuine or spurious. Unity of feeling is the only test. It is extraordinary to observe how that quality can exist in a song that lacks every other grace. When in a song one finds a general tone unlike anything one meets with in Irish, one is safe in rejecting it. In the song that Mr. de Blacam commends, "Phelim O'Brady," we find :

> And when sergeant Death in his cold arms shall embrace me
> O lull me to sleep with sweet Erin go bragh—

there is nothing like that in Irish poetry, it is the writing of a commercial song-maker and expresses just nothing.

VI

The works and pomps of that diluted English nationalism, whether we come upon it in the seventeenth or the twentieth century, are all to be understood from, and should be examined in the light of, these words spoken to his students by a professor in an English university :—

> In the same manner, if I were asked how one could describe in a sentence the general aim of British Imperialism during the last two centuries and a half, I should answer in the spirit of Dionysius : To give all men within its bounds an English mind ; to give all who come within its sway the power to look at the things of man's life, at the past, at the future, from the standpoint of an Englishman, etc.[1]

[1] *Germany and England*, by Professor Cramb.

Parson Dunkin, Ware, Bedell, Ussher, Molyneux, Swift, Grattan, Burke, others right down to this our day, are to be fully understood in their relations to Ireland and in Ireland's reactions to them, only if we keep this steadily in our thought. Who gave the late Prof. Cramb authority to declare the aim of British Imperialism? It is a futile question. His statement helps us to co-ordinate a hundred thousand facts, and is therefore illuminating. Before the English mind can be induced in another people the native mind must be destroyed—that is, the national pieties, which are of course the national mind in being, must be put out of action. Mockery is the weapon chiefly depended on to do this. Then the national pieties of the English must be introduced. "Respectability" is the bribe. Assailed in the right ear by mocking laughter and in the left cajoled by specious promises, is it any wonder if we have lost our native scale of values? How to rebuild a sense of values that will guide us as by an instinct, there is the problem. Clear thinking and a little courage seem necessary.

"To ask Protestants, or Anglo-Irish folk, to take up Gaelic studies is not to demand more of them than a due pious interest in their own antecedents" are Mr. de Blacam's almost closing words. But are men to be led or said by asking of them only the lukewarm little? Mr. de Blacam had better ask this folk to play the man outright, to shake the dust of "Protestant nationalism" off their feet, for it has never been other than selfish, never single thoughted or wholesome; to cut sheer off from it then, as Tone and Davis and many another of their people did, and make for the open daylight where, unperplexed by ulterior ends, the mind can work out its thought and the heart swing the full length of its stroke. For what the poet says is true:—

Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point

DANIEL CORKERY

CAPTAIN JOHN BARRY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY RICHARD J. PURCELL, PH.D.

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CAPTAIN JOHN BARRY, popularly identified as Commodore Barry, was quite forgotten as a naval hero of the American Revolution when the late Martin I. J. Griffin published his colorful *Commodore John Barry* (1903), which was based upon rather thorough researches. Thereafter, Dr. William Barry Meany brought together a laudatory supplementary work, *Commodore John Barry, the Father of the American Navy: A Survey of Extraordinary Episodes in his Naval Career* (1911). In 1928 a brief sketch of Barry was included in the *Dictionary of American Biography*, and last year Joseph Gurn, the author of a worthy volume on Charles Carroll of Carrollton (1932), published *Commodore John Barry, Father of the American Navy*, a definitive contribution as recognised by a reviewer in the *New York Times* (Dec. 24, 1933) in a critical illustrated essay of several columns. Such a review of the life of a Catholic worthy written by a Catholic author is indicative of the historical value of the study as well as of the growing fame in our national annals of the biographer's hero. Obviously Barry's place in American naval history is being critically determined.

The son of James and Ellen (Cullen) Barry, John Barry was born in Ballysampson, County Wexford, probably in 1745, although possibly as early as 1739. As a youth he took to the sea in an uncle's ship, as was quite natural in Wexford which engaged in a brisk trade across the Irish Sea and dispatched fishing schooners to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. He appeared in Philadelphia, about 1762, as the second mate of an Irish

vessel bringing provisions and passengers and indentured servants in exchange for flax seed for the manufacture of linens. Barry settled in Philadelphia, already a considerable centre for Irish merchants and shippers, and as a seaman of enterprise he became commander of various ships—the *Barbados*, the *Patty and Polly*, the *Industry*, the *Frugality*, and the *Peggy*—which sailed in the coastal and West Indian trade. As early as 1769 he had become a character of sufficient substance to join the Society for the Relief of Poor and Distressed Masters of Ships. As captain of the superb *Black Prince*, whose owner, John Nixon, was of Wexford descent, he arrived from Bristol in mid-October of 1775 when the Second Continental Congress, despite sharp opposition, was planning a small navy for the struggle with the mother country for colonial independence.

Late in October a committee of Congress agreed to buy two merchant ships, the *Lexington* and the *Reprisal*, but according to William B. Clark's study of *Lambert Wickes* (Yale Press, 1932) it is certain that the vessels were not actually acquired until March 13, 1776. This evidence casts doubt upon the older view that Barry and Wickes respectively were commissioned captains of the *Lexington* and the *Reprisal* (Dec. 7, 1775). At any rate, the central government soon obtained four ships, the *Alfred* (Nixon's former *Black Prince*), the *Columbus*, the *Andrew Doria*, and the *Cabot*, and on December 22, 1775, Congress named Ezekiel Hopkins commander-in-chief, with Dudley Saltonstall, Abraham Whipple, Nicholas Biddle, and John Hopkins as captains. The list of thirteen lieutenants was headed by John Paul Jones, the distinguished sailor-of-fortune whose loyalty was to his profession rather than to a country. Barry was not among this politically favored group, although he may have been less formally an active officer in American service at the time. This at least was the view maintained by James Fenimore Cooper in a sketch of Barry in *Graham's*

Magazine (1845), in which he followed an account in the *Portfolio* (July 1813) and also data furnished by Barry's nephew, Patrick Hayes, then Master Warden of the Port of Philadelphia: "The subject of this sketch was one of the Fathers of the American Marine, having been among the first of its sea captains in the struggle of the Revolution, and dying at the head of the service a year or two after the termination of the quasi-war with France. No man in the profession ever enjoyed more of the confidence of the country or of the Government, a confidence that his conduct on all occasions appears fully to have justified." Sometime after the War, Captain Barry testified that he had left one of the best ships (presumably the *Black Prince*) and employments in the country to join the navy. This may refer to his activity in fitting Hopkins's squadron for active service and his employment thereafter in manning a Pennsylvania ship for the sea. However, the honor of being the first commissioned officer is not of such vital moment nor is it a matter which can be easily settled in view of discrepancies in the fragmentary records.

March of 1776 saw the *Lexington*, a brig carrying sixteen four-pound guns and a crew of about seventy men, made ready for its cruise. On the last day of the month Barry reached the high seas after skilfully evading a blockading British man-of-war, the *Roebuck*. Within a few days (April 7) he was challenged by a sloop attached to the *Liverpool*, which in spite of its fierce defence, in the best tradition of the British navy, was captured and sent as a prize to Philadelphia. This was no great victory, nor did Barry make much of his success, save to note in his official report "that our people behaved with much courage." It was the first American naval victory, and it was a demonstration that a British ship was not invulnerable, even though the *Glasgow* had escaped Hopkins's squadron after a battle of three hours (April 6). After a cruise of six weeks, in which he convoyed some New England merchantmen, Barry returned to port,

escaping two attacking British ships with the loss of the *Lexington's* foremast and successfully passing the *Roebuck*, with which he exchanged a single derisive shot. According to an American prisoner on the *Roebuck*, William Barry, who later escaped, the *Lexington* prevented the British from obtaining a consignment of cattle awaiting them at Lewistown, Delaware.

Dodging British patrol ships, Barry aided in unloading the grounded *Nancy*, which had run the blockade with a cargo of gunpowder. With considerable loss of life on the part of the British boarding party, it was skillfully blown up by a timed-charge to avoid its seizure. In August, Captain Barry captured a Tory boat belonging to the Goodrich Family of Virginia, and induced its sailors to espouse the patriotic cause under his command. On June 6, 1776, Congress named Nicholas Biddle, Barry, Thomas Read, and Charles Alexander to the command of the four frigates then under construction. In due time Barry's *Effingham* was completed; but it never reached the sea, for with the British occupation of Philadelphia it was destroyed along with the *Washington* to avoid capture. In the meantime (Oct. 10, 1776), Congress passed a resolution assigning rank to the twenty-four captains, Barry being seventh and John Paul Jones eighteenth, an indication of their relative importance in the eyes of contemporary officialdom. Hopkins was not mentioned, although he was not formally suspended for several months. During the winter Barry commanded a volunteer military detachment in the New Jersey campaign, taking part in the engagements at Trenton and Princeton.

Over the sinking of the *Effingham*, which Barry did not favour, he found himself in difficulty with the Navy Board, especially with the political landsman, Francis Hopkinson, with whom he passed some high words. Barry's defence (Jan. 10, 1778), which obviously was not framed by John Paul Jones as earlier accounts would suggest, saved him from more than a slight reprimand.

In this controversy he won the support of most naval officers, who were annoyed by well-meant but ineffective civilian interference. In the meantime, with the small boats belonging to the sunken frigates, Barry was engaged in destroying forage provided by Tories on the creeks of the Delaware, in annoying the stout enemy shipping on the Delaware, and in capturing two transports and a schooner which mounted twenty four-pound guns. With an announcement of this capture (March 1778) Barry sent a cheese and a cask of oysters from the captured stores for Washington's rather thin table at Valley Forge. This exploit won the expressed gratitude of Washington and of the Marine Committee of Congress as well as the general approbation of patriots, who were somewhat disheartened in that dreary year of the War.

On May 30, 1778, the Marine Committee named Barry commander of the *Raleigh*, a thirty-two-gun ship then moored at the port of Boston. Immediately he set out to get a crew. In accordance with orders (Aug. 24, 1778) Barry and Captain William Bourke, of the brig *Resistance*, sailed forth (Sept. 25) to attack vessels fitted out by the Goodriches and other Tories in the waters off Virginia and the Carolinas. In an engagement of several hours with the *Experiment* of fifty guns and the *Unicorn* of twenty-eight guns, the badly-fitted *Raleigh* was run aground on the Maine coast, not without the escape of Barry with most of his crew. His ship, however, was floated and added to the British navy to his sore disappointment. Yet in this defeat he was honored and commended in the Marine Board's communication : " The loss of the *Raleigh* is certainly a very great misfortune, but we have a consolation in reflecting that the spirited and gallant behaviour of her commander has done honor to our flag." In much the same tone the official account of the engagement in the *Pennsylvania Packet* (Oct. 17) stressed the seamanship and courageous conduct of Barry and his crew.

Thereupon Barry was named naval commander of a projected attack upon the British forces in East Florida, a scheme which was abandoned with the advance of Sir Henry Clinton to Charleston and the necessity of strengthening General Lincoln's position there. Without a command, Barry, with Congressional approval, became captain of the *Delaware*, a brig-privateer owned by Irwin of Philadelphia (Feb. 15, 1779). Cruising to Haiti, he captured the sloop of war *Harlem* with its crew of eighty-five men. In November he was named Captain of the *America*, then on the stocks at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with orders to hasten its construction. When finally completed this vessel was presented to the French navy (1782). Meanwhile Barry, late in the summer of 1780, was given command of the *Alliance*, whose captain had been suspended for alleged incompetence after a trial over whose board Barry presided. In the early spring of 1781 he landed Henry Laurens on the coast of Brittany (March 9), capturing en-route a British privateer and freeing a captured Venetian ship, for which the Venetian Senate expressed its "grateful sense of the friendly behaviour of Captain Barry." On the return voyage he essayed to escort the heavily armed *Marquis de Lafayette*, which was freighted with military stores for the American and French forces; but poor French seamanship resulted in the separation of the *Lafayette* from the *Alliance* and its consequent capture by the British. Barry did capture two privateers and defeated two naval vessels, the *Atlanta* and the *Trepassey*. His success could be regarded as most remarkable because of the mutinous attitude of some of his crew and his own serious injury in the battle. Well did he merit the outburst of popular favor with which he was cheered upon his safe arrival in Boston.

In the depth of the winter of 1782 Barry convoyed Lafayette, Vicomte de Noailles, and General du Portail to the French port of L'Orient (Jan. 18, 1782), successfully avoiding strong cruising forces of the enemy. On his

return, he found it impossible to make Philadelphia and anchored his vessel at New London. Again, the *Alliance* was on the seas cruising to Bermuda, to the waters of Newfoundland and to France. It was then that he captured nine rich merchantmen, of which four vessels were said to have netted a half million pounds sterling in prize-money. On March 10, 1783, the *Alliance* fought the *Sibyl*, which sheered away and joined its consort ships, thus escaping. This was the last naval engagement of the Revolution, and it was fought nearly two months after a cessation of hostilities had been agreed upon at Versailles—so slowly was official news communicated. It was in connection with this engagement that there was related the apocryphal story, which Philip Freneau perpetuated in verse, that Barry in answering the captain of the Sibyl said : " This is the United States ship *Alliance*, saucy Jack Barry, half Irishman, half Yankee : Who are you ? " An absurd story, it misrepresented Barry, a man of dignity, of quiet courage and of commanding presence, with his towering six feet, four inches and magnificent physique.

Nor is the story above suspicion as told by Major Garden concerning the meeting of Captain Barry and Commodore Sweeney of the British navy. Sweeney, in taking his departure, said : " Adieu, my countryman." To which Barry rejoined : " Not exactly so, you Commodore are a Briton and I am an American." Sweeney then replied according to the anecdote : " I am an Irishman, and so are you, too, Barry—or if not, you ought to be. You have too many of the strong features of a genuine Irishman for one to be mistaken in you. Your attachment to the cause of the country for which you have fought and bled is both natural and highly to your honor ; but, by ———, you are too good a fellow for old Ireland to relinquish the claims she has on your best affections." This was not like Barry. He remained an Irishman at heart, and he never severed friendly connec-

tions with his native land but kept in correspondence with his kin in County Wexford, who were proud of his contribution to American independence.

With the conclusion of the War, Barry, who had acquired a competence, settled down on his suburban estate of Strawberry Hill. His first wife, Mary (Burns or Cleary), had died in 1771 and was buried in the little graveyard of St. Mary's Church. Six years later he married Sarah Austin (d. 1831), of Philadelphia, who entered the Catholic Church in 1777. She too remained childless. Active in good works, in aiding Irish immigrants, who were landing in numbers at Philadelphia, and in parochial affairs, Barry found opportunity to lend his weight to civic betterment and to join an exclusive club of twenty members, among whom there were such Irish-born shippers and merchants as the three Moylans, the two Nesbits, Walter Stewart, James Campbell, Sharp Dulaney, James Collins, George Campbell, and Matthew Mease.

Like most men of his class regardless of nativity and creed, Barry was an autocrat and a proponent of a strongly centralized Federal Government in the chaotic Critical Period which cured the ruling class of sympathy with mobocracy and radicalism. After the Federal Constitution was framed, an anti-Federalist faction in the state legislature, by absenting themselves so as to leave the assembly without a quorum, sought to prevent the passage of a resolution calling for a state convention to consider the ratification of the new national constitution. A group of Federalists, who were said to be led by Barry, seized two of the absentees and forcefully dragged them to the chamber, thus giving the legislature a legal quorum. On demand of one of the victims, the state's attorney-general was compelled "to begin a prosecution against Captain Barry and such other persons as shall be found to have been principally active in seizing the said James McCalmont." The rioters never came to trial, in view of the popularity of their "crime" and the state convention's ratification of the Constitution

With the opening of the China trade, Barry took command of the *Asia* and sailed for the Far East (Feb. 1788), thus being one of the pioneers like the first Morgan in this lucrative business. In 1790 John Francis of Providence, Rhode Island, regretted that he did not know that Barry would have accepted the command of a ship which he was sending to the Orient. Soon Barry found honorable employment when six cruisers were ordered to protect American commerce from the Barbary pirates (Mar. 27, 1794). Before Washington had signed the measure, Barry applied for the command, stating that his "utmost abilities and the most unremitting attention shall be exerted for the good of my country." To apply for the command may have been unusual, but Barry received the appointment from the President, with the consent of the Senate (June 5, 1794), apparently on the basis of merit, for there was great pressure for appointments. As the first named of the captains—who included Nicholson, Talbot, Barney (who refused and was replaced by Sever), Dale, and Truxtun—Captain Barry was regarded as commander of the ambitious little navy and came to be popularly, if erroneously, described as commodore. Samuel Nicholson, the second captain, felicitated him on his "honorable appointment to the command of our navy," which he surmised was to the satisfaction of "all who wish well to this country."

Concerning the construction of these frigates, an article by Franklin D. Roosevelt now carries more than passing interest: "The drawings were completed by Joshua Humphreys before October 1, 1794, and immediately questions arose as to the choice of certain materials. Humphreys appears to have advocated the use of pine beams instead of oak. In this he was supported by Captain Barry, and the Secretary of War after some hesitation decided on pitch pine beams for the forty-four-gun frigate to be built at Philadelphia. Captain Barry, however, journeyed to Georgia to inspect the standing live oak,

and as a result of this visit it was decided that oak should be used for the flooring and rising timbers of the frigates " (quoted by Gurn, p. 224).

With the Algerine peace, interest in the navy ceased. When the *United States* was finally completed and launched (May 10, 1797), Barry took command as captain with a commission signed by Washington (Feb. 22, 1797) and dating his authority as of June 4, 1794. Public interest was high. The launching at Philadelphia was an event with the President and heads of departments on the Federal brig, *Sophia*, under Captain O'Brien. In 1798, several weeks before the Navy Department was established, Barry was urging a separate management of the navy by three commissioners (a seaman, a merchant, and a shipbuilder) and the establishment of federal navy yards. The quasi-war with France saw Barry fitting out the *United States* and ordering Lieutenants Mullowney and Stewart (grandfather of Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish parliamentarian) to open recruiting agencies in New York and Philadelphia. In command of ten vessels Barry patrolled the West Indian waters, protected American shipping from French vessels, and incidentally trained officers who were destined to carry on his tradition in the War of 1812.

At the order of President Adams, Captain Barry's *United States* conveyed Chief Justice Ellsworth and Governor Davie, American diplomatic agents, to Spain from which they proceeded by land to Paris. In 1800 his ship underwent extensive repairs prior to cruising in the West Indian waters at the head of eleven vessels. Thus, Barry continued to protect American shipping until it was seen how the French vessels would act toward American merchantmen. Soon the Convention with Napoleon and the accession of President Jefferson, who was no large-navy-man, caused the *United States* to be laid up at Washington. However, Barry remained technically in command until his death, September 13, 1803.

Barry's obsequies were simple as became one noted, even according to the public prints, for a "punctilious observance of the duties of his religion." To the grave in St. Mary's Churchyard his remains were accompanied by officers and men of the navy, militiamen, and a train of admiring citizens. Jefferson wrote no letter of condolence to the bereaved widow, explaining to Dr. Benjamin Rush, who suggested this courtesy: "No one would more willingly than myself pay the just tribute due to the services of Captain Barry. . . . But when one undertakes to administer justice it must be with an even hand and by rule; what is done for one must be done for everyone in equal degree. To what a train of attentions would this draw a President?" Barry's death attracted national attention and the obituaries were all highly eulogistic, even the Calvinistic, ultra-conservative *Connecticut Courant* (Hartford, Sept. 21, 1803) paid its tribute to the dead commander.

A monument was erected over Barry's grave by his widow, and the distinguished Benjamin Rush wrote his epitaph. During the American Centennial celebration (1876) a new tomb was provided by his countrymen of St. Mary's Church, and a statue was erected in Fairmount Park. In 1907 a monument was dedicated in Independence Square where it is viewed by pilgrims to Independence Hall. In 1905 President Theodore Roosevelt recommended to Congress that a national monument be raised to Barry in Washington. Congress appropriated $50,000 and John J. Boyle sculptured the figure which was dedicated May 16, 1914. Woodrow Wilson made the address and Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, presided. A deserved honor was conferred on Commodore Barry and on the Irish race in America, which he represented so worthily.

Richard J. Purcell

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF THE SACRED HEART AND ITS FOUNDER *

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AMONGST the many striking cases of conversion in our day from the blankness of unbelief to the Catholic faith, hardly any is more humanly interesting, and none more fertile in results, than that of Padre Agostino Gemelli, Rector of the Catholic University of the Sacred Heart in Milan. This *Rettore Magnifico*, to give him the splendid Italian title, is a Franciscan of the Friars Minor. He was born in Milan in 1878—only 56 years ago—of a family with a tradition of hard work and uprightness. But the father had been a Garibaldian, and the household was entirely devoid of religion. The little Edoardo had the usual elementary school-course, and then a secondary course at a *Liceo*, where he showed resourcefulness and a great capacity for work. He developed a marked scientific bent, in those years when natural science was at the pinnacle of honour in Italy, and published two biological essays at eighteen. He entered the medical school at Pavia in 1896. University teaching was then a State monopoly, and the prestige of materialistic thinkers—especially Ardig, Lombroso, and H. Spencer—was at its height. Gemelli specialised in biology and the study of the nervous system, did important research work, and took his degree brilliantly in 1902.

Taking his full share of student-life, Gemelli had the soul of a leader and was prominent on the positivist,

*Pio Bondioli: *Il P. Agostino Gemelli* (Milano 1926).
Pio Bondioli: *L'Università Cattolica in Italia dalle Origini al* 1929 (Milano).
L'Università Cattolica, che cosa è, che cosa fa, che cosa vuole (Milano 1933).
Vita e Pensiero, January 1934.
Rivista Mensile degli Amici dell' Università Cattolica, June 1934.
Annuario dell' Università Cattolica del Sacro Cuore, 2 vols., 1932-1934.

socialist, and anticlerical side. Ardent in everything, he argued, wrote, founded periodicals, defended his ideas on occasion even to blows, especially against the tiny but active Catholic minority—in which all the while he had personal friends, like Necchi.[1] One day there was wild political riot among the students, and as they swept along the corridors they made extra uproar outside the lecture-room of the professor of Roman Law: who "walked slowly out, frowning slightly, but unperturbed. He murmured a few words . . . shook his head. Way was made for him, those standing nearest stopped shouting and gesticulating, and a gradual silence fell; behind him, silent and frightened, came four trusty students." Thus for a passing moment met the future Padre Gemelli and the future Venerable Contardo Ferrini.[2]

Gemelli's youthful aberrations came of a generous spirit. "We were young and full of enthusiasm," he writes; . . . "we went to socialism, which in those days was in some sort a way . . . to express aspirations towards a better social order. We went to socialism because we had not found a man or a book to show us God." But he also had an acutely speculative and critical mind. He moved from position to position as he found that problems lying beyond his biological studies clamoured to be solved. His year of military service, following on his degree, was spent in the Military Hospital at Milan, where were some Friars Minor also on service. Necchi had introduced him to a young priest, Don Giovanni Pini, an ex-lawyer, an official of the Ambrosian Library. There

[1] Ludovico Necchi (1876—1930), who like Gemelli specialisd in nervous diseases, was then president of the small Catholic student-circle, San Severino Boczio, which with the bishop's permission was thrown open for debate to non-Catholics. His leisure at Pavia and later during his post-graduate work at Berlin was devoted to combating the spread of anti-Catholic socialism among the workers. He was untiringly devoted to his public work and to his patients, and was of singularly holy life. He was the chief instrument of Gemelli's conversion, his life-long friend and helper, and one of the first professors of the Catholic University of the Sacred Heart. (Cf. *Ludovico Necchi*, by Mgr. Olgiati, translated by Rev. H. L. Hughes. London, C.T.S. Out of print).

[2] Cf. the present writer's article on *Contardo Ferrini, Scholar and Saint*, STUDIES, Sept., 1928.

for a whole summer discussion waxed furious—to the scandal and disturbance of quiet readers—and the priest ex-lawyer won his cause. The movement of philosophic reaction against positivism, represented in France by Duhem, Poincaré, Bergson and in Italy by Croce and Gentile, had powerfully interested Gemelli, who writes: "I, like many others, succeeded in freeing myself from positivism, thanks to the sometimes fierce but always effective criticism of positivism at the hands of the Italian idealists. My mind opened to the study of philosophy."

But as "science" had decried metaphysics, "idealism" now decried science. Where was it possible to get a satisfactory general view? Not Gemelli's mind alone, he tells us, but those of all his young contemporaries were in travail. They addressed themselves in turn to all the great philosophers of the nineteenth century, passing from system to system. "And it was in this toilsome search that Christianity appeared to us—awakening first a timid recognition and then a virile affirmation—as the sole principle of unity capable of providing a fertile synthesis. . . . We learned that the really vital things in all the philosophic concepts we had passed through, were precisely those elements which Christianity has turned to account and worked into a general concept of the universe."

In the course of his discussions with Pini, Gemelli saw that Christianity must be not merely accepted intellectually, but lived. On Good Friday 1903 he was received into the Church, and in November he entered the Franciscan convent of Rezzati. He was professed in 1907, and ordained in March 1908. This sudden and radical change of life caused consternation among his friends, and it was twenty years before his parents were reconciled to him.

The biography which supplies the foregoing particulars contains an imposing bibliography—to which we must add the lists since given in the later University Year-Books. These lists reveal an amazing succession, from 1900 on-

wards, of published work : first on medical and scientific, then also on those border-line subjects where biology and physiology touch on psychology, pastoral medicine, philosophy, and faith. For while resuming his scientific work, and pursuing research in several of the principal laboratories in Europe (Bonn, Frankfort, Munich, Vienna, Amsterdam, Cologne, Paris, Louvain, and Mannheim), P. Gemelli eagerly championed truth with his pen. He actively upheld the Catholic view against Haeckel, whose imaginary discovery of the ' missing link ' he helped to disprove. He defended the ethical and social aspect of Italian penal legislation against the theories of Lombroso. He maintained for two years a vigorous defence of the Lourdes miracles against the notorious *Asino* and, with Necchi at his side, against his colleagues of the Health Association of Milan : who retorted, on the publication of his book *The Fight against Lourdes* (1911), by expelling him from their society. " I made three grave mistakes," he said. " The first was to have left the socialist party. The second to have defended my faith publicly by putting on the habit and teaching others the truth I had discovered. And lastly I made the grave mistake of showing up the ignorance, bad faith, and intolerance with which many socialists attack Christianity. And these are three grave and unpardonable sins."

Not satisfied with thus meeting and exposing pseudo-science on single points, he went on to combat the aberrations of non-Catholic thought in their origin ; and that at a particularly difficult moment. Not only was natural science attacking the Catholic cosmogony and historical science denying the divine character of the Church, but Modernism was within the Church itself. " We asked ourselves," says P. Gemelli, " what period more than any other showed that it understood the requirements of positive investigation, of speculative investigation, and of historical investigation ? What epoch . . . in the study of the world, of nature, and of the spirit

succeeded in framing a conception in harmony with the teachings of Christianity? This question led us to a study of medieval teachers"—and to the foundation, in 1909, of the *Rivista di Filosofia Neo-Scolastica*, which P. Gemelli edited with the assistance of his friends Necchi, Olgiati, Masnovo and others. This foundation was followed by two others: *Pro Cultura* and *Società per gli studi filosofici e psicologici*, societies afterwards transformed and absorbed into a greater creation. In order to make himself all the more efficient for the great work which he had mapped out, P. Gemelli took a degree in Philosophy at Louvain in 1911, and then did further research in Turin and Munich in experimental psychology and psychiatry. In 1914 he acquired the status of privat-dozent at the University of Turin, and was offered, but refused, a chair of psychology at Tokyo.

In December 1914, with the help of Necchi and Olgiati, P. Gemelli founded another review, *Vita e Pensiero*. Launched in the teeth of difficulties and in the very year of the war, it appeared as a definite challenge to "disseminate Christian culture amongst thinking minds, to survey all the phenomena of contemporary *life* from science to literature, from economics to politics, but all in the light of Catholic, apostolic, Roman, *thought*. Its tone was almost truculent. "This wretched modern culture moves us to pity. . . . We are afraid of it, not because its foundations are against the faith, but because it strangles souls, killing the spontaneity of thought. Moreover, we feel ourselves infinitely superior to those who proclaim the greatness of modern culture. It is sterile, incapable of creating a single thought, and in place of thought it has divinised the erudition of the dictionary and the encyclopædia. We on the contrary want to disseminate organic culture, a culture which shall be the harmonious synthesis of all the activity of our spirit, a culture capable of allowing the human personality to develop by creating thought, . . . answering the deepest

and inextinguishable aspirations of the human spirit, by recognising the supreme values of our life." This review did an immense service in restoring religion to honour amongst educated readers. It produced later on a sheaf of specialised reviews, and was the nucleus of a publishing business to which we shall refer presently.

When Italy came into the war in May 1915, P. Gemelli was called up for medical service. The authorities made much use of his specialised knowledge. He founded the first military hospital for nervous cases and a psycho-physiological laboratory. But he also gave a tremendous impetus to the revival of religion in the army and navy by a movement for the Consecration of Soldiers to the Sacred Heart and by the monthly Bulletin which, in some miraculous way, he succeeded in distributing gratuitously for two years to all military chaplains. It is still more wonderful that he continued all the time to collaborate in the two reviews he had created. Again in 1920 he helped to found the *Archivio italiano di psicologia*, and accepted a post as teacher of experimental psychology, and the directorship of a laboratory for the study of feeble-minded children in Milan—all this multifarious and incessant work being unified by a single aim : " the systematisation of the relations between science, history, philosophy, and religion in a complete and organic fusion of thought and action, of study and life."

Meantime in 1918 he had set his face to his real life-work, the arduous task of providing Italy with a Catholic University. The Catholic University movement, the effort to restore the Church to the place of honour from which she had been ousted in the great Universities of her own foundation, to set up in the teeth of modern irreligion institutes where the Catholic faith should stand in proper correlation with the arts and sciences : this movement had already borne fruit in such foundations as, for example, Louvain in 1834, Laval in 1852, Dublin with Newman in 1854, Paris and Angers in 1876, Lille in 1877,

and many others. In Italy the problem was most complex and the possibility of solving it most remote. In particular, the *Legge Casati* of 1859 had laid down the right of the State to decide what degree of freedom should be allowed to any and every kind of educational establishment; and it had been interpreted in the direction of ever wider laicisation and State-control. After 1870 freemasonry was in full influence in the Ministry of Public Instruction. In 1872 the *Legge Correnti* suppressed the teaching of theology in all universities, and in 1876 the short-lived independent Pontifical University in Rome was violently suppressed by Bonghi. The Catholic spirit was not crushed, and Catholic Congresses were held from 1874 onwards; but anti-religious State-control dominated the universities. A few Catholic professors here and there maintained their faith, like Ferrini at Pavia, of whom our present Pope said: "His Christian life in his place and in our day always seemed to me almost a miracle;" others suffered for it, like Salvadori[1] at Rome—or defended it by Catholic social action, like Toniolo[2] of Pisa. In 1897 the fifteenth Catholic Congress passed resolutions asserting the need of a Catholic University and of organised effort to prepare the way for it. Two decades later, P. Gemelli was the driving force required to bring it into being.

In 1907, just after his profession, P. Gemelli had read a paper at the first *fucino* Congress (F.U.C.I. = *Federazione Universitaria Cattolica Italiana*) entitled "Why Italian Catholics must have a University of their own." Of this

[1] "Giulio Salvadori, by a relentless and iniquitous masonic campaign, had been deprived, after ten years' tenure, of his chair of literature at Rome." Proposed by a fair-minded non-Catholic as "a worthy successor of Carducci and Pascoli for the chair of Bologna," he was rejected. (Cf. *L'Università Cattolica*, etc., p. 70). For the last five years of his life, Salvadori held the Dante chair at the Catholic University of the Sacred Heart.

[2] Giuseppe Toniolo (1845-1918) was for forty years professor of Political Economy at Pisa, where he was as notable for his beauty of character and Catholic life as for his intellectual distinction. One of the first Italian Catholics to interest themselves in Social Reform, he helped to found the *Unione Cattolica per gli Studi Sociali* in 1889, and was consulted by Leo XIII in preparing the famous Encyclical *Rerum novarum* in 1891. He was well known outside Italy—in France, Belgium, Germany and Spain. (Cf. *Giuseppe Toniolo. a Leader of Catholic Social Reform*, by Rev. H. L. Hughes, London, C.T.S., 1933).

he said afterwards: "I do not know why I chose that subject. I am persuaded that the Sacred Heart suggested it to me. . . . When writing that paper, I knew nothing about foreign Catholic Universities . . . and yet I put forth the clear and precise concept of a Catholic University." An interview soon after with Cardinal Mercier, the two reviews founded in 1909 and 1914, a remarkable speech at the ninth *fucino* Congress in 1915 were as so many steps towards realising that concept.

Going to the war in 1915 P. Gemelli made a vow that if he came back, he would try to found an Institute of Higher Studies under the invocation of Mary Immaculate. In 1918 he went to see and consult Professor Toniolo, then rapidly failing in health and a guest of Count Ernesto Lombardo at Varallo. The result was a promise to the veteran champion of the Catholic cause to create, after the war, a Catholic University.

In the spring of 1918, be it said in passing, the *Vita e Pensiero* Press had started its existence with a first volume. In its offices in December informal meetings began, and the bold idea was discussed in all its aspects. P. Gemelli concerned himself especially with organisation and programmes (for which he studied the statutes and programmes of most European and many American universities) and with the relations of the future university to the ecclesiastical authorities. Its relation to the state, a particularly thorny question, was to be studied by Filippo Meda,[1] Finance Minister between 1916 and 1921. The arduous task of finding money and a local habitation devolved on Don Giovanni Rossi, the Archbishop's secretary,[2] and a lady, Signorina Armida Barelli—who is now Bursar of the Catholic University and a member of

[1] Round Toniolo had been formed a group of younger men, of whom Filippo Meda was one. He was a militant Catholic journalist and social worker; and yet became a member of the Boselli Cabinet in 1916. (Cf. "A Catholic in the Italian Cabinet," STUDIES, March 1917).

[2] The Archbishop in question was the great Cardinal Ferrari, who died in 1921. To get an idea of him and his remarkable secretary Cf. "Opera Cardinal Ferrari," by Thomas F. Ryan, S.J., STUDIES, Sept., 1927.

its Governing Body, besides being President-General of the *Gioventù Femminile Cattolica Italiana.* "I cannot think," she says, "without deep emotion of the first fifty lire (say 25 shillings)[1] given by a woman, and of the decision to found the University with only that poor little bank-note on the table."

The *Vita e Pensiero* Press and the *Society for Philosophical and Psychological Studies* put together 50,000 lire between them. Suitable premises—in spite of the after-war dearth of houses—were discovered, but they had to be acquired on the spot and the price was 1,000,000 lire. The enterprising founders agreed to purchase, paying down what they had as earnest-money, and then tried to beg or borrow the rest. In vain. The time had nearly run out and the earnest money was in danger of being forfeited. "Many people have wondered greatly why the University is called 'of the Sacred Heart'; friends of weight and influence asked us to abandon a name they called '*pretesco*' ('priesty'); well-wishers smiled or even mocked. Well, to all who have not guessed the secret I will tell it. In that sad and dark hour, when the long-cherished dream of the University seemed on the point of vanishing and the only hope, the little concrete reality we had, was disappearing, we issued a sort of challenge to human obstacles; we made a great solemn promise to dedicate the University to the Sacred Heart, praying that the million lire might come to us in the few hours that were left . . . In three hours the million lire came." The money was given, in some inscrutable revulsion of feeling, by Count Ernesto Lombardo, Toniolo's friend, who for a whole year had refused to help, saying that he would never give a halfpenny for learning.[2]

That was in March, 1919. In April the first formal promoters' meeting was held. In October P. Gemelli

[1] The lira in 1919 ranged roughly from 30 to 40 to £1.

[2] He is now a member of the Governing Body of the University, in the list of which, after the enumeration of his Italian and Papal Orders, he is described as an *industriale* = manufacturer.

secured the approval of Benedict XV. "You are doing a magnificent thing," he said. In December a way was found to turn the State monopoly—by vesting the premises and funds in a distinct legal body called the *Istituto Giuseppe Toniolo di Studi Superiori*, which was recognised by the Minister of Public Instruction in August. It should, however, be noticed that the then minister was Benedetto Croce, who, as an "idealist," was far less out of sympathy with Catholic initiative than his predecessors had been. The Roman congregations also expressed approval in August. In October Cardinal Ferrari issued a fervid public appeal to his diocesans, and in February, 1921, Benedict XV issued a Brief instituting the University.

Meantime work on the building was going on busily. Two architects generously gave their services free. An association of *Friends* of the University—since grown to enormous proportions—was founded and energetically worked up, the Pope inscribing himself at the top of the list with a subscription of 30,000 lire. The response of rich and poor, gentle and simple, learned and unlearned, institutions and individuals was so spontaneous that four millions had been spent on the undertaking when it opened its doors with a magnificent function on Dec. 8 1921.

The University began with two faculties (Letters and Philosophy, and Social Science) and 107 students, of whom many were merely *uditori* (listeners)—what we should call non-matriculated. But there were 41 professors, either members of the neo-Scholastic group or teachers in State universities; and nothing had been spared on equipment. A not quite sympathetic observer wrote: "The Catholics are also founding the University of the Sacred Heart in Milan; and they have opened a private subscription. Rich in resources (!) and with the support of the whole devout Catholic community behind it, this first University of theirs will be an institution of the first rank, for which they have already secured the best clerical and lay Catholic intellect, gathered a library of 100,000 volumes, and

founded laboratories and special seminars." Of the laboratories the Minister of P. I. Anile spoke in the Senate as having "the most complete and modern experimental equipment" to be found in Italy.

Opposition was, of course, not wanting, but it only served to stimulate zeal. In the second year the buildings needed enlarging, and the question of ordinary and extraordinary expenditure was acute. Pope Pius XI decided on a *Giornata Universitaria* (University Day)—a general collection held on Palm Sunday, 1923, and repeated each year since, throughout Italy, in and near every Catholic church and centre. Along with the *Amici* subscriptions and large private gifts it is the principal source of regular revenue. It produced, owing to its wonderful organisation, 1,032,846 lire in 1923—and in 1933 over 3,000,000.

In the session 1923-24 the Training School of Mary Immaculate for Secondary teachers was opened. In that year there were in all, including *uditori*, 313 students.

The Minister of P.I. Gentile had just brought in a wide and liberal reform of the educational system. His decree for University reform, 30 September 1923, admitted three types of University: those supported, those partly supported, and those entirely unaided by the State. P. Gemelli decided to take advantage of this, and to seek the recognition which, while admitting a measure of government control in organisation and administration, would confer legal validity on the degrees of the new University, and give its professors the same standing and its courses interchangeable value with those of the State universities. The recognition was granted in August 1924, and the Minister Casati wrote:—

> So rare an example of conspicuous and entirely private initiative in the field of University education, the noble ardour which inspires its promoters, the enthusiasm that in many regions of Italy moves great numbers of the middle and working classes and of the peasants to give their offerings periodically for the new Institute, seemed to the Council (of P.I.) to be indications of a disinterested and idealistic movement, of which the existence

among the humbler sort of people is an honour to our country. . . . . The Statutes correspond fully to the requirements of the recent reform . . . the finances are adequate to the programme pursued . . In the opinion of the Council, the special character of its aims, the sufficiency of its resources, the high scientific and didactic standards which underlie the organisation of your University, the function, in part international, which seems to lie in store for it, besides its national interest, the excellence of several of its innovations, all make immediately acceptable the request for its constitution and the necessary Statute.

The official opening, postponed to January 4th, 1925, was one of great splendour. There were now 212 properly entered students in the two faculties of Jurisprudence, and Letters and Philosophy alone. Ten new, and some of them very distinguished, professors had been transferred from State universities, bringing the whole teaching staff up to 75 ; and there were 22 scholarships.

In connection with the new legal status of the University an episode occurred in 1925 which remarkably, if somewhat oddly, illustrated the prestige of P. Gemelli. In compliance with the statutes, the chair of Psychology and Biology, provisionally occupied by him, had to be advertised, and he had to apply as a candidate for the post. His degrees and publications—in the latest Year-Book his titles alone fill a page—spoke for themselves ; but he took the opportunity, in a speech, which was a manifesto, to the Selection Committee, to place his scientific activity in the setting of the work to which, as he said, " I have given my life . . . I willed and conceived the Catholic University of the Sacred Heart according to a definite plan, and I have realised it in a form that is the fruit of long study, great sacrifices, above all of a strong and lasting passion . . . It would be an insincere abstraction to regard myself apart from my work, and more precisely from the Institute of Psychology and Biology to which, naturally, I have devoted special attention." The Committee in their report recognised P. Gemelli as " unquestionably one of the

most outstanding and characteristic figures of Italian culture at the present day." After speaking of the "conspicuous results" of his research and the "harmonisation of his scientific activity with his speculative outlook," they concluded: "Of exceptional temper as a worker and organiser, Gemelli was the founder of that Catholic University which he directs with a masterhand, and, as works worthy of attention have already issued from his laboratory of experimental psychology, so from his philosophy have blossomed, under the vigorous impulse of the stimulating and observant activity of the master, names that carry to the world the fame of the new scholastic philosophy in Italy." The students in that year gave a touching proof of their appreciation of their Rector by establishing a scholarship in its name. They made up a capital of 20,000 lire, the women students by collecting, the men—by hiring themselves out to the Municipality of Milan to sweep the snow from the streets during an exceptional spell of bad weather!

P. Gemelli was appointed a member of the Higher Council of Public Instruction in 1926.

Thus he has been not only the most effective influence in Italy in breaking down the State monopoly of higher education, but in co-ordinating all branches of study and informing them with sound Catholic thought. "The University of the Sacred Heart is a fresh and proved argument for the harmony of Science and Faith. . ." Its members conceive "knowledge not only as a research but as a mission, and faith not as a refusal or denial of work, but as an increase and moral perfecting of their activity."

The University was transferred in 1932 to a new and splendid abode. This building, quite close to the venerable Basilica of St. Ambrose, where St. Augustine was baptised, and on the site of the oldest Christian cemeteries, dates from the time of Charlemagne and had been the most famous of all the Lombard monasteries. The cloisters

had been restored and decorated by Bramante for Cardinal Ascanio Sforza. First Benedictines and then Cistercians had made it a seat of holiness and learning. Napoleon's republic drove out the monks and converted the place into a military magazine. Succeeding governments used it as a military hospital; and it was there that Gemelli had done his year of service. It was acquired by the University with immense effort in 1928, and was adapted and restored. So that in his inaugural discourse on December 8th, 1932, P. Gemelli could with reason speak of the age-long tradition with which the young University was linking up.

The old medieval wish spoken by the Papal Legate, now Pope Pius XI, at its foundation, *Vivat, floreat, crescat*, has been signally fulfilled. According to the latest details available (Year-Book for 1933-34), it now has three Faculties: Letters and Philosophy, Jurisprudence, and Political, Economic, and Commercial Science with seminars and laboratories: and eager spirits dream of a Faculty of Medicine. There are a School of Statistics; 16 post-graduate Schools; the Training School of Mary Immaculate, with, since 1926, a separate residential Training College for nuns and a special course to prepare teachers for the mentally defective. A hostel for students, begun in 1926, is being rebuilt and enlarged to house 150. There is a teaching staff of over 100; 1,729 students; 6 post-graduate and 72 other scholarships besides 61 burses founded in memory of Necchi; and a library of 200,000 volumes. The *Vita e Pensiero* press brings out five periodicals, and has already published 128 volumes classified in 9 series according to their subject matter. Perhaps the most remarkable index of success is the Rector's statement in his Inaugural Address for 1932 that the demand for graduates of the Catholic University of the Sacred Heart was then greater than the supply!

There has been done also a considerable amount of extension work, and the University has cooperated in

many forms of Catholic Action. Courses for higher religious studies, lectures for the *Friends*, summer and autumn courses and "weeks" for leaders of Catholic Action, for women elementary teachers, for men teachers, for juvenile associations, for young men, for journalists, for bankers; liturgical weeks; social weeks; a Thomistic week in 1924, a week of religious ethnology in 1925, a Congress of the Kingship of Christ and a national Congress of the Gospel in 1926, a mission Congress in 1933: this record shows what a hive of activity the University has become.

It has also undertaken to promote the cause of canonisation of the Venerable Contardo Ferrini; and more recently of the saintly Dr. Necchi, to whom it owes so much directly and indirectly. He assisted at the inauguration of the statue of Christ the King on the façade four days before his death, and his remains are now interred in the crypt beneath the chapel—where there is perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

P. Gemelli and his work are indeed a marvellous example. We may conclude with Bondioli that he is "the typical representative of the renaissance of Christian thought in our midst; the exponent of modern Catholic culture."—"Of wide reputation as a scientist, the founder of a school of philosophy, the creator of splendid periodicals, a publisher of much initiative, a keen controversialist, a vigorous journalist, the man of vision to conceive and realise one of the finest Universities in Italy, an active and conscientious professor, an alert writer, P. Gemelli has ceased to belong to himself, to his Order, and even altogether to the University of the Sacred Heart; his work transcends his person and is the glory and patrimony of society and of the Church."

MARY RYAN

ISAIAS : PROPHET, POET, POLITICIAN

BY HUGH POPE, O.P., D.S.S.

WITH a great spirit he saw the things that are to come to pass at last, and comforted the mourners in Sion. He shewed what should come to pass for ever, and secret things before they came (Ecclus. xlviii. 27-28). It is presumably impossible to eradicate from some minds the notion that "B.C." spells "barbaric customs" and that civilisation and education as we understand them only saw the light with the coming of Christ and Christianity. The "fact" of Isaias—prophet, seer, evangelist, poet, diplomat and politician 700 years before Christ—should, if given fair play, dissipate once and for all any such notions. We say "if given fair play"; for modern criticism, which in extreme cases refuses to assign to him more than a sixth of the Prophecies as we have then in the Bible, has done much to obscure the figure of Israel's greatest Prophet.

Who, then, was this man who for nearly half a century held in his single hands the destinies of Israel, who, like the Saviour whose picture he so faithfully drew, failed in his immediate task yet achieved a success far greater than even he himself, with all his prophetic insight, foresaw? He is called "the son of Amos" [1]—more correctly "Amots," not to be confounded with Amos the Prophet—and is generally regarded as being closely allied to the reigning Davidic House.[2] Like so many of the Prophets, *e.g.* Gad and Nathan,[3] he acted as court recorder[4] and his prophetic activities covered part of the

[1] i. Kgs. xiii. 1, xx. 1. [2] According to Jewish tradition, *Megillah*, 10b, Joas the king was father of Amasias and of Amots; hence St. Jerome calls Isaias "socer Manasse, filii Ezechiae," *on* Isa. xx. 2.

[3] 1. Chron. ix. 29. [4] 2. Chron. xxvi. 22 and xxxii. 32 where note that many editions of the Douay Old Testament omit the clause *in the vision of Isaias the Prophet, the son of Amos.*

reign of Ozias (Azarias), of Joatham, Achaz and Ezechias —or, roughly-speaking, from about B.C. 750 to 700. Azarias reigned fifty-two years; and though he fell away towards the close, he "did that which was pleasing before the Lord"; [1] the same judgment is passed on his son Joatham.[2] But he was succeeded by one who enjoyed the unenviable reputation of being the worst of all David's successors, Achaz.[3] His son Ezechias, however, more than compensated for his father's iniquities during the twenty-nine years he occupied the throne,[4] though by the tragedy of fate his son Manasses spent his long reign of five and fifty years in undoing the good work of his father.[5] Once more the pendulum swung to the other extreme with the accession of Josias, who reigned thirty-one years and set to work once more to enforce the reforms inaugurated by his great-grandfather Ezechias. But we have overpassed the period of Isaias, for when Josias came to the throne, B.C. 640, the great Prophet had been dead some sixty years. It was he, however, who had made possible the reforming work of Josias.

Once more, like Gad and Nathan before him, Isaias had been the friend and adviser,[6] indeed the stern admonisher of his sovereign.[7] In this latter capacity his was no enviable task. He had presumably witnessed the appalling apostasy of Achaz, who had actually replaced Solomon's brazen altar by one copied from that at Damascus; [8] he had certainly witnessed that craven king's refusal to trust in the Lord when on the point of being overwhelmed by the combined forces of Syria and Israel,[9] and he must have felt that the kingdom had indeed fallen on evil days. But far graver evils were to come. In the days of Solomon Juda and Israel had formed but one nation, and as we read of the glories of Solomon's

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[1] 4. Kgs. xv, with a longer account in 2. Chron. xxvi.
[2] 4. Kgs. xv. 32-38; 2. Chron. xxvii. [3] 4. Kgs. xvi.; 2. Chron. xxviii.
[4] 4. Kgs. xviii-xx; 2. Chron. xxx-xxxii. [5] 4. Kgs. xxi; 2. Chron. xxxiii.
[6] 4. Kgs. xxii-xxiii; 2. Chron. xxxiv-xxxv. [7] 4. Kgs. xix. 6-7, 20-34.
[8] 4. Kgs. xvi. [9] Isa. vii.

days Palestine seems to stand alone, isolated, a power by itself. In reality this was not so. The mighty empires on the Nile, the Tigris and the Euphrates had suffered but a temporary eclipse which had permitted the consolidation of David's throne. But this was not to be for long. For first Syria in the north cast covetous eyes on Juda's wealth, then came Assyria and Egypt. The little kingdom of Juda, from which Israel had cut itself off, lay between Egypt and Assyria which had both of them cast off their lethargy. Juda lay between the upper and the lower mill-stone, and it demanded heroic faith to believe that it would not be ground to powder between them. This faith and encouragement Isaias supplied. But the task demanded the fullest use of the powers with which God had equipped him. As a Prophet who " saw things in the mirror of eternity " he had to remind the king and his terror-stricken people of the great destinies God had always promised them; as a diplomat and courtier he had to hold the balance between the " defeatists " who suggested that the only solution was a return to Egypt and others of the same ilk who urged submission to Assyria; as a poet of unrivalled power he had by his canticles to inspire a craven people which had forgotten the marvels wrought in their favour in the past.

But the more we know of that unspeakable barbarian the Assyrian, the more do our sympathies go out to the people of Judaea. Theirs was the tiniest of territories. From the northern end of the Dead Sea to the Sea of Galilee is but sixty miles as the crow flies, and more than half of that district had been filched from the once united kingdom by the apostasy of Israel now become an implacable foe. And there in the north-east loomed the awful power of Assyria with its lust for conquest and its reiterated claim that no power could withstand its arms. Northern Palestine had already experienced the savagery of Tiglath Pileser, and its populace had been

deported.[1] It was shortly to be the turn of Samaria and Israel. What was to prevent the same terrible fate overtaking Judaea? Certainly no human power.

But what of the Divine power? The Plagues of Egypt had happened some seven hundred years before, almost as far back as the Norman Conquest is from our own day. What signal Divine intervention in favour of Juda had taken place since then? Besides, even granting the Divine fidelity, had Juda deserved to experience it afresh? Many must have been deeply conscious of their backsliding, of their utter failure to live up to the marvels of the remote past. The Prophet might speak of "the faithful mercies of David," [2] but then David was but a dim heroic figure of the past, a man who had died three hundred and more years before, well nigh as remote a figure as Henry VIII is to us. Nor was Isaias slow to drive this point home—to drive home the fact that Juda had forfeited all claim to any Divine intervention. The people had sinned grievously; and the first essential, if they would obtain proof of God's good designs in their regard, must be a genuine repentance.[3] He himself gave an example of penance, for he walked barefoot and without his outer garment.[4] This asceticism enabled him to reprove the vices of the people with unsparing vigour. The vanities of their women-folk he held up to scorn, and he depicted the awful judgement which should come upon them.[5] The men too are chastised: *Wo to you that are mighty to drink wine and stout men at drunkenness; that justify the wicked for gifts and take away the justice of the just from him.*[6] In this respect Israel is as guilty as Juda: *the drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden under foot.*[7]

Oppression of the poor and the framing of unjust laws was a crying scandal: *What will you do in the day of visitation and of the calamity which cometh from afar?* [8]

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[1] 4. Kgs. xv. 29. [2] Isa. lv. 3. [3] Isa. x, xxviii-xxix, xxxiv, &c.
[4] Isa. xx. 2-3. [5] Isa. iii. [6] v. 22. [7] xxviii. 1-8. [8] x. 1-2, xxviii. 14.

Idolatry too was rampant.[1] But we can hardly wonder, for it was all around them. Israel stood alone among the nations of the world with its monotheistic cult of the One Only God. Images and statues of gods and goddesses without number were the rule everywhere else;[2] in Jehovah's temple alone there could be no image. It was not easy to stand alone, to be an exception among the nations. Yet in terms of scathing irony the Prophet holds up the maker of idols to the contempt of all thinking men: *They bear him* [*the god*] *on their shoulders and set him in his place, and he shall stand and shall not stir out of his place. When they shall cry unto him he shall not hear*[3]—an echo this of the unforgettable scene on Carmel when the prophets of Baal cried: *O Baal hear us!* And there was no answer. *Remember this and be ashamed; return, ye transgressors, to the heart.*

Meanwhile the Assyrian hordes were drawing ever nearer. In B.C. 721 Samaria fell, and Juda alone was left to face the hosts that would assuredly return. But there was always Egypt. It was so near, and at least one king of Juda had married the daughter of the Pharaoh. Why not go back there? Even if Jerusalem—the strongest city in the world—could hold out against a siege, what would that avail when all the surrounding country would be made desolate? The cry went up: Let us go back to Egypt![4] A cry awful in its significance. For it meant that the people had forgotten the Exodus and its marvels, had in very truth forgotten Him who *brought them out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.* But Isaias was adamant. Egypt, he declares, is nothing; hopelessly divided, torn to pieces by factions, despite the ambassadors who have come thence to Jerusalem with proposals for an alliance.[5] Nor is it merely divided now.

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[1] Isa. xliv. 9-20, xlvi. 5-8.

[2] Excavations have shewn how innumerable were the statues of gods and goddesses, especially of Ashtoreth, the Canaanite representative of Istar or Venus.

[3] Isa. xlvi. 7-8.

[4] "Wo to them that go down to Egypt for help!" Isa. xxxi.1.

[5] Isa. xviii. 2.

It itself shall be handed over to conquerors: even its glory, the Nile, shall fail; instead of Palestine going to Egypt for succour, it is Egypt that shall come to Palestine: *the land of Juda shall be a terror to Egypt.*[1] Further—and this must have sounded arrant folly in the ears of his hearers, perhaps worse than folly, rank heresy. For was he not predicting something which might well have seemed in flat contradiction to that unity of the place of worship which was the very corner stone of Jewish religion, the efficient safeguard of that monotheistic worship which they had been bidden jealously conserve? Yet, he declared, *there shall be an altar of the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt and five cities there speaking the language of Canaan.*[2] What courage it took to make such a pronouncement! For the Prophet incurred thereby the risk of losing the support of the "orthodox"; as though he had not enemies enough already! It is remarkable, however, that it is nowhere suggested that Isaias encountered positive opposition. In this he differed from Jeremias, against whom every man's hand seems to have been raised. But then Isaias belonged to a different class—probably, as we have seen, to the royal family.

This same unshaken courage characterises all the Prophet's life. Where Jeremias is tempted to despair, Isaias is content to say: *Lo, this is our God, we have patiently waited for Him;*[3] *in the way of Thy judgements we have patiently waited for Thee;*[4] *blessed are all they that wait for Him;*[5] *in silence and in hope shall thy strength be.*[6] Nor were these mere words. When the climax came, when the arrogant Assyrian stood beneath the walls and spoke his blasphemies, when he pointed to the desolation everywhere wrought by his soldiery, to the absurdity of Juda attempting to withstand him,

[1] Isa. xix. 2-17.

[2] Isa. xix. 19 and 18. For the curious endeavours to mutilate this text and read "the city of destruction" instead of "the city of the sun" see the present writer's *Aids to the Bible*, Vol. I (1926), pp. 167-8.

[3] Isa. xxv. 9. [4] xxvi. 8. [5] xxx. 18. [6] xxx. 15.

when he dared compare Jehovah with the helpless gods of the nations who lay crushed beneath his heel, when the people and even the king's counsellors shook in their shoes, the calm reassurance comes from Isaias: *Whom hast thou reproached, whom hast thou blasphemed, against whom hast thou exalted thy voice? Against the Holy One of Israel. Therefore Sion hath despised thee and laughed thee to scorn. Therefore thus saith the Lord: The king of the Assyrians shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow into it, nor cast a trench about it. By the way that he came he shall return.*[1]

With a sense of true dramatic fitness the author immediately continues: *And the Angel of the Lord went out and slew in the camp of the Assyrians one hundred and eighty-five thousand. And when they arose in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses. And Sennacherib returned to Niniveh, and his sons slew him with the sword.*[2]

With the fulfilment of all that he so courageously foretold about the Assyrian menace a change comes over the Prophecies of Isaias. In recounting that story he had left the poetic form which had characterised the preceding chapters and had recourse to prose, as was only fitting. But now (chs. xl-lxvi.) the poet is predominant, and in the loftiest strains imaginable he takes up a wholly new theme. He had already made frequent mention of Babylon and the Chaldeans, of the Medes and Persians, and when Ezechias had seemingly welcomed ambassadors from the Chaldean king, Merodach Baladan, the Prophet had foretold the future captivity of the Jews in Babylon;[3] it is of their redemption from that slavery that he now sings. Hitherto Isaias had spoken of events that were then happening, of Assyria then at the door and of the deliverance of Israel from

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[1] xxxvii. 23, 22, 33.

[2] Isa. xxxvii. 36-38. With the exception of the Exodus and its marvels perhaps no event is so often referred to in the Bible; *cf.* 4. Kgs. xix. 35-37, 2. Chron. xxxii. 21, Tob. i. 21, Ecclus. xlviii. 24, 1. Macc. vii. 41, 2. Macc. viii. 19.

[3] xxxix. 6-7.

that menace. Events have proved that he was right, that he had seen "in the mirror of eternity" the plans of God for His people. But this Babylonian captivity which he now envisages is no affair of the present, it is still in the womb of time, a hundred years will elapse before it becomes an historical fact, and a further seventy years before the redemption from Babylon through the agency of Cyrus the Persian in 536 B.C. Now the Prophetic gift means as a rule that the Seer sees the present in the light of the future, the present Sennacherib side by side with Sennacherib slain by his sons. But here we have a wholly different set of factors. It is not the present Babylonian captivity with a coming redemption from it that the Prophet sees, but a captivity itself as yet unborn and a redemption still further removed in time. Is such a thing possible? Is it conceivable that a Seer can take his stand at a point of time as yet in the distant future and speak to his hearers of events and people as yet unborn, of sufferings and sorrows as yet unexperienced? A parallel instance would be the case of one who shortly after the Napoleonic wars and the deliverance of Europe from that scourge should take for granted, as though it were an acknowledged present fact, London sacked and immense numbers carried away into captivity in Japan, and should then proceed to draw a wonderful picture of the end of that captivity and of deliverance from it. How meaningless it would all sound in the ears of people who had then but the dimmest ideas of Japan! How preposterous to talk of a redemption from Tokio, a place of which no one had then heard!

Yet this is precisely what Isaias does in chs. xl-lxvi. Those who deny the possibility of prophecy of course deny that these chapters can possibly have proceeded from the tongue or pen of the Prophet of 700 B.C. But then in that case they must, if consistent, deny the prophecies about the failure of Sennacherib. Others, while accepting the latter, repudiate the Isaianic author-

ship of chs. xl-lxvi. on the ground that they constitute an isolated phenomenon in the history of prophecy, since the Seer is no longer taking his stand in his own age and circumstances, but has projected himself—and his readers or hearers—into a future of which neither he nor they could have any cognisance and details of which must perforce be meaningless to them. What could Chaldea—spoken of as a mighty kingdom—mean to the Israel of a hundred years before Nabuchodonosor? What would the terms "Persians" and "Medes" convey to them? And most startling of all—how could the Prophet mention Cyrus by name nearly two hundred years before he appeared on the scene?

These problems have always perplexed the Biblical student, and it is in the endeavour to discover a non-supernatural solution of them that critics have resorted to the frantic expedient of cutting the knot and referring Isaias xl-lxvi. to some "Great Unknown" who was contemporary with the Exile. They have shorn Isaias of his glory, and for themselves and those who follow them they have gained—nothing. It would be unprofitable to go into the details of this controversy here, but one or two remarks must suffice. In the first place if prophecy means that—to use St. Augustine's expression once more—a man is afforded by God a glimpse into "the mirror of eternity" so that for the consolation, counselling and admonishing of his contemporaries he may see the real meaning of present events as God sees them, why should he not be afforded a similar glimpse of a present and its circumstances which has not yet come to pass but has been repeatedly foretold, which in a sense hangs like a sword of Damocles over devout minds pondering on the unscrutable designs of God? And why—if he is afforded a glimpse of that "present"—should he not also be vouchsafed a further glimpse of the outcome of that "present"? Further, is there not a tendency to exaggerate the notion that the Chaldeans, the Medes and

the Persians were so utterly unknown in the days of Isaias? The Prophet himself mentions them in the earlier portions of his prophecies,[1] and it is surely the negation of all sound criticism to deny the authenticity of such passages because we have made up our minds that Isaias could have known nothing of them. This will not, of course, explain his naming of the future deliverer, Cyrus. But then did not the Prophet, at whose word Jeroboam's schismatical altar was rent, do precisely the same thing when he named Josias as the king who should uproot this same schismatical worship more than three hundred years later? [2] Again, what right have we to repudiate Josephus' positive statement that Cyrus was shewn this very passage wherein he himself was named, and was, as we can well imagine, overwhelmed? [3] Lastly, Isaias' prophetic ministry covered the reign of Ezechias and his queen Hephsiba. It is surely significant then that punning allusions to the name of this king occur not only in the earlier portion of his prophecies, but also in the latter,[4] while of Sion it is said: Thou shalt no more be called "Forsaken" . . . but "Hephsiba" (in the Vulgate and the Douay version "My pleasure in her") [5].

In his early days as a Prophet Isaias had foretold the failure of the combination of Syria and Israel against Achaz.[6] That his prediction proved true is evidenced by the slaughter of the Syrian king by Tiglath Pileser.[7] Later on he predicted, with the same calm assurance that the Lord spoke by his mouth, the failure of the Assyrians, and the event justified his confidence. But though the Prophet was never to be pronounced fallacious, his people were to fail him, or rather to fail their Lord, and it fell to Isaias to pronounce the ultimate doom of the apostate people: *Behold the days shall come and all shall be carried away into Babylon; thy children shall be*

[1] xiii. 17, 19, xxi. 2, xxiii. 13. [2] 3. Kgs. xiii. 2. [3] *An T.* xi. i. 1-2.
[4] xxxv. 4, xxxix. 1, xli. 6, 7, 9, xlii. 6. xlv. 1, lvi. 2, 4, 6. [5] lxii. 4-5.
[6] Isa. vii. [7] 4 Kgs. xvi. 9.

eunuchs in the palace of the king of Babylon.[1] Ezechias might inaugurate sweeping reforms, but Manasses and Amon were to undo the good work; Josias would take up the task so splendidly commenced by Ezechias, but his recreant successors, Joakim, Joachin and Sedecias, were to render his labours unavailing and the once impregnable city was to be rendered desolate and its people hurried into ignominious captivity.

Had the wonderful Seer failed, then, in the task committed to him? Humanly-speaking, yes. But it was a failure veiling for a time a glorious success. For to Isaias it was granted, as to no other Prophet in the same degree, to discern behind the kings good, bad and indifferent of David's stock the gracious figure of a Deliverer, the Holy One of Israel, the true Servant of the Lord, who should redeem not only Israel according to the flesh but "the Israel of God" or His elect, and that not from a merely material, transient captivity in an earthly Babylon under an earthly king, but from the dominion of sin and from captivity under the heel of the enemy of men's souls. From first to last Isaias' prophecies centre round this Figure, for *the end of the Law is Christ.* First He appears as a little Babe born of a Virgin and called Emmanuel.[2] *A Child is born to us and a Son is given to us, and the government is upon His shoulder; and His Name shall be called: Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of peace.* Then He figures as the Judge incorruptible who shall call to His standard all the nations of the earth.[3] Side by side with the figure of this King is the ever-recurring picture of His kingdom.[4] Hence the Canticles of joy and gratitude which form so striking a feature amid Isaias' prophecies.[5] This King, however, is not to redeem the world by force of arms but by suffering, and we have the exquisitely poignant picture of *the most*

[1] Isa. xxxix. 6-7. [2] Isa. ix. 6. [3] Isa. xi. 4 and 12.
[4] Chs. ix., xi., xxxii-iii., &c. [5] Chs. xii., xxv., xxvi.

abject of men, a man of sorrows who was wounded for our iniquities and bruised for our sins. Well might the undaunted Seer exclaim: *Who hath believed our report?* yet *we have seen Him and there was no comeliness in Him that we should be desirous of Him.*[1]

Such the portrait of the Redeemer. What of Him who "sent" Him? For behind all this story of sin, of captivity and of redemption looms the picture, awful yet beneficent, of the Father, of Him whom Daniel called *The Ancient of days,*[2] of Him whom Isaias himself had seen in his inaugural vision *sitting upon a throne high and lofty, and His train filled the Temple.* Before Him the Seraphim stood and veiled His feet with their wings while they cried *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, the Lord God of hosts, all the earth is full of His glory.*[3] That vision haunted the Prophet for the rest of his life. He is for ever thinking of new titles for that gracious God: He is the Sovereign, the Lord of hosts,[4] the Holy One,[5] the Creator,[6] the Only God,[7] your Maker,[8] the hidden God, the God of Israel, the Saviour,[9] the Mighty One of Jacob,[10] from His sight nothing, neither the past nor the future, is hidden.[11] He is the Omnipotent,[12] the Just One.[13]

Nor could the Prophet contemplate the figure of the Redeemer and the designs of God who sent Him without his horizon being enlarged. His gaze travels far beyond the bounds of Israel and the "Chosen People." Their redemption from Babylon is a great thing of course, but what it portends is far greater; just as their apostasy and failure were great historical events, but trifling in comparison with the apostasy and failure of all mankind. Cyrus, the type, was to restore Israel; Christ, the fulfil-

[1] Ch. liii. "Rather an Evangelist than a Prophet," says St. Jerome, for (he adds) "so clearly does he set out all the mysteries of the Church of Christ that one might fancy that he was not so much foretelling the future as writing the history of the past (*Adv. Rufinum*, ii. 31; *cf.* St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, XVIII. xxix. 1).
[2] Dan. vii. 9. [3] Isa. vi. [4] iii. 1, x. 16, li. 22. [5] v. 9 and *passim*.
[6] xli. 5, xlv. 12, 18, xlviii. 13. [7] xliv. 6, 8, xlv. 5-6, 14, xlvi. 9.
[8] xliv. 24, xlv. 9, 11. [9] xlv. 15. [10] xlix. 26.
[11] xli. 22, xliv. 7, xlv. 21, xlvi. 10, xlviii. 3-8. [12] xl. 12. [13] xli. 7, 10.

ment of that type, was to restore the world; *salvation is* indeed *of the Jews* but not for the Jews alone. It is this concept which dominates all the chapters dealing with the captivity and the return. As the pageant unfolds before the Seer's gaze, he rises to ever greater heights. He sees the world and the world's sin; but he sees too the world's redemption. Jerusalem, the Sion he loved so well, is for him no longer simply the capital of Judaea, the city of David, but the city of David's Greater Son, the capital and the goal of the whole world, since the whole world's redemption was there to be wrought. And when the world's Redeemer came, when He inaugurated His mission in Nazareth *where He had been brought up*, it is from these chapters He takes His text and it is on Isaias' teaching on salvation for all men that He expatiates. But *filled with anger* His hearers *thrust Him out.* No Prophet is more often quoted by Christ and His Apostles, because He knew, and they were realising, that with His advent a new era was dawning wherein there would be *neither Jew nor Gentile, neither bond nor free; for there is no distinction of the Jew and the Greek, for the same is Lord over all.*

We have seen something of the Prophet and Evangelist, something too of the courtier and the diplomat. Of Isaias the poet we should like to speak; but to do justice to such a theme would demand a volume. For Hebrew poetry is a study in itself. Yet the poetry of Isaias, though cast in a different mould from that of the Western world, makes appeal even in its English garb.[1] It is the fashion to decry the Douay version, but we fancy that an unprejudiced reader will agree that the translators have acquitted themselves worthily in their rendering of Isaias, especially of chs. xl-lxvi. Space forbids any

[1] Much study has been expended of late on the poetry of the Hebrews, but no one has surpassed Bishop Lowth, *Isaiah, A New Translation* (2nd. ed. 1822); see too J. Jebb, *Sacred Literature, a review of the principles laid down by R. Lowth* (1820). Much may be learned from books that, alas, no one reads nowadays, such as J. Forbes, *The Symmetrical Structure of Holy Scripture* (Edinburgh, 1854); *The Servant of the Lord, Isaias xl-lxvi., reclaimed for Isaiah* (1890).

detailed account of this poetry, but the various Canticles should be noted.[1] To Isaias we owe the *Canticle of Ezechias* which now forms part of the liturgical *Office of the Dead*,[2] Many beautiful prayers occur,[3] also passages of real sublimity[4]; while many of his expressions have become "household words."

It is impossible of course for us to realise what it meant to have in their midst, walking and talking with all and sundry, a Prophet, one who saw God, who was confessedly "a man of God." Yet to the Jews such men were an ever-present fact. As generation succeeded generation, one would arise who claimed in no uncertain tones to be God's oracle, to speak in His Name. In Isaias' case the claim seems to have passed unchallenged, but in many cases the claim was resented and the Seer repudiated; the instances of Amos and Jeremias are well known. Yet neither Isaias nor any of those Prophets who have left us written prophecies ever seem to have worked miracles in support of their claim. They left God—the Almighty—to do that. But this makes their unchallenged position all the more remarkable. Why did the people, from the highest to the lowest, accept Isaias? His poetry may have charmed their ears, but that will not suffice to explain their acquiescence in his denunciations, their acceptance of predictions which must often—notably in the case of the Temple to be set up in Egypt—have seemed fanciful. The speedy fulfilment of his earlier pledge, that Syria and Israel would fail in their assault upon Judaea, must have been a factor in the case. But how trustfully they accepted his promise that Sennacherib should not even cast an arrow into the city—when his forces were standing there beneath the walls! The support given him by Ezechias the king would count for much. But then what about Achaz—that broken reed? We must remember, too, that Isaias' prophecies were

[1] *E.g.* chs. v., xii., xxv. and xxvi. [2] xxxviii. 10-20. [3] lxiii. 15-19.
[4] *E.g.* xiv. 4-21, xxiii. 16, xxv. 9, xxvi. 8, xxxii. 2, &c.

no mere isolated outbursts, such as was Nahum's denunciation of Niniveh. For some forty years he lived in Jerusalem and frequented the court. He directed the politics of the rulers, he denounced vice unsparingly; his must have been the most familiar figure in the Holy City, and his personal life must have been in keeping with his claims. Herein, perhaps, lay the secret. At his inaugural vision the Seraph had touched his lips with a burning coal saying: *Thy iniquities shall be taken away and thy sin shall be cleansed.* Thenceforth his was a consecrated personality. All who came in contact with him must have felt this, must have been conscious, at least dimly, that from this man emanated an aura, a breath of the Spirit of God, and that he was therefore to be believed and trusted. Hence, as the author of *Ecclesiasticus* expresses it: *God was not mindful of their sins, neither did He deliver them up to their enemies; but He purified them by the hand of Isaias, the holy Prophet* (xlviii. 23).

What was his end? The king who succeeded the pious Ezechias was his son, Manasses, of whom it is said that *he shed very much innocent blood, till he filled Jerusalem up to the mouth.* If Isaias outlived Ezechias he must have been a very old man, and this adds pathos to the story that Manasses had him sawn in two: "that he was sawn in twain by Manasses with a wooden saw," says St. Jerome, "is a most solidly established tradition among the Jews," [1] and the same is stated by Origen,[2] St. Cyril of Jerusalem [3] and St. Justin [4]; they see an allusion to this in Heb. xi. 37.

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[1] *On* Isa. lvii. 2, *cf. on* Matth. xxvi. 8.
[2] *Catech.* ii. 14.
[3] *Series in Matth.* xiii. no. 18.
[4] *Dialogue*, 120.

FASCIST ITALY AND ITS PUBLIC WORKS

BY JAMES MEENAN, M.A.

ONE of the most striking aspects of the present economic and social trend has been the change in the conception of the proper place and utility of public works. Before the depression of the last few years, and still more before the European War, the idea that governments should alleviate unemployment by means of public works was all but unheard of. The reasons for such an attitude, so generally abandoned to-day, are not far to seek. Such intervention would have been an infringement of that nineteenth century harmony wherein private enterprise still worked more or less efficiently to produce the greatest social good. The checks to its working were few and transitory, and it was therefore not thought necessary, even had it been thought desirable, to plan out long-term schemes for the employment of those affected by industrial depression.

This reasoning—not so much indeed a mental process as an instinct—derived from the nineteenth century philosophy that still held the field on the eve of the Great War. Here and there indeed it was losing ground. Experience had begun to prove that there was no inherent vice in State intervention. Similarly it had become demonstrable that the free and unrestricted play of private enterprise did not of necessity lead to the maximisation of social advantages. Finally, and more significantly still, it had been expressly recognised that the State could not dissociate itself completely from the economic welfare of its subjects.

All these ideas were directly contrary to the doctrine of *laissez faire*. Nevertheless that doctrine still claimed general acceptance, since as yet no crisis had arisen to

occasion its formal denial. At last, however, such a crisis arose with the outbreak of the European War. During the four war years the governments of every country took over an almost complete control of the available economic resources. Their railways, their mines, their factories, their farms had to be mobilised with the same completeness and the same purposefulness as their fighting men. After the war it could never be said again that it would be impossible for the State to control or direct its production. It had done so. Its control had indeed been costly and extravagant; but it had been decisive. For the future, therefore, it was easy to argue that other emergencies besides those of war might render necessary its intervention. If it was justifiable for governments to intervene in order to send up in the smoke of the battle-field the accumulated wealth of a century, it was surely no less justifiable for them to intervene in the reconstruction of the new post-war world. They should abolish the slums. They should revive agriculture. They should restore the flow of trade. By 1930 their duty was to abolish unemployment.

In passing, it may be noted that this necessity has recently become more imperious than ever. Nothing in the history of the post-war world has been more notable than the degree to which politics and economics have become intertwined. In these days governments must succeed in the economic field. Their failure to do so entails their fall; it may also entail the fall of the regime. One will remember that the economic policy of the governments was the deciding question in the last elections in this country, in England and in the United States. The present crisis of the regime in France springs directly from the economic situation of the country, and it cannot be denied that one of the contributory factors to the fall of the German Republic was its failure to alleviate the depression.

But if it is necessary for a democratic government to

take all possible measures against economic depression, it is still more necessary for a dictator. The dictator by taking all power must at the same time take all responsibility. A regime which seeks to build a new world by destroying the old must give proof of its success. The compromises and the half successes by which government is carried on in democratic countries are impossible to it, being foreign to its nature. The dictator must succeed.

Such is certainly the case in Italy, where the Fascist regime has made a complete break with the ideology of the preceding half century. In the words of the Duce, Fascism has buried economic and political liberalism. In doing so it has incurred the responsibility of putting something else in its place. It has proclaimed that the old economic regime is dead in Italy and moribund abroad. Under such circumstances it has—from a political, a social, and an economic standpoint alike—every reason to alleviate unemployment. The regime had assumed, by the first corporative law of April 1926, the responsibility of casting the industrial structure of the country into a new mould. It could not associate itself solely with the fortunes of those still in employment and refuse to help those who in increasing numbers left the ranks of the producers. Still less could it afford to do so when it had declared, in the Labour Charter of 1927, that labour was a social duty and that work alone entitled a man to citizenship. Such principles had been true for the whole nineteenth century (they are indeed curiously nineteenth century principles for so twentieth century a movement), and it is one of the minor ironies of history that they were thus reaffirmed at a time when it first began to appear possible that they were no longer valid. Since April 1927 work has become a privilege rather than a duty.

More than that, the whole philosophy of the Fascist doctrine impelled the regime towards an extensive policy of public works. Its doctrine was to associate itself with

the people and (to use a phrase dear to all Fascist propagandists) to enter into their daily lives and into their consciousness—*andare verso il popolo.* Under such circumstances the regime was even more than usually under an obligation to relieve unemployment. At the same time, that relief should not take the form of unemployment benefit as in other countries. To do so would have been to contradict the propaganda on the value of production which has been so marked a feature of Fascist teaching. No doubt it was also realised that a country in the financial position of Italy could not afford to pay out large sums in unemployment relief. Finally, the large amount of arrears left by the liberal regime and the developments still possible in every branch of production had their share in dictating a policy of employment by means of public works.

It is for these general reasons that the Fascist regime embarked upon the programme of public works now to be described; the particular circumstances under which they were carried on and by which they were made necessary will be noted later. But it is as well to call attention at once to one noteworthy aspect of the Italian public works. In many of them the end which has been desired is by no means solely economic. The land reclamation schemes and the restoration of the imperial ruins of Rome are examples of works of which the object is not alone to relieve economic distress, but to stir the historical and social instincts of the nation.

Undoubtedly economic considerations (as well as considerations of a political economy more political than economic) have played their part. Of these perhaps the chief is the desire of the regime to check as far as possible the fall in the birth rate. In this it has succeeded so far that in 1932 the Italian birth rate stood at 23·8 per 1,000 as compared with 15·3 in England, 17·3 in France, and 15·1 in Germany. [1] At the same time the desire for a

[1] *Compendio Statistico Italiano*, vol. vii, p. 37

large population, together with the impact of the depression, has entailed a heavy fall in the yearly emigration. The average yearly emigration in 1922-24 was 345,000; in 1932 it was 84,000. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that the population increased at a rate of 8·6 per thousand between the censal years 1921 and 1931 as compared with an increase of 4·6 between 1911 and 1921. For a population increasing at such speed work had to be found, and with the advent of the depression (antedated in Italy by about two years as a result of the stabilisation of the lira) work became more difficult to find. The unemployment figures began to rise. From 193,000 in February 1929 they rose to 642,000 in December 1930. By December 1931 they had risen to 982,000. In the worst hour of the depression—February 1933—they reached the peak of 1,229,000. At the present time the figure is 860,000.[1]

In itself such an increase of unemployment might well spur a government to action. Similar increases in England and America had not indeed produced any noticeable change of policy. But dictators must live nearer the people, and the result of this increase of unemployment in Italy was to intensify the programme of public works.

The Fascist Government had been left with a great amount of arrears to be made up. The post-Risorgimento generation had been faced with two tasks in neither of which had they been conspicuously successful. They had not only to remedy the effects of economic backwardness in the parts of Italy now united in one nation, but to develop the resources in which Italy was supposed to abound. It had been thought that only the tyranny of the foreign rulers stood in the path of that advance in prosperity inevitable in so rich a country—*alma parens frugum*. This is a common feeling in subject peoples. But, instead of so happy a consummation, it was gradually and bitterly recognised that the resources in fact were

[1] *Ib.* p. 157.

few and that the people were too poor or too ignorant to utilise those that did exist. The reaction was serious in so far as it led to the belief that there was no industrial future for Italy and that she was ordained to remain, in glaring contrast with her glorious and never-forgotten past, a nation of farmers, artists and hotel-keepers. Only in the Lombard plain was there any development of industry. The result was to widen the already yawning gulf that separated North from South. If there was ever a case for the inauguration of a large scheme of public works, it was to be found in the South, which had few hospitals and schools and a poor service of railways, roads and water. The enumeration of some of the works undertaken in the last decade shows the degree of neglect which existed in the first fifty years of United Italy.

It should be noted, however, that it was not mere neglect which should be charged against the pre-Fascist governments of Italy. It was rather that they had failed to do the things which they had planned. The lack of a strong government in all the fifty years before the War, a lack which eventually led to the present regime, entailed that countless schemes, though elaborately planned, were never executed. In many cases the Fascist Government have only executed schemes drawn up years before the March on Rome. " The pre-Fascist schemes were hampered because . . . there was still regional rivalry and also a general range of rivalry between industry and agriculture, north and south. These rivalries found their best means of competitive action through the political machine. As a result the desks of Italian engineers and the archives of the Office of Public Works were filled with sound schemes approved by one Government but kiboshed by another. In consequence Italy was strewn with partially completed improvements ; there was no balance of progress as between North and South, and the country suffered." [1]

1 Munro : *Through Fascism to World Power*, 1933, p. 358.

Some idea of the contrast between the old Italy and the new may be obtained from the fact that in the first ten years of the regime eleven thousand kilometres of roadways have been reconditioned, and six thousand kilometres of new roads have been constructed. Such provision of new roads is not due, as it would be in England or America, to the necessity of solving the traffic problem. In many cases it is a matter of supplying intercommunication to towns which in the Middle Ages confided their safety to their inaccessibility. Part of these sums, on the other hand, have gone to the construction of the great motor roads of Milan-Como, Milan-Brescia, Milan-Turin, Turin-Genoa and Rome-Ostia. Of these autostrade about 500 kilometres have been built. In several cases the use of machinery has been forbidden in order to give as much employment as possible. It is perhaps possible to question the economic necessity of some of these works, but it may be noted that the majority of them add considerably to the facilities of concentration and mobilisation. The bulk of the expenditure, however, has gone on new roads and the reconstruction of old roads. The very figures of mileage are eloquent of the necessities of the country and of the failure of past governments to cope with them.

In the same way it has been found necessary to pay attention to the railway system. About a thousand kilometres of new railroad have been built or are under construction. At the same time the development of hydro-electric schemes has rendered it possible to electrify the railways and so dispense, in an increasing degree, with imports of coal from abroad.

Another type of the public works is the provision of aqueducts. In Apulia alone it has been found necessary to build 700 kilometres, and up to 1930 sixty-six new centres had been connected with the supply brought by them. In the whole country, during the first ten years of the regime, 2,193 communes (with a total population

of over ten million) had been provided with water by the engineering of new aqueducts at a cost of more than a thousand million lire. In addition innumerable minor works for the hygienic improvement of the supply have been executed. It is a happy reminder that neither the necessities of life nor the means of their appeasement have changed since the days of Appius Claudius.

In the same period, the ten years following 1922, about three hundred public buildings—hospitals, post-offices, schools, etc.—had been erected. No fewer than 11,000 new schools had been built, of which the greater number were in the South. This region, neglected by the *ancien régime*, had always been ill supplied with schools.

There has also been heavy expenditure upon the provision of electric power. At the end of 1922 the electric plants of Italy had a total horse-power of 1,250,000. In October 1932 that figure had risen to 5,500,000, and the annual output of electricity had risen from 3,652 million kilowatt-hours to 9,665 million. The effect of such figures upon coal imports hardly need to be emphasized. Fascist Italy must be as self-sufficing as possible in so essential a matter as power.

Another symptomatic activity is the attention given to the ports. The care of the regime is lavished not alone upon the larger and more important harbours such as Genoa, Naples and Venice, but is given equally to their humbler sisters. In fact, no less than 1,617 million lire has been spent upon the modernisation of 82 ports and on preserving beaches and harbours in 15 provinces. About 200 million lire has been spent upon the port of Bari, so that it may be transformed into a centre of trade with the East. Huge sums have been spent upon the mouth of the Tiber, so that Rome may once again lie on the sea. In passing, one may mention in this connection the subsidies to shipbuilders and to shipping companies. The former have resulted in the acquisition for Italy of the blue ribbon of the Atlantic. In his speech

to the Quinquennial Assembly of the regime Signor Mussolini drew attention to the all but insular position of Italy and stressed the necessity of fostering its seafaring spirit and maritime strength. Again in passing, one may remark that in 1937 Italy will possess the two strongest battleships in the world. In every way it is sought to increase the maritime strength of Italy and to create the same sentiment for the Navy as, for example, exists in England. In the words of the Duce: "Our destiny has been, and is, and ever will be, upon the sea." Lest the words sound strangely in the mouth of an Italian, it may be as well to record that they are followed by references to Columbus and to the seafarers of Genoa and Venice.[1]

Lastly these works are carried out with speed and efficiency. The regime is making a determined effort to remove from Italy her native air of the *dolce far niente*. The works are carried out in accordance with a determined programme, which must be observed whatever the cost. "The first indication that the epoch of 'unfinished beginnings' was over and done with was an order by Mussolini abolishing 'foundation-stone' ceremonies. In substitution he introduced a 'coping-stone' ritual. This rite is performed all over Italy on each April 21—the day upon which is commemorated Italian Labour Day, the Birth of Rome, and the Fascist Levy. The association of the ideas of all three commemorations is introduced into the coping-stone rite, thus symbolically linking the accomplishment of the present in a continuity of thought with the past and with the future. It also provides a yearly date towards which every work, either in whole or in defined stages, is pressed to completion, thus creating a national rhythm of endeavour and accomplishment." [2] On the 21 April or on the anniversary of the March on

[1] The foregoing statistics of the public works have been taken from Munro, *op. cit.*, pp. 358-60, and Marpicati, *Opere del Regime*, Rome 1934, pp. 62-64.
[2] Munro, p. 358.

Rome (October 28) roads are opened, schools and hospitals inaugurated, and cruisers launched. Almost immediately afterwards there appears the programme of public works to be undertaken during the next year. At present, for example, work has been commenced upon the systematization of the area around the Tomb of Augustus in Rome, and the excavation of the Circus Maximus has been started. Both works are to be completed in time for the celebration of the Bimillenary of Augustus in 1937. (Some nations have very long memories !). All these works are represented, by every form of propaganda, to be not merely a school or a hospital as the case may be, but as a fresh advance of the nation, a new triumph of the people and another example of their will to greatness. And, as will be seen when we come to examine the " bonifica integrale," all these activities are invested with that martial psychology with which the Russians endow their Five Year Plans.

Mention was made just now of the systematization of the area around the Augusteo. It will have recalled many another example of the piety with which Fascist Italy tends the memory of the Empire. No visitor to Rome can have failed to see the work executed by the regime in the Forum, at the Castel Sant' Angelo, and along the Vie dell' Impero and dei Trionfi. The care lavished upon Rome by the regime (or, to be more precise, the personal attention of the Duce) has contributed immeasurably to the attraction exercised by Rome over its visitors. It may indeed be queried whether even an increased revenue from tourists can refund the huge sums involved in the clearance of the areas around the Forum and the Palatine. But it should be understood that here the question is not primarily economic. These clearances and restorations are meant to impress the Italian rather than the foreigner. They are the expressions of a policy intended to create popular pride in the past and therefore greater confidence in the future. It is a

deliberate attempt to remove that inferiority complex noticeable by foreigners before the War and to replace it with a firm belief in the high destiny of a nation with so glorious a past. This spirit, it may be said in passing, runs through all the actions and speeches of Signor Mussolini. It is present when he speaks of Fascism as the universal solvent for the evils of the present economic and political situation. " Italy," he declares, " will return for the third time to be the director of human civilisation." It was especially noticeable in the staging of the ceremonies connected with the Decennial of the Regime in 1932. They opened by the Tomb of Augustus ; they closed by the tomb of Dante. It may be mentioned that the " atrocious crime of Brutus " formed the subject of the editorial of the *Corriere della Sera* of March 15, 1934. The effects of this type of mass-suggestion, whatever we may think of some of its single manifestations, is obvious. It is to obtain these effects that so many areas of Rome have been swept away.

It is only now, however, that we approach the greatest and most important works of the Fascist Regime—its reclamation of waste lands. Here the purpose goes far beyond and is deeper than any attempt to relieve unemployment or to aid agricultural distress. The works undertaken and in progress have indeed done both of these things ; but it is not for them that modern Italy attaches so much importance to these works. Firstly, there is the necessity for a country like Italy, placed amongst powerful neighbours, to be as self-sufficing as possible in foodstuffs. For this reason the " bonifica integrale " is inseparably connected with the " battaglia del grano." In every year Italy requires 75 million quintals of wheat, of which—before the " battle "—she produced only 44 million quintals. Victory was attained in 1932 when, with 75 million quintals produced, self-sufficiency was reached. The trade balance was improved accordingly, but one hears rumours of less favourable

results to the national digestion. Secondly, it must be remembered that the social desirability of a large rural population is a fundamental tenet of the Fascist creed. To this point the Duce returns in almost all his speeches. " The wealth of Italy, the stability of the nation and its future are intimately bound up with the future of Italian agriculture." It is, therefore, not surprising that the chief efforts of the regime have been in the field of agriculture.

The most impressive of these efforts is without question the " bonifica integrale." Many things are summed up in that phrase and it is best to take the definition supplied by Mr. Munro : " It is called integral because it differs from earlier land reclamation schemes in that it encompasses the settlement of colonies upon the reclaimed land, with the elevation of new townships and parishes, the marketing as well as the cultivation of the crops, the integration of the new communities into the social and economic life of the province and the nation, the amelioration of unemployment, the development of ' internal emigration ' of workers from zone to zone, the settlement of ex-Servicemen on land grants, the intensive increase of grain production up to national self-sufficiency and the co-ordination of all public works towards these various ends, plus the inclusion of the Corporative mechanism and all the social, recreational, demographic, religious and general welfare institutions and ideas of Fascism." [1]

Although under the old regime sporadic attempts had been made to reclaim various areas, it was not until the passage of the Mussolini law of 1928 that the problem was attacked upon anything like the scale outlined in the preceding quotation. At present work is in progress, or has been completed, over an area of about eight million acres. It operates (to quote again) " among the rocky hills of the new Alpine provinces, among the waterless stretches of south-central Italy, among the once waste-

[1] Munro, p. 362.

lands of Sardinia, among the dank acreage of the Pontine and other marshes—everywhere." It is carried on by direct State action and by loans to private companies.

By far the most impressive of these works is the reclamation of the Pontine Marshes, which deserves more than a word of description. Nothing among the many works of the regime has been described so often, so enthusiastically, or so minutely by the Italian press. Photographs of the new towns are to be seen in shop-windows with particulars of forthcoming excursions to the scene of the latest triumph of the new Italy. The whole undertaking has been written up to a degree which is almost incredible. Nevertheless it is a wonderful enterprise and a striking example of the vision and enthusiasm with which the regime has initiated and completed its works.

Nothing indeed could more happily be selected to stand as an example of the power of the regime than the draining of the Pontine Marshes. For centuries they remained unconquered by any attempt to reclaim them and to rid them of their scourge of malaria. All the engineering resources of the Roman Empire had been invoked in vain. After the lapse of centuries the efforts of Popes Benedict XIV and Pius VI had shared the fate of those of Trajan and Hadrian. One can understand that the Italian newspaper of to-day is rich in the details of these attempts, in order to heighten the contrast and to point to the triumph of the Third Rome.

The engineering difficulties were indeed serious. The area to be drained comprised low lying ground with a soil destitute of any binding quality and at some distance from the sea. Nevertheless it was decided to make the attempt and, characteristically, to time the completion of the first stage for the celebrations of the Decennial of the March on Rome. By a decree of 1932 a credit of some eight million pounds was advanced for the engineering works necessary. Work was started at once, and by the

autumn of 1933 about 14,500 workmen were employed. The men were ex-Servicemen brought from all parts of Italy, especially from the overcrowded areas of the Po. In most cases these men had the inducement that they were constructing their own future houses and holdings.

The work went on with extraordinary rapidity. It was further stimulated by the almost daily dispatches in the papers, reporting as if from a battlefield the amount of land reclaimed from the marshes. Signor Mussolini made periodic excursions to see how things were progressing; and during the next week one would see on the newsreel the Duce digging or bricklaying at a rate not sanctioned by any trade union and (to the unfailing delight of the audience) forcing some immaculate Under-Secretary or beribboned General to imitate his fervour.

The construction of the first town, Littoria, commenced in 1933. It was decided that the style and the situation of the new town should be worthy of the labours which had created it. Competitions were held among the architects of the country to obtain the best planning and execution possible. Every attempt was made to create the amenities in the towns and in the country. Along the roads trees were planted to shade the traveller from the Italian sun. On every farm the buildings were designed and planned even to the outhouses. In the new towns the erection of buildings was strictly controlled by ordinances, and it would seem that all future additions must be in harmony with those already standing.

The new town of Littoria was inaugurated with all pomp and ceremony on December 18, 1932. Its population to-day is 24,265. On April 23, 1934, a second town, Sabaudia, was inaugurated, while a third town is at present under construction. When the project is completed, some 50,000 people will have been settled upon the Pontine Marshes. The Italian press may, perhaps, be excused for drawing the contrast not only between the Third Rome and its predecessors, but between Fascist Italy and other nations.

It may indeed be said that such contrasts are misleading in as much as similar works could be executed in other countries, if the necessity existed or if it was once decided to set aside for such purposes equally huge sums of money. It is true that many of the public works which have been completed in Italy during the last decade have been of a type executed in other countries decades before the March on Rome. But it is not to be forgotten that one of the chief points about the Italian works is that they were completed at all. And so far as other objectives are concerned, it may fairly be said that there are countries far richer than Italy in which measures of equal scope, if not of similar nature, are necessary and are yet unfulfilled. The Italian Government has spent huge sums upon its public works. But those sums have been raised without imperilling the lira, stabilised even as it was at an unduly high level. Taxation undoubtedly is heavy and it falls far heavier upon the poor than it does in England or than it did here in Ireland before the advent to power of the present Government. But the taxpayer in Italy can at least see where his money is going, and that fact has no inconsiderable influence on his views upon the subject of taxation. Generally, he thinks the money better spent than it would be upon unemployment relief. Finally there is in many other countries the same necessity as in Italy for a large scale and imaginative treatment of public works and unemployment. In other countries there are slums ; there are depressed areas ; there are uneconomic holdings. In other countries there is a great, in some a greater, number of workers who cannot find occupation. It is, perhaps, only in Italy that this problem has been tackled with a just vision and with a proper degree of foresight. But we must not conclude therefrom that such vision and such efficiency can be produced by a dictatorship alone.

JAMES MEENAN

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J.

XXXII

SINFUL MAN

Maoilmuire Ó Leannáin cct.

1. Peactaċ ar rioł n-ar rluaġaiḃ
créaḋ aḋḃar ḃar n-anuaḃair
do ginneaḋ tré ḋúir inn d'ḟuil
ḋar linn go ba cúir cráḃaiḋ.

2. Aḋaltrar ḟear na cruinne
ní hí clann na coluime
clann ra ḋeoiḋ do ḋéanaṁ ḋí
ar ṙéaġaḋ an eoin eile.

3. Ní hé rioł an maiġre moill
árar a hiuċra álainn
tuġaḋ toirrċear don duine
go ba toirrċear tuirtaire.

4. Oic dúċar na colla cniaḋ
a ḋaṫ ṙallra ní ḟirniaṁ
ir beag an ġlóir buḋ dú ḋí
ḟóill an trú agur a ṫreire.

5. An corp dá lár ir laṫaċ
ní ḟóḋ dúċtaċ donnġaṫaċ
ní ruḃ craoḃ corp an duine
ní gort i mbraon Ḃealtuine.

6. Ní haingead agur ní hór
bláṫ na colla le caḋóḋ
ar gcolla acc gid [cailce] i ḃur
ir [cairte] donna a ndúċar.

7. Ní cnú agus ní dearca donn
ní náirne agus ní nuball
noco fiad buingeal bargglan
acu fuilfead ar bfiorabbar.

8. Ní mil ['r] ní leamnacht dar linn
ní fineamain dá bruilim
acu bainne fola daor dub
noco craob ola m'abbur.

9. Abbar gach aoinfir uainne
ní coiléan fionn fiorcuaine
ní mear craoibe buide i bur
daoire a duine do dúccur.

10. Ní gráinne cruitneacta caom
acu bratán fola fiordaor
ní crann don fineamain finn
fireabair i n-am Iffinn.

11. Coilla caoma na cruinne
ní fiu ar n-a n-éag aonuinge
ní móide ar faor éinfear ann
gid gléigeal caom a colann.

12. Luasc ar molad an cuirp criad
a Coimde ir mór an míciall
an corp dá lár ag lobad
ir dán olc a admolad.

13. Tú ag niamad do námad féin
eirean got aimleas ainnréin
olc do ciall a duine doill
an fgiam cuire mad colainn.

14. An corp criad ní crann torraid
teac Iffinn a ionfamail
do gach biud maic do ní neim
[dá gcaic] ir an gcli gcaicmig.

15. Is é do leannán dar leam
an faoghalra tá id timcheall
tughair don fhorgadh fhallra
do chorghar a cholannra.

16. Gid nálainn an t-airgead geal
is otrach uile a dheireadh
meallaid mór ndoine ar a dhath
gid buidhe an t-ór is otrach.

17. Bréagh a mhaoine 's a meadha
bréagh a ór 's a eirreadha
gach ní ar fhearr dealbh ar domhan
is dearbh leam a [locroghadh].

18. Bréagh a bleidheadha bána
bréagh a chuirn 's a copána
ní fuil acht bréagh uile ann
chéad an duine nach déachann.

19. Is maith chuirid fein fa fheach
bhiathra milse na meirdreach
gach corp caomh is [gach ghruaidh geal]
uainn leis an daol fa dheireadh.

20. Gairdhe dílear an deamhain
maith dhéachar a Dhúileamhain
do-bheir guin gcruaidh im chridhe
ghruaidh a-muigh na meirdrighe.

21. Bréagh gach rúil ghormfhadhrach ghlar
fallra fór gach foilt fionnchar
gach aghaidh dearg gach déad bán
gid cealg ón éag ní hiomrán.

22. Gach rliogh reang gach rliaghadh geal
bíd eanghach dubh fa dheireadh
beid cara is lámha loma
ghránna glara gléachalla.

23. Truaġ nać cuimneać lem ċraiḋe
an t-éaġ ar a uaṫmaire
Ġráin ġać éinḟir ar n-a éaġ
céillíḋ bu cáir do ċoimḋéaḋ.

24. Mar do beiṫ riḃ beo go bráṫ
a luċt ċaiṫear an conáċ
ḟoiċaiḋ méad ḃur muirne a-muiġ
ġan ċuimne ran éaġ aġaiḃ.

25. Ir cinnte do ċáċ uile
a n-éaġ ġur an aonduine
ní ḟúiġre an t-éaġ dual an ḟir
naċar ḟéad an uaġ d'ḟaicrin.

26. Ir é an t-Iṙṙeann an t-éaġ mór
ar mbí an t-anam ar anḟóġ
an t-éaġ ir éaġ uile ann
créad an duine naċ déaċann.

27. Dá mbé an corp aṫaċ ran uaiġ
a déaġrain ir feirdm ḟiorċruaiḃ
an lón péirdeaḋ an caṫ cruṁ
aċ ir déirdean a ndúrġaḋ.

28. Muna beiṫ ceird Iṙṙinn ann
aġur dá caoṁna an ċolann
ir mairġ do-ní olc ma éaġ
ar tí na ġcorp do ċoimḋéaḋ.

29. Tréan tarraing a-tá ġar mbriaṫ
an corp codaltaċ craorać
corp comuiḋeaċ na cliaṫċa
olc doḃuiḋeaċ doirniaṫa.

30. Péird do ḟiarḋaiḃ an ṁara
don anmain ir earcara
beirid port Dé ón duine
an corp ir é an rúġmaire.

31. Sgánna an torad tig a-mach
ar an Scolainn re cnuarach
meirde roillre a huilc falaig
doirrre an cuirr n-a Scamradaib.

32. Meirde an corr do cuar go trom
ir é a allur a focann
mairg ara tréan an corr crum
ir Sort San féar San arbar.

33. Ní tig tar cluaraib an cuirr
acd sal Sgánna ruad rogoirt
torad na rúl ir na rrón
re túr ir robad romór.

34. A-tá mo corr n-a camra
Sid uaibreach ar m'urlabra
a Dé do Séabainn san nSlór
dá bréagainn mé ar mo meadón.

35. Ir mairg tréigear teach nime
ar an Scolainn Scuitbirde
beag an luach ar tocht ir-teach
ruat mar an corr do cuibreach.

36. Mar lán mara a-mach 'r a-muig
bíd brú Sach aoinfir amlaid
docair ir cinnte i ndán dí
an lán innte agur eirte.

37. Munba fáitheach ní rubach
an corr iotmar ocarach
turad [mí ní] airg Srán Slan
mairg do-ní lán don learoar.

38. Truag a bruil d'iomaid orainn
ma dul ar an ndroccolainn
ní eaglach ré tocht dá túr
an corr peactach mar Priorún.

39. Adbar an cuirp a cara
noca leaga lósmara
ní teac flaitgeal corp an cuil
olc an aitread gid ionmuin.

40. Iongnad eagla gam anmain
mo dul ar an ndroccadbaid
ciod do-geib [dé] an corp cádar
ir olc a Dé an dúnárur.

41. Mairg dán tigearna an corp cruad
ro ba fearr dúinn a doirrar
gid do-beir fé olc oirne
ní hé an corp ar gcomairge.

42. Re mac ingine Anna
fuaigeam uile ar n-anmanna
go gceanglam ar gcéill 'r ar gconn
rir an réid feangdonn rúlcorr.

43. Go dragdam fíoc Meic Muire
go fírean n-a fíogcuire
go gceanglam ar gcorp fan gcat
go ndeaglam fe port dreactac.

P.

Translation

1. Sinful our race in all its hosts; why should ye be over proud? We were formed in lust from blood; this, I hold, should make us austere.
2. Men are not the offspring of the dove; their adulterous origin consists in this that a progeny was got from the dove under the appearance of the other bird (*i.e.* the turtle-dove).
3. A progeny—that of the turtle-dove—was given to man; he is no progeny from fair spelt of noble salmon.
4. Evil the nature of the earthy body; no true beauty is its deceitful colour; small glory is its due; poor the wretched creature, poor its strength.
5. The body is mud throughout and no dewy flowering soil; it is no fruit of plant, no field in soft May.
6. Not silver or gold is the beauty of the body doomed to burning; though our bodies be white (?) in life, their real nature is black bark (?).
7. Our origin is no nut or brown acorn or sloe or apple or white-stemmed fair-topped sapling—it is blood-gouts.
8. Not from honey or milk or vine do I come but from a base black blood-flow; neither is the olive tree my source.
9. Our origin is not a fair whelp of good pack nor the fruit of a blossoming tree; baser thy stock O man!

10. It is no pure grain of wheat but a base clot of blood; no branch of the fair vine have you found it out to be in the day of Hell.
11. The comely bodies of the whole world are worth, when dead, not a single ounce; though a man's flesh be comely and fair it is none the nobler for that.
12. To seek payment for praise of the earthy body is, O Lord, great folly; poor is the song sung to the body rotting at its core.
13. Sorry wisdom in thee, O blind man, is the adorning of thy body; thou art adorning thy foe who is seeking to ruin thee.
14. No fruitful tree is the earthy body; Hell is its similitude; every particle of good food which it consumes in its hungry stomach it turns to poison.
15. The world about thee is thy seducer, O body; thou hast let thyself be ruined by deceitful shadow.
16. Fair as is bright silver, its end is decay; for all its yellow sheen gold is rottenness; it deceives multitudes by its colour.
17. Lying are the world's treasures and banquets, its gold and raiment and all its shapely forms; clearly I see them being worn away.
18. Lying are its white goblets and bowls and cups—all mere deceits; how foolish is he who sees it not!
19. Woe to all the fair bodies and bright cheeks which the harlot's sweet words take from us to lie with the beetle.
20. The demon's favourite snare is the harlot's cheek: it inflicts sore wound on my heart; woe to him who gazes on it, O Creator.
21. Deceitful the grey dark-browed eye, the fair tressed hair, the rosy face, and white teeth; guileful as they are, they escape not death.
22. The shapely body and fair limb are torn and blackened in the end; feet and hands shall be wasted and fouled and chilled and riddled.
23. Why alas! is not death with its horror ever-present to my heart? 'Twere wisdom to nourish horror for what every man becomes after death.
24. O ye who spend your substance as though ye were to live for ever, 'tis your great love for the world which keeps you from thinking of death.
25. For every man down to the very last of them is death certain; not a hair of his head will death leave him who has not had courage to look forward to the grave.
26. Hell is the great Death after which the soul lies in sore strait; death, death complete in Hell, how foolish is he who thinks not of it.
27. After a body has been a spell in the grave it is a distressing sight, a feast for creeping things, a mass of worms; Oh, even to touch them disgusts one.
28. Were there not the danger of Hell and were the body's safety secure, those who, striving to preserve their bodies, prefer sin to death(?), are pitifully foolish.
29. A fierce scout set on leading me astray is this body so fond of sleep and food, so hostile and aggressive, evil ungrateful and unruly.
30. The body, a sea-monster, is the soul's foe; it is the great whirlpool keeping the soul from God's haven.
31. Ugly the produce got from the body; its openings are as sewers; better were light not thrown on its hidden filth.
32. Better not cultivate over-much the body; its sweat is its (only) harvest; woe to him who cares for the wormy body, a grassless barren field.
33. From its ears comes only filth, ugly, red, salty; the matter to be got from eyes and nose is a dread presage (of death).
34. Though I speak boastfully of my body it is a sewer; I should admit this description of it, O God, were I to view myself from within.
35. Woe to him who gives up Heaven for the contemptible body; small price for entering Heaven is the chastising of a dread foe like the body.
36. Like the tide now ebbing now out (?) is man's belly, its food now within it now without; discomfort is its appointed doom.
37. Never happy till full is the thirsty hungry body; woe to him who makes much of (?) the vessel; a month's drought hurts not good grain.

38. Pitiful is the struggle we make against our departure from the evil body; the thing which is (really) fearsome to apprehend ere it comes to us is the sinful body like to a prison.

39. The substance of the body, my friend, is not precious jewels; no fair-walled mansion is the sinful body; it is a poor dwelling, much as we love it.

40. Strange that my soul should fear my leaving that evil house; though the body gets honour from it, it (the body) is yet, O God, a miserable dwelling.

41. Woe to him whose master is the body of clay; better for us to rebel against it; yet the body inflicts evil on us, it is no protection to us.

42. Let us all bind our souls to the Son of Anne's daughter; let us bind our sense and mind to the majestic graceful soft-eyed Lord.

43. May we get the pardon of Mary's Son and come to His royal banquet; let us restrain our flesh in temptation, and keep far from the bourne appointed to sinners.

Notes

MSS: D ii 1 f. 122 (D); H 3 18 ff. 865, 859 (H)

1 *a* peccaċ D, peaċtaċ H *b* cṙaet D; ar n-a H. *d* ni ba c. H. 2 quoted IGT 1. 496 with ḋénuiṁ ṙa ḋeoiġ in *c* and ṙéġuin in *d*. *c* ḋ. ve H *d* in neoin HD. 3 not in H. 4 *a* ouċur H *d* tṙeiṙi D; iṙ ṙ. in tṙu ṙa t. H. 5 *ab* láṫaċ: voṁoṙcáṫaċ D. *c* ṙuġcṙaoṫ raspberry? *d* ġ. mao bṙ. H; mḃeiltaine D 6 *c* aċo not in H; baile DH *d* paiṁti D, beaṁte H; a ou. D, ar nou. H. 7 *a* veṙcu D *c* ṙ. baṙṙġeal H. *d* ṙuillṁaṫ D. 8 not in H. *a* iṙ D. 9 *b* ni holuṁo ṙ. H. *c* meaiṙ D. *d* vaeṙ in ḋ. ḋa D. 10 *b* bṁaḋan H *c* ṙ. imo H, c. voṁn ṙ. D. *d* ṙíneḃaṙ D ṁeaḃaiṙ H; inam a 1. D. 11 *b* ar n-eġ ní ṙiu enuiṁge H. 12 *b* coiṁġi H. 13 *a* ṫai aġ D. *b* reiṙin H, eiṙṙium D. 14 not in H. *b* innamail D. *c* biuġ D. *d* a cuṙ iṙ in clí caiċmiḋ D. 15 not in H *b* ata i t. D. *c* oṙcuḋ D *d* ḋoṫ coṙcuṙ D. 16 *b* iṙ o. ḋuṙ ma ḋeuṙaḋ H. *c* moṙ ḋ. D; ḋuine ḋa ḋaṫ H. 17 *a* a muiṙṙiṁ ṙa H. *b* a oṙṙa a aṙṙaḋa D, ar ṙa aiṁġeaḋa H. *d* loċṙocuḋ H, loċṙocuḋ D; trans. uncertain; from locar "a plane"; *cf.* IGT 1. 725. 18 *d* i ḋuine naċ bṙeaċuiṫḋ H. cṙaet . . . . . oṙeaċann D. 19 not in H. *c* ġaċ ġlan D. 20 *b* oṙéaċar D. *c* ḋoḃeṙiṙ D; cṙaiḋi D. 21 *c* aiġeḋ D. 22 *b* eaṅġaċ, *cf.* Measgra Danta p. 250; ḋ. ma ḋ. H. 23 *c* ar in neaġ H. *d* ḋa comeṫ D. 24 *a* ḃeaṫ H. *d* cuibṁi D. 25 *a* ciṁti D *c* ṙuicṙea D, oṙeucṙa H; ḋuaill an ṙ. H. *d* in nuaġ D; an uaiḋ H. 26 *b* moṙ am meḋ an ṫanam [?] ar anoġ H. *c* an teaġṙin ar eaġ H. *d* cṙaet D; naċ oṙeċaṁḋ D, a ḋeaċuin H. *c* lan DH. *d* aċt DH. 28 not in H; Trans. uncertain. *b* aċt ḋo c. na c. D. 29 *a sic* H, tṙéan taiṙṁiġ ita ġar meaṫ D; for taṙṙaiṁġ *cf.* Content. of Bards xxii 23. *c* comiċec na cliaċa D, coiṁṫiġeaċ na ġliaċṫa H. 30 *a* na maṙa H. *d* or "Leech, Sucker" 33, 31, 32 after 36 in H. 31 *b* ar a ċ. ṅe cuṁḋaċ H. 32 *a* c. a ḋuaṙ H. *b* iṙ é allur H. 33 *a* ní ṫiġ a ċl. H. 34 *a* ita C; ċ. maṙ ċ. H. *c* ġ. mun ġl. H, ṙan ġl. D. After 34 in H is ní ḃlaġ iṙ oṙoċṙeaṙṙ vealḃ ḋe ní ṙuil ṙalaċ na ṙiṙḋe [ṙiuġḋe ?]: ó tá an coṙṙ a-maċ ġan maoin aċt [uċ ?] ṅo buḋ olc a earġaoin. 35 *b* ċoluinn H; cuitmiḋi D, ċuiṁiġi H. 36 *a* Lege a-maċ 'ṙ ar-toiġ? *b* bi b. ġ. a. agaiḃ H. *c* voċṙaċ i cinte iṙ ḋaṁ ḋi H. 37 not in H; *a* menba D. *b* acaṙaċ D. *c* toṙuḋ inn aiṙġ in ġṙan ġlan D. 38 *a* maiṙġ ḋanab ḋimbliaiḋ oiṁṁ D, tṙuaġ a ḃṙuil ḋimniṁ [?] oṙuinn H. *b* ar noul H. *cd* an claṙ ḋo heġṙaḋ ḋa ṫúṙ an coṙṙ peccaṫaċ maṙ ṙ. D, ní veaclaċ ṁi toċt ṓá ṫúṙ an coṙṙ peacaċ ar ṙ. H. 39 *a* a mo cu. H. *d* aitṁiḃ D. 40 *a* e. ar an a. D. *b* ma ḋul D. *c* ré HD. 41 *c* ḋaṙ t D. *b* ṁḃaḋ veaṙṙ ḋúinn a ḋoimiaḋ H. *c* giḋ ḋo-ḃeiṙ ré olc H; ge ḋa olc D. *d* c. a c. D. 42 *c* ar ġciall HD. *d sic* H, ṁṙ an ṁiġ reaġainn reanġḋonn D. 43 *b* ġoiṙoiṙum a ṁiṫṙuiġe H. *c* ċaṫ H, caṫ D. *d* peacaċ H, peccaṫaċ D.

VENERABLE JOHN TRAVERS AND THE REBELLION OF SILKEN THOMAS

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THE sixteenth century was one of the most important periods in Irish as in English history. The growth of the power of the Crown and the political consequences of the Reformation left a deep impression on the later development of the two kingdoms. At the beginning of the century the strength of the Irish feudal lords was at its highest; and before they could be deprived of their extensive power a series of devastating wars had to take place. Not until this period had any of the Anglo-Irish ever taken arms, in conjunction with the Irish, against the king. The religious question intensified the division between king and lord. Thenceforth most of the Anglo-Irish were to differ from the Church established by law.

From the ascendancy of Wolsey the position of Ireland in the royal dominions was to interest English administrators. An attempt was made, by this last of the great clerical chancellors of England, to limit the powers of the Anglo-Irish princes, in whose territories no royal writ could run. And of all the lords whose independence demanded attention, the Earl of Kildare, chief of the Leinster Geraldines, was easily the first. The foremost living authority on mediaeval Ireland has referred to the immediately preceding generation as that of the "all-but-kingship of Kildare." [1] The viceroyalty of Ireland had practically become an appendage of the earldom, and the Tudors, in their inability to break up the power of the Irish dynastic lords, had, perforce, to make over the government of the country to the most dangerous opponent of the policy of centralisation. It seemed like accident

[1] E. Curtis, *History of Mediaeval Ireland* (London, 1923), ch. xiv

that this hegemony of the Fitzgeralds should come to an end so suddenly.

Garrett Oge, the ninth Earl of Kildare, appeared to be as supreme in Ireland as his father had been. Despite the hatred of the powerful Legate-Chancellor of England, he retained his position as the dominant ruler of feudal Ireland. It was of little avail that an English Lord Deputy and an English Lord Chancellor were appointed, in an endeavour to limit his pretensions. In a very short time Kildare had supplanted the first and ousted the second; and, but for a serious wound which rendered him practically useless in public affairs, he might very well have remained until his death the uncrowned king of Ireland. A supremacy based on personal qualities generally terminates with the passing of the individual. And when Kildare sickened, the power was grasped by the enemies, and a successful intrigue sent him to London and to the Tower. Even then the nominal rule remained with the dying man, and for the duration of his absence he was permitted to nominate a substitute. The privilege was duly exercised to invest with the viceregal office his eldest son, Lord Offaly, better known to later generations as Silken Thomas. In a Machiavellian age a diabolical mind conceived the plan of sending a false report to Ireland of the execution of Kildare; and Offaly, in all the pride of his race and the independence of his rank, abjured the viceregal office and foreswore his allegiance, in June 1534.

From that moment it was inevitable that Offaly should take arms and endeavour to maintain himself and, if possible, Ireland against the royal power. It was inevitable, too, that he should utilise every possible rallying cry to bring supporters to his standard. The friends of the House of Kildare were many; the number of those who feared it was even greater. From these elements were recruited the majority of Offaly's supporters, in the first days of a conflict of feudalism against a mighty

overlord and of a war of personal revenge. But another force gave additional support to the outraged prince, which, in more experienced hands, might have proved the decisive factor in that very unequal struggle. Henry had been under the ban of papal excommunication since the previous October ; and in the following March sentence had been given against him, and in favour of Catherine of Aragon, in the great divorce case.[1] In the same month the English parliament had passed the Act of Succession, which provided for the descent of the crown to the children of Henry and of Anne Boleyn. The royal claim to the title of Supreme Head of the Church in England had already been recognised by the clerical convocations. And so it was possible for Offaly to add the motive of religion to those for which he took up arms. It was against his schismatic sovereign that he appealed for support to the Holy See and to the Emperor, representing his movement as based solely on religion.

There is no doubt that Henry's breach with Rome was not the immediate cause of the rebellion in Ireland. The outbreak took place because of the reported execution of Kildare. Many, if not most, of the insurgents were personal connections, either Irish or Anglo-Irish, of the House of Kildare. But evidence exists that there were some who had entered it as a protest against the new religious policy. After the failure of the rebellion and the defeat and capture of Kildare,[2] a series of questions to be put to him was drawn up. He was to be asked what spiritual persons in Ireland had told him that the King was a heretic, whose allegiance it was lawful to renounce ; and to be required to furnish a list of his clerical councillors.[3] The names of these persons, however, have not transpired.

That Offaly should have identified himself at all with the papal cause, against the schismatic King, must

[1] Pastor, *History of the Popes*, x. 283, 285.
[2] The old Earl had died soon after the beginning of the rising.
[3] *Letters and Papers of Henry VIII* (hereafter cited as *L.P.*), ix 514.

unquestionably have been due to the existence in Ireland of some clerical and, possibly, secular opposition to Henry on religious grounds. To this must be added the evidence furnished by the story of the Venerable John Travers. Many of the details concerning him were embodied in an article by the late J. B. Wainewright,[1] whose summary may be given here. "John Travers, S.T.P., Chancellor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, was executed, for high treason, at Oxmantown Green, Dublin, after condemnation, 1 August 1534, by a jury, and after imprisonment in Dublin Castle, in or before February 1537. It would also appear that he was attainted, and that he wrote a book in support of the supremacy of the Pope, and that a miracle took place at his execution."

Of his early life Wainewright knew nothing, but it would seem that Travers was a graduate of Oxford and a secular chaplain when, in February 1521, he became a master of arts. In the same year he was retained for the reading of prayers in Magdalen College, but was not on the foundation. He seems also to have acted as auditor of Burell chest—one of the student endowment schemes either in that year [2] or in 1531.[3] He became bachelor of divinity in the summer of 1531, and took his doctorate in that faculty in July 1532.[4] He appears to have been an Englishman, and was, possibly, related to the John Travers who was mayor of Oxford in 1519 and 1520 and who was appointed by the king to collect the subsidy in 1523, and again in 1524, in which year he purchased the lease of the manor and parsonage of Daventry from William Brabazon who was acting for Wolsey under Cromwell.[5] This latter fact is mentioned, as it might

[1] "The Henrician Venerabiles," *Downside Review* (Dec. 1913), xxxii. 276. I am indebted to the Rev. C. A. Newdigate, S.J., for referring me to this article.

[2] Boase, *Register of the University of Oxford*, i. 115.

[3] Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses*, 1500-1714, p. 1503. This may be a misprint.

[4] Boase, *op. cit.*, i. 165; Wood, *Fasti Oxonienses*, p. 94.

[5] Wood, *City of Oxford* (ed. 1899), iii. 27-8; *L.P.* iii. 3282; iv. 214, 547, 4275, 4278.

well have been attributed to the Oxford divine. If the statement by Dean Lawlor, in his *Fasti of St. Patrick's, Dublin*, is correct, Travers evidently came to Dublin no earlier than 1533, as in that year William Power seems to have been Chancellor of the Cathedral.[1] This date would agree with the record of his life at Oxford.

Travers became an intimate of the Dean of St. Patrick's, Geoffrey Fyche, who at one time desired to resign in his favour.[2] It was probably the outbreak of the rebellion which put an end to this proposal. In the rebellion itself the Chancellor did not play a conspicuous part. Rarely is mention made of him in the contemporary documents. He was employed by Offaly as an emissary to the city of Dublin in September 1534, when negotiations were in progress to gain entrance thereto in an endeavour to capture the Castle.[3] Again, among the hostages given by Fitzgerald to the city early in October, in concluding a six-weeks truce, appears the name of Doctor Travers.[4] On the seventeenth a relief force from England entered the capital, and Travers became a prisoner. The capture of Maynooth Castle, in the March of 1535, virtually ended the rising. Travers, together with Edward Rookes, a sea-captain of Offaly's, suffered death on Oxmantown Green.

Such is the brief account of the chronicler.[5] For the rest we are dependent on tradition. Not thirty years later, Archdeacon Harpsfield tells the story of Travers as it was known to him. Although he could not have witnessed the Doctor's death, he was old enough to have heard about it at the time it took place ; while Stanihurst, on the other hand, had not then been born. But the story the Archdeacon tells might have been that of a different personage. There is no word of the

[1] Lawlor, *Fasti of St. Patrick's Dublin*, p. 63. Reference cannot be traced.
[2] *L.P.* xii. i. 405 (*State Papers, Henry VIII* (11 vols., 1830-1854, hereafter cited as *St. P.*), ii. 420).
[3] Stanihurst in Holinshead, *Chronicle* (ed. Hooker, 1586), i. 93, 94.
[4] Holinshead, i. 93 ; *St. P.* ii. 203 (*L.P.* vii. 1389).
[5] Holinshead, i. 93.

Geraldine insurrection; no word of treason or of political occurrences. Travers, he declared, had been executed for writing a book in favour of the papal supremacy, and a miracle had taken place, it was said, at his death—the fingers with which he declared he had written the book having been preserved intact when thrown upon a fire. Briefly, this is the Catholic tradition.[1] Later versions need not detain us, except to note that in the seventeenth century the date, 30 July 1539, became associated with the death of Travers, and the place of execution was believed to be Tyburn. This date first appears in the *English Martyrologe*, 1608, by John Wilson.[2] Wainewright conjectures that this is due to a confusion of two sources, one of them being *Hibernia Resurgens*, by "Donatus Rork." This conjecture, however, is without foundation, as the work in question was written by Bishop David Rothe, and printed no earlier than 1621. But it will be seen that while a mistake took place in the year, the rest of the date was accurately preserved. In 1620 it was stated that Travers had been executed at Tyburn; but this was due to a misreading of Surius who, however, does not mention the place of death at all.[3] In the following year Father Henry FitzSimon, S.J., refers to him, and accepts the inaccurate date and place; but we learn, incidentally, that a life of Travers—possibly no more than a short note—was written by Father Stephen White.[4] It is possible that this will yet be found with Father White's literary remains. In 1629 still another work relating to the martyrs embodies the inaccuracies.[5]

There is no reason for refusing to believe the story

[1] [N. Harpsfield] Alan Cope, *Dialogi Sex* (Antwerp, 1566), p. 995.

[2] His name is sometimes inaccurately given as John Watson (Wainewright, *Downside Review*, xxxii, 280).

[3] *Commentarius Brevis*, 1500-1568 (Cologne, 1568), pp. 343-4, *ad an.* 1535. Surius follows Harpsfield in relating the story. See also *Theatre of the Catholique and Protestant Religion* . . . by I.C. (1620), pp. 558, 578.

[4] *Catalogvs Praecipvorvm Sanctorum Hiberniae*, in *Hiberniae sive antiquioris scotiae vindiciae* . . . . by G.F. (Antwerp, 1621), p. 97. FitzSimon, *Brittanomachia Ministrorum* (Douay, 1614), pp. 178-9, mentions no date or place; *cf.* E. Hogan, *Distinguished Irishmen of the Sixteenth Century* (London 1894), p. 288.

[5] Philip O'Sullivan Beare, *Patritiana Decas* (Madrid, 1629), p. 165.

related by Harpsfield, although it has been summarily rejected by the Rev. Professor Jourdan, who regards the miracle element in it as but a later accretion, for which the Archdeacon was personally responsible. He declares that the latter probably got the idea for his story from the fate of the Protestant martyr, William Flower, who was sentenced to lose his hand, in addition to being burnt as a heretic, as he had attacked with a knife a priest celebrating Mass. Harpsfield, Professor Jourdan suggests, " may have been concerned in the chopping off of Flower's hand." He further speculates, without however adducing any proof, that Travers was first punished for infringing the Irish Act against the papal supremacy (1536) and afterwards executed for his connection with the rebellion of Silken Thomas.[1] The veracity of the Archdeacon has only been appreciated in our own day; but his account, of course, was only part of the complete history of the death of the Chancellor of St. Patrick's. As regards the date, it would certainly seem that 30 July —1535—was very nearly, if not quite correct, but the statement that Travers suffered in London is not borne out by the facts. No sixteenth century writer suggests that the final scene took place elsewhere than in Dublin.

Before considering the question whether Travers was in fact a martyr or a rebel, it is necessary to review the evidence as to the actual date of execution. It has been contended by Wainewright that the most likely date was February 1537. But the trial is stated to have been as early as 1 August 1534. This latter date has been taken from Cotton,[2] who based it on a misreading of a transcript of part of the formal record of the trial, made by Sir James Ware and now preserved in the British Museum.[3] Actually this tells us nothing of either

[1] W. Alison Phillips, editor, *History of the Church of Ireland* (London, 1933-4), ii. 218-9; *cf.* Gairdner, *English Church in the Sixteenth Century*, p. 355. For a further discussion of the miracle connected with Travers's execution see Wainewright.

[2] *Fasti Ecclesiae Hiberniae*, ii. 115.

[3] " Joh. Travers cl'icus Cancellarius eccl'iae S. Patricij iux^a Dublin ex malitia prcogitata po [x o?] die Augusti An. 26 Hen. 8 ap'd. Kilmaynam in com' Dublin.

the date of trial or that of execution, and it confirms the story of Stanihurst, that it was for his part in the rising of Lord Offaly that Travers was indicted and sentenced. The actual trial must have taken place no earlier than the year 1535. The English relieving force had landed at Dublin on 17 October 1534,[1] and late in December the Council at Dublin was seeking permission to carry out the first executions.[2] Accordingly, several of Kildare's sea-captains suffered the extreme penalty in the following February.[3] From the account given by Stanihurst it would seem that Travers and one of the sea-captains, Edward Rookes, were executed together. Now Rookes must have been alive as late as the month of June 1535.[4] There is a memorandum of Thomas Cromwell's, taken in that month, regarding his case. Moreover, in the Act for the attainder of Silken Thomas and of his uncles, Rookes is referred to in a manner which would indicate that he had not yet been executed. Some others, Parese and MacGilsenan by name,[5] who had been summarily dealt with after the capture of Maynooth, were included in the Act that their property might fall to the Crown. There is no evidence, on the other hand, that Rookes was tried by court of law or executed, so that it cannot be presumed that he was dead before the passing of the Act at the end of May 1536.[6] But those attainted therein, who had not been removed to England, were evidently executed immediately afterwards. On the first of June, a further communication to Cromwell states that " dyvers others have been already

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confederans cum Tho. [fitz]Gerald fil' Geraldi nuper com' Kildare Rebelli d'ni R. false—conspiravit tunc et ib'm inter ipsos contra d'c'm dm Regem—et Jur' dicunt sup sacr'um suu' qd praedt'us Jo. Travers est oi'o culpabilis—et considerat' est p cur' [curiam] capiatr ad prison[.] unde venit et ab inde tractat' p mod' rite [cite ?] usque ad locum execut' &c. " Add MSS. 4793. f. 124v. I have to thank the Rev. C. A. Newdigate, S.J. and Miss M. Blatcher, B.A. for copies of this document.

[1] *L.P.* vii. 1389 (*St. P.* ii. 203). [2] *L.P.* vii. 1573 (*St. P.* ii. 223).
[3] *L.P.* viii. 222 (*St. P.* ii. 225). [4] *L.P.* viii. 892.
[5] This is his name on the statute roll (Public Record Office of Ireland, at Dublin); in the printed statute it is written " in Gilsenan."
[6] *L.P.* x. 937 (*St. P.* ii. 318).

executed." [1] Certainly it would seem that the end took place no later than May 1536. The contention of Wainewright, that it may have been as late as February 1537, was based on the fact that the six Fitzgeralds, Silken Thomas and his five uncles, were all hanged at that time at Tyburn. He further adduces in evidence two references to Travers in the *Letters and Papers*, 1537. One of these related to the goods and chattels of traitors and outlaws, including John Travers, S.T.P.; the other was a warrant for payment to Sir John White, constable of Dublin Castle, of expenses for diet of prisoners, including Dr. Trevers, Edward Rokkes, William Purcell, and others.[2] But these appear in the accounts of the Treasurer, Brabazon, and relate to the period 1535-7. The account of Stanihurst, then, would lead us to conclude that Travers was among those who, together with Rookes, were executed between 21 May and 1 June 1536.

Some further evidence, however, puts a different complexion on the matter. While Rookes is specifically attainted in the parliamentary Act, Travers is passed over unmentioned; consequently, the statement in the accounts of Brabazon, that he was attainted, must not be held to mean that he was tried by parliamentary bill of attainder. Now attainder is "neither a conviction nor the results of a conviction, but the results of judgment following on conviction . . . . . in cases of treason or capital felony. These results were forfeiture and corruption of blood. By attainder in cases of treason, lands were forfeited to the Crown" [3]. Travers, having been found guilty of treason by a court, was not executed on the authority of the parliamentary Act, and his exclusion from the Act was due to the fact that the king had come into possession of his property by his conviction. The Ware note, extracted from the formal record of a trial by jury in a court of justice,

[1] *L.P.* x. 1029 (*St. P.* ii. 321). [2] *L.P.* xii. ii. 1310. I (45), and II (9).
[3] *Encyclopaedia of the Laws of England* (2nd ed. 1906), i. 616.

tells us that Travers was indicted and found guilty of treasonable conspiracy committed at Kilmainham with Thomas, son of the King's rebel, Gerald, the late Earl of Kildare. As Kilmainham was in the county of Dublin, the case must have been tried at the county assizes, which probably took place in the summer.[1] Execution, in accordance with the contemporary usage would seem to have taken place almost immediately after sentence, and it would, therefore, appear that the date traditionally associated with Travers—30 July—was fairly close to the actual date. Ten days later, on 9 August 1535, one Nicholas Alan was nominated by the king for the vacant chancellorship of St. Patrick's, that benefice being in the gift of the Archbishop of Dublin, who was dead.

It remains to consider the great question of the cause of Travers's connection with the insurrection, and therefore of his death. Was he martyr or rebel? With Wainewright, it must be agreed that the trial was undoubtedly one for treason. The Ware note bears this out; there is no reference in it to the work on the papal supremacy. It must be admitted, then, that the writing of this letter, if a charge against him at all, was purely subsidiary to the main charge; it cannot, therefore, be regarded as the actual charge upon which he was tried, sentenced, and executed. It was not on a *charge* of upholding the papal supremacy that Travers suffered death.

The evidence which would point to Dr. Travers being merely a rebel must now be considered. This need not detain us very long. From the charge at the trial, the statements of Stanihurst, and the references in the State Papers, a complete story might be pieced together which would seem to prove this case. And even when there is added the information in Harpsfield, of the Catholic tradition concerning him, it in no way, as has been stated,

[1] By the middle of June, the government was considering the arrangements for the trial of those of the important prisoners who had not been arraigned in February, when Kildare's sea-captains were sentenced; *L.P.* vii. 880 (*St. P.* ii. 246). I have to thank Mr. Charles McNeill for pointing out that it must have been at the county assizes that Travers appeared.

takes away from the fact that it was for his complicity in the rebellion that Travers was indicted and sentenced. On the face of it, the Chancellor of St. Patrick's would seem to have been but the victim of a political conflict.

When, however, the insurrection is viewed as a whole, the real answer to the question can be ascertained. It has already been stated that there were some whose connection with the rebellion was due to the religious issue, and who consequently regarded that movement as a fit occasion for renouncing their allegiance to an excommunicated king. The religious element in the struggle was an important one. Apart from those who for that reason joined the insurgent Geraldine in the actual operations, there was an even greater field wherein it was hoped that the spiritual plea would be effective in gaining allies. To the Pope and to the Emperor Kildare appealed, desiring of the former absolution for the killing of Archbishop Alen—represented as being on the side of the English and, therefore, impliedly a schismatic—and asking that the English King should be deposed. And important persons in Europe were able to obtain enough information to satisfy themselves that the religious element in the outbreak had become the paramount one. Among them may be mentioned the Pope; Reginald, later Cardinal Pole; [1] Dr. Ortiz [2] and Eustace Chapuys,[3] the Imperial representatives at Rome and London respectively. According to Ortiz, the Pope sent Kildare a brief, gave the required absolution, and promised to allow Henry no further indulgence.[4] All this took place after the imprisonment of Dr. Travers. It is merely stated here to illustrate the importance of the religious issue. Moreover it was not

[1] In August, 1536, Pole heard from the English ambassador in France, "illum, qui pro Pontificis authoritate in Hibernia anima [*recte* arma] sumpserat, et res strenue gerere inceperat, qui postea sponte se in Regis potestatem accepta impunitatis fide dedit, hunc vero cum quatuor ejus avunculis condemnatum;" i *Epistolarum Reginaldi Poli* (Breschia, 1744-57, i. 481). I am indebted to the Rev. John MacErlean, S.J., for this reference. [2] *L.P.* ix. 557, 681; viii. 904. [3] *Ibid.* vii. 1057.

[4] *Ibid.* viii. 746; ix. 557; xi. 234 (*Calendar of the Carew MSS.* i. 98); *Cal. State Papers, Spanish*, 1534-5, p. 463; 28 Henry VIII, c. 1 (Irish statutes)

until Travers was a prisoner, that the vicars-general of the Dublin diocese pronounced the excommunication on Kildare, from which he was to be freed by the Pope.[1] Technically, therefore, Travers was under no canonical disability for supporting the Geraldine.

Was Travers, then, a martyr in the cause of religion? The man who went as negotiator and, later, as hostage to the city of Dublin, had no connection whatever with the Geraldines. A member of the community of the Cathedral church of St. Patrick, he must have been alien in sympathy to the Anglo-Irish dynast, while, as a citizen of Dublin, he would have regarded the destruction of the connection with England as the greatest possible calamity. Unlike others of the ecclesiastics who were involved, such as the Dean of Kildare and the Archdeacon of Kells, Travers was neither the holder of a benefice in the gift of the Fitzgeralds nor connected with them by race or sympathy. We have no knowledge of his origin, but he must have been born either in England or in Dublin. The vast majority of the higher positions in the Church, within the Pale, and all those in Dublin, were the monopoly of English-born ecclesiastics. An exception to this rule would only be made in favour of a native of the city. It was not racial or political sympathy, then, which caused the Chancellor of St. Patrick's to adhere to the Geraldine rebel, nor could any personal motives have been in question. The Chancellor had nothing to gain and everything to lose by supporting a rebellion which was opposed by most of his spiritual brethren in the capital. Travers must have entered the camp of Offaly as a crusader against the schismatic King. If any other proof were necessary, it would be the tradition as to the book he had written in defence of the papal supremacy. The

[1] This took place no earlier than November, 1534, and after the death of the old Earl, who is referred to in the document as already dead; (*L.P.* vii. 1420 (*St. P.* ii. 217); *L.P.* vii. 1418 (*St. P.* ii. 205), and to whom, therefore, a copy of the excommunication could not have been given, as the editors of *St. P.* and later writers such as Canon Jourdan (Alison Phillips, *op. cit.*, ii. 182, 189n) suggest.

fact that this tradition existed, in itself demonstrates the real nature of the association of the Venerable John Travers with Silken Thomas. Moreover, it may actually have been for his religious principles that he was indicted on the treason charge. Certainly, it was no offence in Ireland to advocate the papal supremacy, until the Irish parliament of 1536 had passed the Acts declaring the king to be head of the Church and abolishing the papal jurisdiction.[1] It was impossible, then, to indict Travers for denying the royal claims in religious matters. No other course lay open to the government than to try him for treason. And it is significant that those of his comrades who were also left as hostages with the city of Dublin are not known by name, nor is there any evidence that they were executed. Travers was the conspicuous personage, and the reason seems obvious. Hence, it must be concluded that, while he perished as a condemned traitor, his treason was but the putting into practice of that doctrine which he had upheld with his pen.

To summarise :—John Travers, S.T.P., Chancellor of St. Patrick's Dublin, was executed on a charge of treasonable conspiracy with Silken Thomas. At least some of those implicated in this movement had looked upon it as a crusade against Henry VIII after his excommunication. Of these, Travers almost certainly was one. In no other way can his association with the insurrection be explained. The book which tradition states he had written in defence of the papal supremacy is the strongest proof of this. He was tried before a jury at a Dublin county assizes in the year 1535, probably in the month of July (certainly no later). Had he not ranged himself with the defenders of the Pope, he might well have escaped prosecution, as did others of the rebels.

R. Dudley Edwards

[1] For a summary of the effects of this legislation, see my "Tudor Religious Policy in Ireland," *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Fifth Series, xliii. 195.

REVIEWS

Religion

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS. Translation and Commentary. By V. Rev. Patrick Canon Boylan, M.A., D.D., D.Litt. Dublin : Gill. 1934. 17s. 6d.

EVEN a cursory reading of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans might well convince a reasonable man that, if Christianity is to be made undogmatic, St. Paul must be completely set aside. For here is a great theological and dogmatic treatise, the purely ethical teaching being reserved to a few chapters at the end. One after another most of the fundamental dogmas of Christianity are unfolded—the Fatherhood of God, the Divinity of Christ, the Trinity, Original Sin, the Redemption, Salvation through belief in Christ, Baptism, the Resurrection of Christ, the Resurrection of the Body, and others besides. From this the importance of the Epistle is already apparent. It establishes the foundations of Christianity.

From a Catholic point of view it has a further importance. Lutheranism was nothing if not dogmatic, and it was principally in the Epistles of St. Paul that Luther strove to find the proofs of his dogmas. In the controversy as to whether his doctrine of justification by faith without works and the external imputation of the merits of Christ is to be found in Scripture this Epistle is of crucial importance.

But quite apart from such controversies, in which the vast body of Protestants have long lost interest, apart, too, from St. Paul's elaborate refutation of Judaism, the Epistle contains, as one of the commentators remarks, a body of teaching the richness of which centuries of Christian interpreters have failed to exhaust, and it is, says Père Lagrange, for us to-day an inexhaustible source of light.

For these reasons and for the further reason that up to the present there has not been published a full scientific commentary from the Catholic point of view and in English, we welcome this great new commentary.

For the sake of readers who may be unacquainted with Canon Boylan's previous works—*The Psalms*, *The Epistle to Hebrews*, etc.—and unaware of his standing as, for many years, Professor of Sacred Scripture in Maynooth College and Professor of Eastern Languages in the National University, it is well to call attention to the fact that we have here the work of a mature scholar and the result of a life-time of Scriptural study and teaching.

The main impression made on the present reviewer on reading the work is the admirable clearness with which this very difficult

Epistle is here elucidated. There may remain some obscurity as to the meaning of St. Paul, there is none as to the meaning of the commentator. Witness the clear and convincing exposition of the Catholic doctrine of justification (p. 57), of the doctrine of Original Sin (p. 85 *sq.*), the lucid summary (p. 126 *sq.*) of the vital passage, ch, viii, 1-39, the demonstration (p. 101) that the rite of Baptism has no relation whatever to the Mystery Cults.

It can never be said of Canon Boylan's commentary, as it must be said of many others, that one is unable to see the wood for the trees ; for the sequence of St. Paul's thought throughout is set forth in clear summaries together with helpful headings and analyses. Space has been gained by the omission of the Greek text, and the translation has been relegated to the end of the book ; so that the commentary goes straight ahead without a break. Canon Boylan has clearly read all the principal commentaries, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, but he has not cluttered up his notes with strings of German names nor with quotations ; textual criticism is given its due place, but is not suffered to hold up the commentary. And the Canon has made use of his erudition soberly and sparingly.

The translation, for a reason not apparent to the reviewer, is set forth in short clauses giving the effect of free verse. It is in modern, not archaic, English, and aims, as the author tells us, at clearness rather than elegance. Commentary and translation are based, not on the Latin Vulgate, but on the original Greek, though St. Jerome's version is kept constantly in view. It is noteworthy that in translating St. Paul's word *δικαιοσύνη* the author retains the rendering " justice " used in the older English translations, preferring it to " righteousness " (which seems to express the meaning more in accordance with English usage) and to " justness," the term adopted in the Westminster Catholic version.

The book is finely printed on good, if somewhat stiff, paper ; but it is merely cased, not bound. And in view of the wide sale the work is sure to have, the publisher's price seems excessive.

S. J. B.

L'ECOLE MYSTIQUE CARMELITAINE. By P. Crisogono de Jésus Sacramentado O.D.C. Ouvrage traduit de l'espagnol par D. Vallois del Réal. Paris : Vitte. 1934. 20 fr.

Padre Crisogono is well known in Spain as one of the outstanding authorities on St. John of the Cross. His reputation is very high as a scholar and theologian ; and as far as the present

reviewer can judge from this work, the only one he has read, his fame is well deserved. We hope that an English translation, not alone of this but of his great works on St. John of the Cross, will soon materialise. The present volume is an admirable account of the mystical doctrine of the Carmelites of St. Teresa's reform, traced down from its early origins to the latest controversies, well and duly expounded in clear and sometimes forceful language. In many respects it is a model history of theological opinion. The writer does not force his views on us ; he gives us, in his ample quotations and references, full means of controlling his exposition, and he cites fully and fairly the authors he dislikes. It is a thoroughly readable book on a very difficult and obscure subject, contemplative prayer in its theory and practice. A book not merely to buy and read, but to keep for reference, for it gives us an outlook on the vast stores of Spanish mystical literature not yet available in translations. And we get also a very amusing picture of the fierceness of the Spanish spirit in controversy, quite as strenuous in mystical questions as in the famous controversy " De Auxiliis."

Unfortunately not having read Padre Crisogono's earlier work, *San Juan de la Cruz, su obra cientifica y su obra literaria*, I am unable to form an exact opinion as to the learned Carmelite's view of the psychological character of mystical experience. In the present volume I find a certain confusion, perhaps I am quite in error, between types of contemplation which I regard as radically distinct. The division of contemplation into acquired and infused is doubtless adequate from the standpoint of the theologian speculating on the Divine activity of grace and its modes ; but it is a comparatively useless division as establishing a criterion of a given experience. This absence or presence of a sense of effort is no real test of the givenness of the contemplation ; for an infused contemplation might quite possibly encounter psychic friction and resistance which would give a strong sense of effort, and the complete absence of this sense of effort might mask some subconscious maturation and so give the " sense of infusion."

Another point to remark concerning these two types of contemplation is their " content." Can we have an infused contemplation with the same psychological content as in an acquired contemplation and *vice versa*, the infused idea being the same as the idea formed by the normal psychic process ? Is the infused Platonic and the acquired Aristotelian ? Would the ultimate abstraction which gives us the idea of God *via negationis*

be comparable psychologically with the infused " species " which produces the obscure contemplation described by St. John of the Cross ? Or must we admit a third type of contemplation, neither Aristotelian nor Platonic but Plotinian ? I notice that Padre Crisogono not alone is careful to give the author of the *Theologia Mystica* his tab, but speaks of the Areopagite as deriving his ideas from St. Augustine ! " La clarté de l'intelligence et l'ardeur du sentiment étaient déjà réunies chez S. Augustin : aussi est-il le maitre de toutes les écoles. S. Grégoire . . . . . et le pseudo-Aréopagite lui-même a copié ses idées sans le citer " (p. 41). *Sic vos non vobis !* But although Padre Crisogono leaves me still hungry for a solution of what I regard as the fundamental puzzles in mystical contemplation, its " un-knowing " and " un-feeling " character, the Agnosia of the Areopagite, I feel very grateful to him for making me acquainted with so many masters of the spiritual life, St. Teresa's glorious Spanish family.

JOHN HOWLEY

VON HUGEL AND THE SUPERNATURAL. By A. Hazard Dakin, Jr., Ph.D. Sometime Chancellor Greene Fellow in Mental Science at Princeton University. London : S.P.C.K. 1934. 12s. net.

AN Anglican reviewer of this interesting volume headed his review with the title " Von Hügel made easy," a very just appreciation of Dr. Dakin's work. The writer sets out his aim in his preface : " It is hoped that this study of his (von Hügel's) concept of the supernatural, which involves an examination of his religious and philosophic position, may be useful to beginners as an introductory outline and to advanced readers as a reference manual." For the non-Catholic reader Dr. Dakin may justly claim to have succeeded, but the instructed Catholic will hardly fail to note a fundamental unintelligence of our concept of the supernatural. This is, perhaps, inevitable with modern " American " philosophic thought, which in nearly all the great Universities of America, save those that are formally Catholic seats of learning, has in the words of a picturesque headline been " blasting at the Rock of Ages." Dr. Dakin's tone is very respectful and very decent ; he is no Leuba, but in spite of a stern and loyally observed attitude of impartial objectivity, a few asides reveal repressions and repugnances which cannot but interfere in his exposition of a writer so enigmatical in his Catholicism as the late Baron Friedrich von Hügel. Possibly Dr. Dakin has succeeded as well as any Catholic writer in giving

the public a global view of von Hügel's thought ; for the Catholic writer would have had to confront difficulties not less formidable, though of another character.

Von Hügel remains an enigma. Have we any key to his mind ? " The style is the man." Now it is clear and beautiful English, limpid and tender, forcible and vigorous. We see that in his letters, but in his set treatises he is unintelligible, obscure, complicated to the last degree, full of the most abominable pseudo-philosophic, pseudo-scientific jargon. One would think he was obsessed by poor Oscar Wilde's dictum : " To be intelligible is to be found out " ! But our separated brethren, particularly those of the Hibbert persuasion, find everything he wrote quite admirable. He spoke to them in their own language, and they have canonized him. He has had a hearing from them given to no other Catholic contemporary writer. He stroked them the right way and they purred ! In its way it was good Catholic propaganda, and some of our hot-gospellers might take a useful lesson from the Baron's addresses on religious topics. He had that gift of undogmatic unction which is very dear to those who " count it a bondage to fix a belief." And he could write such wonderful spiritual letters.

Side by side with those spiritual letters, masterpieces of a lay director, were others and terrible ones. No lack of clarity when he wrote to encourage Tyrrell and others in their revolt. These letters to Modernist leaders remind one irresistibly of the Port Royal correspondence ; they have the authentic note of heretical pravity : in his published work the Baron is less clear, and it would be more difficult—but not impossible I think—to extract condemnable propositions from them than from the *Augustinus*. But was the Baron a heretic ? The Church did not condemn him or censure his writings. He was treated more tenderly than Acton.

Those who knew the Baron intimately praise him as a singularly lovable character, and the late Dom Cuthbert Butler bears special tribute to his personal spirit of devout prayer. Unless we are prepared to level at him the horrible charge of hypocrisy, we are compelled to admit the possibility of the union in one concrete person of Catholic piety and unrepentant Modernism. That is the enigma for the Catholic critic of von Hügel. What is the answer ? The Eternal Wisdom Who reads the heart of man alone truly knows. We poor mortals can only suggest hypotheses. In an article in this review on Bremond I spoke of the " sinister figure of von Hügel," and my phrase was taken exception to

by an eminent Jesuit. Another Jesuit to whom I mentioned this critique agreed with my view and said : " Von Hugel was a germ-carrier." It was a genial use of analogy. Can we have minds which carry and disseminate errors as the typhoid-carrier disseminates germs from which he suffers no personal inconvenience ? Or was von Hügel the victim of " sensible consolations." He does not appear to have passed through any great spiritual aridities or trials. There is always the terrible danger of spiritual illusion proceeding from " sensible consolations " spiritually misused. Illusion is the half-way house to heresy.

JOHN HOWLEY

Biography

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA. By Margaret Yeo. London : Sheed and Ward. 1934. 7s. 6d.

CARDINAL XIMENES AND THE MAKING OF SPAIN. By Reginald Merton. London : Kegan Paul. 1934. 12s. 6d.

A GENERATION has gone by since Mr. Chesterton sang so lustily of Don John's crusade :

> Vivat Hispania !
> Domino Gloria !
> Don John of Austria has set his people free !

Spain has added more than one chapter to her history since those lines were written ; and the cry *Vivat Hispania !* has been heard from those who have faith in very different creeds. This much at least is certain : that Spain has entered on a new century of vigorous vitality. And it is impossible to read these two books on two very typical Spaniards of the century during which Spain was most glorious, without noting how constant the Spanish nation has been to the character and traditions of her people.

Mrs. Yeo has written a brilliant book : half-biography, half-romance, if you will ; but an amazingly vivid historical reconstruction. In the first chapter young " Jeromin," still ignorant of his father's rank, tosses restlessly in his bed, waiting for the return of his foster-father, the King's trusted minister, Don Luis de Quijada. In the last chapter Don John of Austria, acknowledged brother of King Philip the Prudent and Governor of the Netherlands, lies tossing in fever on his deathbed, broken by the strain of his restless campaigning and still more restless ambitions, but still muttering of his duty to the royal brother in Spain. Between those two scenes the story has moved swiftly, but surely, to its climax at Lepanto and its anti-climax in the camp near

Namur. It would be hard to better any of the writing, and certain scenes—such as the famous ride to the sea in the young boy's eagerness for his first crusade, or the battle-scene at Lepanto ---are admirably dramatised. The professional historian, of course, must be allowed his grumble at the profusion of picturesque details which are so dear to Mrs. Yeo's romantic imagination. After Lepanto, for example, Don John comes down to his cabin, weary from the strain of the battle : " Down here, in the yellow light of the silver lamp, swinging with the roll of the ship, all was quiet. The tattered green Standard of the Prophet lay across a chair. The monkey was curled on the bed, fast asleep." No matter : it is a fine moment, finely told ; and Mrs. Yeo has done a genuine service to Catholic literature by putting her best powers into the telling of Europe's most amazing romance. " Vivat Hispania, Domino gloria." There is something to be said after all for genuine, straightforward enthusiasm.

Mr. Merton has another amazing story to tell ; but he has none of Mrs. Yeo's arts in the manner of his telling. Cardinal Ximenes de Cisneros, the Franciscan ascetic turned statesman and man of action, is perhaps the most Spanish of all the great Spaniards of the sixteenth century. Mrs. Yeo, inevitably, has been unable to resist the temptation of quoting the Cardinal's famous saying that " a whiff of gunpowder in God's cause smells more sweetly than incense at the altar." And the amazing energy of the old statesman in all the long years of his rule is full of that single-minded zeal for a cause which he believed fully to be God's cause in all its details. Mr. Merton's book is no more than a bare narrative of the Cardinal's achievements in the last twenty-five years of his long life ; and he has failed notably in the attempt to make the Franciscan live before our eyes. After all, Ximenes was already a man of fifty-six when Isabella chose him to be her confessor in 1492, thus filling a vacancy that had been caused by the need of making her previous confessor Archbishop of the newly-conquered Granada. Of all that the future Cardinal-Archbishop had experienced, at home in Spain and for several years in Rome of the Quattro-Cento, Mr. Merton has little or nothing to say. The queen's confessor in 1492 is no more than a lay-figure on whom the author hangs, in his later chapters, the astounding embroidery of all the Cardinal's later enterprises. What manner of man was this secular priest turned Franciscan friar, who began his ecclesiastical career by five or six years of imprisonment ; who satisfied his craving for the contemplative life by joining the strictest Observatine community in Spain ;

who spent three years of almost unbroken solitude and prayer at a hermitage in the midst of a forest; and who had already purged the Franciscan Order in Spain of a large number of its laxer brethren when Isabella called him unexpectedly to be her confessor?

For the rest of the story Mr. Merton gives a fair and conscientious account of what Ximenes did as Archbishop of Toledo, as the Queen's first minister, and as the most powerful personality in Castille until at last the young King Charles, soon to be the Emperor Charles V, set him aside as too old and too conservative. Some such book was badly needed in English, for the great Spanish Cardinal has had much less than his due from English historians. And Mr. Merton's admiration for the Cardinal's work as a maker of modern Spain is a much-needed reparation for the neglect or half-contempt of Protestant writers. On one main issue Mr. Merton is out of sympathy with Ximenes. The Archbishop's handling of the Moorish question was beyond all doubt the main cause of the Moorish rising of 1499 in Granada—just as King Philip's handling of Moorish problems was directly responsible for the appalling rebellion of 1568-9. Ximenes suppressed the first rising in blood and fire; Don John of Austria had his first experience of crusading in the grim work of suppressing the second and more formidable rebellion. Is it indeed part of Spain's national inheritance that her very zeal for the defence of Spanish ideals must again and again provoke a reaction which in turn is crushed in blood and fire? Spain is indeed a country with long and bitter memories. Her genius may be harsh and her traditions stern; but there is no doubting the courage, loyalty and virility of her people. A. G.

THE EMPEROR GAIUS (*Caligula*). By J. P. V. D. Balsdon. Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Milford. 1934. 10s.

Readers of history have in the past been more accustomed to the deflation of great reputations than to the inverse process at the hands of historians. In our times reflation would perhaps be the best word to describe what is going on. There is hardly any case in which it could be a more difficult feat than that of the young man who bore the name of Gaius Julius Caesar, and whose reign of less than four years (March, 37 A.D. to January, 41 A.D.) became a sort of model for all the legendary tyrants of later times. Mr. Balsdon has evidently been inspired by the recent remarkable success of an Italian scholar in re-interpreting Gaius's successor, Claudius. His own task has been harder, and

can hardly be said to have been performed with the subtlety and historical insight displayed by Signor Momigliano.

Perhaps the chief difficulty in the case of Gaius is after all merely that his reign was too short. He had time, indeed, to make himself thoroughly disagreeable to the Senate and to those intimates of his, like Chaerea, who soon put him out of their way. He had no time to make any real impression on the fairly continuous policy of the Imperial government. His brief reign very soon became a bizarre legend; he was as good as declared mad by his successor, and belief in his insanity grew constantly till it reached the pitch of incredibility that we find in Dio Cassius' history of him. His four years eclipsed in terror the far longer reigns of both Tiberius, his gloomy predecessor, and Claudius, his pedantic but severe successor. In both their cases we are able to point away from the heaped-up scandals of later gossip-mongers to their highly creditable record on the frontiers and throughout the Empire. In that of Gaius we have little anywhere except gossip. He was the first reigning princeps for many years to go on long journeys through the Empire; but the further he gets from Rome the more fantastic are our accounts of his procedure, till they culminate in the ludicrous folly of the army gathering sea-shells by the English channel.

Mr. Balsdon has had an easy task enough in showing the exaggerations and discrepancies of writers like Suetonius and Dio, who are the principal sources for the horrid stories about Gaius. It is obvious that the whole later tradition—and our only contemporary witness is Philo, the Jew—is wildly prejudiced not only against Gaius but against all the early Emperors. The reason is not far to seek—we find it in the hostility to the Senate which distinguishes all the "bad" Emperors, from Tiberius down to Maximinus Thrax. The Empire as settled by Augustus was a military autocracy in which the old governing classes were "managed" by giving them a share in its direction. Everything depended on the skill of the manager, and his willingness to play the game. The ill-repute of all the other members of his House enhances the genius of Augustus and throws a lurid light on the reality of the hatred that prompted the murder of Julius.

Gaius, to say the least of it, was not skilful. The question which Mr. Balsdon has to answer, and which it is to be feared he does not answer satisfactorily, is whether he was as mad as his enemies said. Many of their tales were proved slanders; but even when all these are pruned away there still remains a

residue of fact, smaller than is ordinarily supposed, yet formidable. Tacitus's phrase "commotus ingenio" may not be so wide of the mark after all. Mr. Balsdon gives one the impression of not having himself made up his mind, with the result that although he clears away the rubbish, he does not bring out fully what lies under it. His book will be of great use to future students as a very complete and trustworthy guide to the materials for an estimate of Gaius; and it will serve to correct the traditional account which is still far too often repeated in even first-class books. But we have to wait longer for a final estimate of the character of Gaius and his real place in history. M. T.

Celtica

BRETHA CROLIGE (*Judgements on Blood-lyings*). Edited with translation and notes by D. A. Binchy.

SICK-MAINTENANCE IN IRISH LAW. By D. A. Binchy.

THE work bearing these titles occupies the recently issued number of *Eriu*, except for two pages of etymological matter by Dr. Bergin.[1] *Bretha Crólige* is an ancient Irish law-tract found in No. 10297 of the Phillips Manuscripts recently acquired by the National Library of Ireland. The tract has the normal content of ancient text and later glosses and commentaries. The ancient text extends to sixty-six paragraphs or sections, and thus in mere bulk it is a considerable addition to the material of Irish law already published. The editorial treatment shows that the standard of editing and translation introduced by Thurneysen for this class of material has now been established here in Ireland, and at once the necessity is made evident for a revised edition of all the texts published by the Commission of 1852. Dr. Binchy fully recognises the precision of the ancient jurists in the use of words and the need of definition and differentiation in the translating equivalents. Doubts and difficulties, such as hardly seemed to exist for the older editors, are avowed and discussed in the copious annotations, which also take account of instances where the material appears to throw light on the meaning of terms found in the earlier published texts. Those who must depend on translations for their understanding of ancient Irish law are provided, so far as this text is concerned, with a fairly safe basis, in contrast to the older translations where uncharted rocks and shoals are always to be feared.

The "Sick-Maintenance in Irish Law," which Dr. Binchy

[1] *Ériu*, vol. xii—part I. Dublin: Royal Irish Academy and Hodges Figgis, 1934. 9s.

discusses and explains, has reference to the aggressor's liability for care and cure of a wounded man. Dr. Binchy shows that the principle of this liability is also to be found in Hindu Law, in the ancient laws of various Germanic peoples, and notably in the Mosaic law as stated in Exodus xxi. 18-19. He shows that the Irish law, in its earliest tradition, preserves the principle in its oldest form: the aggressor must himself undertake the maintenance and nursing of the wounded man and provide medical assistance. He shows however that, in Ireland as elsewhere, this duty in the course of time became changed to a liability to bear the expenses of care and cure. In the theory of the jurists the ancient provisions of Irish law, as they were first committed to writing, represent St. Patrick's reform and are unchangeable. In fact, as in the case of sick-maintenance, there are many recorded departures from the law of the ancient texts. The fact that Irish law, throughout its history, grew and changed in accordance with social and political changes, whether these were for better or worse, appears to have escaped the notice of the earlier official editors and of many modern writers, mainly because these were dependent on the official translations and thus could not perceive differences, often of centuries, in the textual matter, but also because of a prepossessing notion, strange as it may seem, that the social and political ways of life in Ireland remained unchanged throughout their history. The changes in some cases are already visible in the ancient texts, despite the theory of immutability. From another manuscript of the Phillips collection Dr. Binchy (p. 80) is able to quote in full a statement which preserves the law of Sick-Maintenance in an earlier form than that of the main text. The development involved is fully discussed in the paper. It may be regarded as akin to the change in ancient society from a basis of status to a basis of contract, a change which since Sir Henry Maine has been commonly regarded as a factor in social progress but which in our own time may yet be considered in another aspect.

From the same source, the Phillips manuscripts, Dr. Binchy promises an edition of another ancient law-tract hitherto unpublished, *Bretha Déin Chécht*, which is concerned with the law of medical treatment.

Apart from its juristic aspects, the tract now published is of great interest for what it has to tell us regarding the ancient practice of medicine and surgery in Ireland, also regarding customary diet. To the Irish jurists, especially those of the older time, law was in contact with all the actualities of com-

munity life, and the mere vocabulary of the law tracts is often able to bring something of that contact back to us. To those who have known the editor as a specialist in jurisprudence, it may or may not be a surprise to find him here coming to the front as a specialist likewise in the philological handling of some of the oldest and most difficult material in the Irish language. It is mere justice to greet this work as a clear and promising advance in Irish historical and cultural studies. E. MacN.

THE NEW ERA GRAMMAR OF MODERN IRISH. Rev. Gerald O'Nolan, M.A., D.Litt. Dublin: Educational Co. of Ireland. Pp. xiv. and 238. 7s. 6d.

Dr. O'Nolan's grammar contains much that will be of assistance to Irish teachers and students. Within the limits which he has set himself, the author has given us a thorough exposition of both the accidence and syntax of Modern Irish. Some may be tempted to complain that sub-division has sometimes been carried to such lengths that one is bewildered by the apparent complexity of types. In his treatment of the copula the author distinguishes no less than nineteen types of classification sentences and twelve types of identification sentences.

The section on "Prepositions" is particularly good. It has been said that a knowledge of Irish may be judged by one's appreciation of the various shades of meaning expressed by the use of the prepositions. Dr. O'Nolan has (again within the limits of the material at his disposal) done Irish a real service in tabulating and distinguishing these meanings. Equally good is his treatment of case-syntax, especially the analysis of such constructions as genitive of quality, subjective and objective genitive, cognate accusative, etc. Besides its immediate purpose, this treatment will be invaluable in the teaching of Latin or Greek through Irish.

I have said that Dr. O'Nolan has limited his material for Modern Irish. It will be evident from the list of authorities on pp. xiii and xiv, and from the quotations throughout the book, that he has based his conclusions on the works of Fr. Peter O'Leary. Other dialects are used but sparingly. Ulster Irish is represented by two books and Connacht Irish by two more, one of which "Naoi nGábhadh an Ghiolla Dhuibh" is quoted twice only. The second, Ó Conaire's "Seacht mBuaidh," can hardly be regarded as representative of pure Connacht Irish. (That Ó Conaire, therefore, should be quoted (p. 125) to show that "in Conn. proleptic *a* is sometimes absent," will not appear a convincing proof of the statement). Such a delimiting is regret-

table in what purports to be a grammar of Modern Irish and has, in a few instances, resulted in a too wide generalisation. So, *e.g.* (p. 57): "In vbs. like *atá, adeir, adubhairt,* initial *a* was kept in later I. only in rel. sentences." In Connacht, at least, *adeir* is quite common in non-rel. sentences. It is stated (p. 43) that "the *d* of *dá* is aspirated except after *d, n, t, l, s.*" In Connacht, on the contrary, the un-aspirated historical form is commonly heard.

I have noted a few places in the Modern Irish section where Dr. O'Nolan's views are not likely to meet with general acceptance. "Conditional *badh* is permissible, though *ba* is more usual" (p. 77). Not only is *badh* permissible, but it is the only correct form. The half-page section (p. 77) on "Remains of Compound Verbs" is surely not meant to be exhaustive? That *is é mo chorp é seo* (p. 155) may be a correct translation of *hoc est corpus meum* no one will deny. That it is "the correct translation" can hardly be sustained in view of the following form from LB. 50a 47: *is é seo mo chorpsa.* Fr. O'Leary's version stresses the word *corpus,* the L.B. version stresses the word *hoc.* I fail to see Dr. O'Nolan's objection to *déanta i n-Eirinn* (p. 162). The author says that if *tá so* be understood, the phrase would mean: "This is in the state of having been made in Ireland." But is not that precisely what *is* meant? Such forms as *maidean an ochtmhadh lae* (p. 92), *lár na h-ochtmhadh aoise déag* (p. 116), though written in Modern Irish, have no historical justification. In such cases the noun has always resisted inflexion. The correct form is given on p. 100.

In dealing with Old Irish Dr. O'Nolan does not show the same sure grasp of his matter as in the Modern Irish section. It is stated (p. 34) that "In middle I. *in* was substituted for *ol,* giving *indaas.*" Both *indaas* and *oldaas* occur in the earliest Old Irish. It is not correct to say (p. 229) that the form *éagcóir* comes from the prep. prefix *in-*. The prefix here is the negativing prefix (probably a sonant n) which combined with *c* and *t* to form *é* and voiced the consonant. On p. 9 a form *sindi shagairt* is adduced to explain *an tsagairt.* As *sindi* is a prehistoric form, while *sacart* was not borrowed until the sixth century, the combination is an unhappy one.

Dr. O'Nolan is to be congratulated on a work which will do much to counteract a tendency commented upon of recent years by Secondary School examiners, a tendency to direct the pupils' efforts towards a certain fluency of speech, while anything in the nature of a solid groundwork in grammar is practically ignored.

S. Ó C.

GAELIC SONGS OF MARY MACLEOD. Edited by J. Carmichael Watson. London: Blackie. 1934. pp. xxxiv + 158. 4s. 6d.

In this book Mr. Carmichael Watson, the son of two distinguished Gàidhlig scholars, has edited for the first time the Poems of Màiri nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, the late seventeenth century poetess of Harris and Skye. This remarkable woman, having entered the household of the Macleods of Dunvegan in the humble capacity of *bean altruim*, won for herself there, presumably by her poetic ability, a position of respect and privilege. Sixteen of her compositions survive, twelve of them being in the nature of semi-official laments or panegyrics. This poetess, who (we are told) was much given to whisky and snuff, was unlettered; but she was none the less acquainted with the characteristics and ways of thought of the classical school. The chief merit of her verses is their unsophisticated sincerity and the pleasing musical form in which simple ideas are expressed.

The edition of these poems which Mr. Carmichael Watson has given us leaves nothing to be desired. It is scholarly and exhaustive. The introduction tells us all that is known about the author of these poems. The critical text, accompanied by plentiful textual and historical notes, is printed with a vis-à-vis translation. The provision of notes on the metres and of a vocabulary completes this work of mature scholarship, which may be heartily recommended to all students of Gàidhlig. F. S.

Economics and Politics

THE TRADE BALANCE. By Lieut.-Colonel K. E. Edgeworth. London: Allen and Unwin. 1934. 3s. 6d.

Colonel Edgeworth's first book, *The Industrial Crisis*, was largely devoted to an exposure of the follies which have occurred in recent years in the domain of international lending. In this, his second book, he returns to the same subject, which he examines as part of the general problem of the relation between different currencies. The dangers and inconveniences of inconvertible paper and of an international gold standard with fixed parities are convincingly exposed, and it is suggested that the international monetary system of the future will probably take the form of a gold standard with movable parities. Such a system is open to the objection that an element of uncertainty would be introduced into international transactions and that a new field of operation would be opened to speculators. It is with the object of securing

the advantages of the proposed system, purged of these objectionable features, that Colonel Edgeworth puts forward the novel and original suggestion that governments should be permitted to vary the gold parity of their currencies each week by a strictly limited amount, to be known as the "gold rate," and that the rate of variation should be publicly announced in advance and remain unchanged over long periods. The traditional method of regulating the balance of payments by the manipulation of bank-rate is disapproved of by Colonel Edgeworth, who is of opinion that credit policy should be confined to the management of the internal business situation. At a time when the monetary system of the world is in the melting pot, the fullest possible discussion of the relevant problems is desirable, and Colonel Edgeworth has certainly contributed some new ideas, which are entitled to receive, if not unquestioned acceptance, at least an open-minded examination. G. O'B.

THE IRISH FREE STATE, ITS GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS. By Nicholas Mansergh. London: Allen and Unwin. 1934. 12s. 6d. net.

A POLITICAL Constitution can be studied in three aspects. It is an outcome of history, of the complexus of historical circumstances in which it originates. It consists of certain concrete provisions or articles which embody the wisdom (or folly) of its designers. Finally, if it has functioned for a sufficient period, we may study it as a living political or legal organism. In the excellent book which is the subject of this review, Mr. Nicholas Mansergh considers the Constitution of the Irish Free State with sympathy and detachment. This is high praise. For while in most normal countries the Constitution, as the substantial basis of the State, is outside the sphere of active political controversy and does not arouse any very deep or passionate emotions, in Ireland it has been the very centre of political warfare. As a result of this, among other causes, the original Constitution, a very complicated and ingenious construction, if nothing else, has not been weighed and found wanting. It has been found inconvenient by two Executives and has been discarded in many of its most carefully considered Articles. It was designed to be rigid, but a more fluid Constitution has seldom appeared in the course of history. While the student is engaged in the contemplation of its beauty, it is liable to suffer a change—I shall not say into something rich and strange. This is highly disconcerting. The admirable account which Mr. Mansergh gives us of its

provisions—the best part of his book, as I think—is already out of date in a number of essential matters. Apart from this, it may be claimed that, in making the Constitution elastic whereas it was intended to be rigid, we are reverting to the British practice. This is a high, if inconvenient, eulogy. The praise, however, is superficial. Almost alone among modern States, Great Britain possesses an elastic Constitution. But the innate conservatism of the country and its long tradition in working free institutions have in fact made the British Constitution unchangeable in its fundamental framework. Of course the Irish Constitution is to revert to the rigid type in 1938; but there can be no guarantee of this, if it happens to be inconvenient to the Executive of the day, and if the extension under Article 50 is not declared illegal.

And this brings us to the history of the Constitution. Of this Mr. Mansergh gives a brief but sufficient account. Looking back on it now, it seems very complicated and very discouraging. It is obvious, after the event, that the Constitution from the very start was doomed in many of its Articles. Mr. Mansergh thinks that the introduction of the Oath was, from the British standpoint, a fatal error. This is a matter upon which opinions will inevitably differ. What cuts much deeper is the principle that a Constitution cannot successfully be drafted by one political party. It needs substantial agreement. If it is not the unconscious growth of long custom and "old adoption," it must have behind it the will of an united people. Nothing is more difficult than the working of free democratic institutions, as is clear from all recent European experience. They can survive over long periods only where there are found a sense of discipline, a spirit of compromise, a tolerance of difference of opinion, and above all an absence in political leaders of any sense of personal infallibility in complicated matters.

Viewing the Constitution of the Irish Free State in its original form, it is an obvious criticism that it seems too complicated and elaborate. It includes political devices like the Referendum, the Initiative, an elaborate scheme of Extern Ministers, a method of electing the Senate taking the entire country as a single constituency. In so far as one can discern any principles in this somewhat variegated patchwork, they would seem to be a distrust of politicians, an intention to curb both Parliament and Executive, and finally a faith in the possibility of working advanced democratic institutions. In all of these matters the Constitution failed signally. Mr. Mansergh is impressed with the original Draft Scheme of Extern Ministers. I cannot share his optimism. On

this scheme only four of the Ministers were to have seats in Parliament, seven others being selected on the ground of business and technical efficiency. The desire to get rid of the professional politicians is a natural one. Mr. John Bright is reported to have said that if the people really knew what the professional politicians were like, they would rise one day and hang them all. This would be drastic. It would also be quite inefficacious. The definition of a business man is vague—we already have several of them in politics. The business man *pur sang* never occurs. If he did, he would very wisely avoid the political life. In any case the parliamentary system demands politicians. All power would inevitably gravitate towards the small group having seats in the Parliament. Nor is the evidence that business men are likely to be successful as heads of government departments convincing.

The attempt to curb the powers of Parliament and the Executive was also a failure. The conditions were such that a strong Executive was vital. The Constitution in a sense was a compromise between republican and monarchical forms. This compromise was readily effected because Great Britain, as has frequently been pointed out by political theorists, is itself in essence a republic with an hereditary president. If there is no ambiguity in the Constitution itself, a certain ambiguity inevitably arose when the First Minister or the Chairman of the Executive Council was, in continuance of the previous republican usage, referred to as the President. He also received in public the titular honours usually paid to the head of the State and not to a First Minister. This has made it plausible at a later time to argue that any one who opposes him is in opposition to the State. This, of course, is a fatal idea in a parliamentary democracy. The whole *raison d'être* of a parliamentary democracy is discussion and opposition. The leader of a political party cannot expect to be immune from criticism.

Apart from our particular problems, the growth of the power of the Executive raises questions too intricate for discussion here. It is a feature common to all modern representative democracies. Probably it is at the moment the most important problem of theoretical politics. Unhappily there is no facile solution for it. The liberty of the individual is gradually disappearing and the transition to autocracy is being rendered easy. If business men do not necessarily make good ministers, the competency of ministers to become good business men is not likely to be doubted by themselves. It is a commonplace that power is dangerous to

those who exercise it. It tends to bring out the worst qualities of a man, and no doubt there is some truth in the saying of Hobbes that there is in every man "a constant desire of power after power that ceaseth only in death." Mr. Mansergh points out: "It is, of course, evident that if the ministry and the departments were desirous of misusing their power to oppress individuals, they would be in a position to do so within legal formulae." A discussion, however, of these points is not possible in a review.

The democratic devices of the Constitution—the Referendum and the Initiative—were never put into practice. The use of either for ordinary legislation was probably, in the Irish Free State, a mistake. Mr. Mansergh seems doubtful of the wisdom of the Government's method of abolition. The abolition of the Senate raises somewhat similar questions of principle. Whether these constitutional arrangements are good or bad may be argued almost *ad infinitum*. But a Government certainly should not abolish them merely because it finds them inconvenient. Their whole purpose is *to be inconvenient*, and therefore their utility should be considered apart from the political exigencies of the moment. The very idea of a Constitution is that it embodies the considered political wisdom of a people. The problem of the House of Lords has been a subject of controversy for more than a hundred years. With our keener political insight we decided a similar problem in less than a month. Of course political conditions are abnormal, and we may hope to arrive in time at a more serene detachment.

A period of twelve years is too short to arrive at any definite conclusions about the working of a Constitution. During this period we have been more interested in ideas than in institutions and more interested in words than in ideas. And yet there is, perhaps, no final reason for pessimism. If many of our recent bureaucratic devices will tend to maximise corruption, it should be remembered on the other side that the Appointments Commission and the Municipal Manager systems are on the whole working admirably. It is disconcerting, as well as expensive, to find general agreement on the principle that the patriotic are to live henceforth on the well-timed contributions of the less patriotic. But, perhaps, in the end the problem of partition will be found to be the greatest of all our difficulties. What will Irishmen a hundred years hence think of it all? Is it possible that they may conclude that, while we were fighting our admittedly important battles in the South, the historic Irish nation, one and

undivided, had passed away and was buried somewhere in the Six Counties—" very quietly on account of the war ? "

D. O'K.

THEORIE UND PRAXIS DES FASCISTISCH-KORPORATIVEN STAATES. Von Fritz Ermath. Heidelberg : Carl Winter. 1932. 6 mk.

THE ITALIAN CORPORATIVE STATE. By Fausto Pitigliani. London : King. 1933. 15s.

THE ECONOMIC FOUNDATIONS OF FASCISM. By Paul Enzig. London : Macmillan. 1933. 7s. 6d. net.

THE MAKING OF THE CORPORATE STATE. By Harold E. Goad. London : Christophers. 1932. 5s. net.

On the 10th November last Mussolini, after exactly 14 years work, completed and rounded off the construction of the Fascist Corporate State. " This is the most important event in the history of Italy," said the Duce in his speech on that occasion opening the Council of Corporations, the crowning institution of his politico-economico-social organisation. And although the words sound bombastic to one recalling that history, they do reveal the sincerity of his belief in the possibilities of his system. The books named above seek to explain the growth, in theory and in practice, and the actual nature of this Fascist system. All suffer from the same inevitable defect brought about by the impatience of their authors : they are incomplete. But this recent event in Italy will probably arouse fresh interest, and those desirous of knowing something definite and reasonably accurate about the Italian corporate state might do worse than read any or all of these volumes. The authors ought to have been shrewd enough to see that any work of theirs published before now could only hope to be a description of a torso, and they would have been wise to wait. But even curtailed as they necessarily are, and so rather unsatisfying, these books contain much useful information, careful analysis and not a little sound criticism.

Herr Ermath's monograph is the only one of the four which makes any pretension to scientific scholarship. It is not only a good, if not altogether lucidly written, account of Fascism, but it is also an able and valuable essay on sociological principles. The author is thoroughly at home in the modern literature of his subject—Othmar Spann, Rathenau, Carl Schmitt, Pareto, Kelsen, all are called upon to throw light on the problems handled. But it is interesting to note that it is mainly to that marvellous jurist and political philosopher, von Gierke, that appeal is made most frequently.

Of the other three more popular accounts, Paul Enzig's does not inspire confidence, despite its assured tone and easy style. But Dr. Enzig's works on financial questions are well-known enough to be referred to as a guide to what may be expected in this book. Mr. Goad is especially good in analysing the less tangible aspects of Fascism, its *ethos*. His is a well-planned and well-written work, and should be very useful to the ordinary reader seeking some guidance as to the deeper significance of the corporate movement.

On the whole, however, it is Signor Pitigliani's work that we should most highly recommend as an introduction to a study of Fascism. It is a conscientious, serious piece of work, accurate in its information, full, orderly and well-documented. The author is an economist and a jurist who has studied in America, and who brings a cool judgment to his task. Moreover, he appears to have been able to work in close contact with the actual organisation at its headquarters in Rome. The translation has been well done. A most readable and useful work.

E. J. C.

Fiction

WIND FROM THE NORTH. A Novel. By Joseph O'Neill. London: Cape. 1934. 7s. 6d.

This is a first novel, and the amazing thing about it is the finished technique—the clear outline, the steady grip of the essential, the mature mastery of an immense mass of material all fused to incandescence. How this teeming sequence of detail would have retarded the story of a less skilled technician! But this story gathers speed and momentum until the reader is breathless with excitement in the end. *Semper ad eventum festinat.*

Mr. O'Neill has other gifts. He can describe crowds so that we hear them and see them; yet when we analyse the description, we find nothing but bits and scraps of conversation and action caught as it were *au vol de circonstance*. Again he handles certain inherent improbabilities—*e.g.* the transmigration of soul, a sort of metempsychosis *au rebours*, by which a Civil Servant of 1933 is made to live in 1013—so artistically that we are never troubled by them, and only become aware of them when searching for a fault to find. Again, he possesses that rare skill by which a number of anticlimaxes—where events promise to come to a head and then fizzle out—are so managed that they give an illusion of life, since in real life such things occur every day. Further, he achieves such a closeness of texture in his book that we imagine it must have been written in a single gush, much as Balzac wrote

César Birotteau in 15 days (though he had carried it in his heart for years). Men may differ as to the function of literature—is it to interpret life, to portray beauty, to represent the ideal, to give utterance to a personality, to express a philosophy of life ?—here is a book which does all these things.

It is a book which does credit to the literary life of Dublin, and we recommend all Dublin people to read it. It is full of love for Dublin and for Dublin's history, and indeed may be said to be a tribute to Dublin. But it has a wider appeal also ; for the intellectual and emotional life from which it springs must be shared by thousands of men and women in Ireland. We need only refer to the pages on the Midnight Mass, on the Lough Derg Pilgrimage, and especially (for the writing at this point fairly glows with ecstasy) to the description of the Gaelic household of Lissdonnell, where only the Gaelic tongue is heard, where hospitality is so generous, and where music and poetry are so highly esteemed. In Ireland, too, we are all of us *filii terrae*, and Mr. O'Neill's book breathes a very Vergilian love of the country—*divini gloria ruris*. At times, too, it sounds a wistful, beautiful, and very human note of loneliness and heart-hunger, voicing the sense of exile that haunts all of Eve's children *gementes et flentes*—to use the Church's wonderful phrase—*in hac lacrimarum valle*.

Lastly the book has style. Mr. O'Neill understands the arduous technique by which, as Coventry Patmore says, a phrase becomes a manifold mystery of significance and music. It would be easy to prove this by quotations. But this review has already exceeded the normal length, and it must suffice to say that on every page we find things like this :—" He went as far as a hawk flies on a long spring day with a straight fair wind blowing under both wings." J. B.

History

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS AND CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION. By Patrick Rogers, M.A., D.Litt. London : Burns Oates and Washbourne. 1934. 12s. 6d. net.

A good book may often suffer by being badly printed, while an indifferent one may sometimes offer an unwarranted attraction because of the way in which it is brought out. *The Volunteers and Catholic Emancipation* has the double virtue of being extremely well brought out and of at the same time presenting a clear, masterly, and exhaustive treatment of the subject with which it deals. Dr. Rogers has proposed to himself the examination, from an entirely new angle, of one of the most spectacular

movements in the history of eighteenth century Ireland. Laying aside, for all practical purposes, any consideration of the military and general political significance of the Volunteer movement, he concentrates attention on its relation to the " Catholic Question " of the time. In order to put the case in its true light, he has been obliged at the beginning of his book to explain in a brief way the origin and development of the Catholic Question prior to the rise of the Volunteers. In this section of his work, though efficient, he is (as one might expect) rather summary and can hardly be said to have added anything new to our knowledge of the position and activities of the Catholics. When, however, he gets down to the real subject of his book and deals with the reciprocal influences of the Catholic Question in shaping the history of the Volunteer movement and of the Volunteer movement in determining the expansion of Catholic activities, he has a remarkable and for the most part unsuspected story to tell, which makes a very welcome and useful contribution to our knowledge of Irish history towards the close of the eighteenth century.

In a few pages at the end of his volume Dr. Rogers gives the sources from which his information is derived ; and the measure and impartiality with which he uses his authorities throughout the book are a worthy testimony to his ability and the soundness of his judgement. One is inclined to regret that under the heading " Periodicals " no mention of Faulkner's *Dublin Journal* appears ; for in the pages of this journal much information —more perhaps than in those of most of the other publications of the time—may be found concerning the history of the Catholics in the eighteenth century. However, in availing of the files of many other contemporary journals and periodicals, Dr. Rogers has had recourse to a little exploited source of historical knowledge —and with encouraging success. As Dr. Eoin McNeill remarks in a preface to the book, the whole narrative is enlivened and the " principal persons . . . are brought nearer to us " by a fuller reference to the periodical literature of the time than is usual in " typical histories." In a movement centred about so many outstanding personalities as the Volunteer movement was, this is no small advantage.

In Dr. Rogers's pages we catch especially well the tremendous enthusiasm evoked by the Volunteer movement and the desire of all parties to be associated with it. The difficulties against a *liaison* between the Volunteers and Dissenters in general as distinct from Roman Catholics were soon overcome. But the earliest record of Catholic Volunteers that Dr. Rogers could

discover dates from August 1780. A note in Faulkner's Journal for June 7, 1779, suggests that possibly Catholics had been already admitted as Volunteers in some places even earlier than that. The entry, apropos of an alarm about the presence of enemy ships in Bantry Bay, runs as follows :—" A great number of Roman Catholic gentlemen immediately offered themselves as Volunteers to join with their Protestant fellow citizens and were well received." The raising of a similar alarm in Sligo, in the following month of July 1779, led the " titular Parish Priest of the town, accompanied by a detached party of the Roman Catholics," to wait on " the Worshipful the Provost, on parade, and on the High Sheriff with an offer of their best services to assist their fellow subjects. . . . . They were politely received by each of them gentlemen, thanked and told that as occasion should require they would be called upon."

However the true interest of Dr. Rogers's book does not turn on details such as these. The important factor in it is the light thrown on the working out of different party interests. In Ireland of the time there were two distinct classes of people : those who were represented in Parliament and those who were not. The former were sub-divided into a Court party and a Patriot party ; and the latter into a Catholic party in the South, Midlands and West of Ireland and a Presbyterian party in the North. No one of these parties, as Dr. Rogers ably points out, could hope to succeed in isolation from one or other of the remaining groups, while the activities of each party were fettered and clogged by the presence within it of warring conservative and progressive elements. An outstanding merit of his book is the way in which he distinguishes the complicated reactions of the different party aims, one upon the other, thereby making intelligible much that is otherwise difficult to understand.

Dr. Rogers is never heavy or dull. A keen interest is maintained throughout by the spectacle—a sorry spectacle of its kind—of a succession of politicians, able and within limits sincere, spending themselves in unworthy compromises in a blind endeavour to out-manoeuvre and checkmate each other. Their weakness was not so much want of political foresight as an exaggerated dread of what the consequences of a faulty move might be. At the end we are left with an obvious crisis impending. The Court party, after many vicissitudes, has gained a passing advantage, but only at the price of concession to the Catholics, who—as must often happen to a party on whose support or refusal of support an important political issue depends—profited by the

difficulties of the other contending parties. All we can hope is that opportunity will permit Dr. Rogers to pursue his research still further, so as to provide us with a companion volume carrying the story of the Catholic struggle some further stages, though the years that follow 1793, where the present volume ends, have a more sordid and tragic story to tell. C. O'C.

DEUTSCHE GESCHICHTE IM 19. JAHRHUNDERT. Von Franz Schnabel. II. Band: Monarchie und Volkssouveränität. III. Band: Erfahrungswissenschaften und Technik. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder. 1933 und 1934. 9.80 und 11.40M.

MANY historians are willing to give at least a theoretical assent to the view that there is a relation, varying in its degree of closeness according to circumstances, between the various forces, spiritual and material, to which a people at any epoch is subjected. They will admit that the history and development of a people cannot be properly understood unless the influence of these forces is properly assessed. But how seldom in practice—especially for more modern times—has any serious attempt been made to recognise the consequences of such an admission! The difficulties that stand in the way are indeed great—so great that to many they appear insuperable. The mass of material that has to be dealt with seems to have gone beyond all control, and secondly the various branches of learning and science have become so specialised, departmentalised and subdepartmentalised that any synthesis would seem to be out of the question. Hence the tendency, almost universal, of the historian by profession to confine himself to monographs, to the collection and publication of material—the necessary preliminaries, it is strongly urged, for that synthesis which is real history, but the advent of which apparently becomes daily more difficult and improbable.

Yet if the synthesis be not attempted, not only has history in any full sense been abandoned, but the innumerable specialist studies lose much of their value and, however carefully the work be done, run the risk of creating false impressions; whilst apparently dealing with essentially concrete matters, they ignore many of the vital forces operative, raise problems and put forward solutions that are onesided, abstract and unreal. Further, at different times in the writing of history one or other factor out of the many that have actually been operative in the development of civilisation has been chosen, elevated to a position of prominence, and treated as if it were of supreme if not exclusive importance.

Thus, for instance, the military, the political, the psychological, the constitutional, and the economic *motif*, each in turn, has been overstressed—almost run to death. It is perhaps not strange that from this onesided treatment we should suffer a reaction even more onesided and absurd, so that we are confronted with doctrines such as the Materialist Interpretation of History, which we are sometimes asked to accept on the plea that it does not quite mean all it says, whereas its interest from the philosophical point of view can only consist in its meaning to the full all it says.

It is an illuminating commentary on the practical attitude of historians to the demand for synthesis that Professor Schnabel's determination to present a full-blooded history of the German people in the nineteenth century can in many respects claim to be unique, that is a history in which due weight is given to the contributions to the shaping of the destiny and the formation of the soul of that people by leading personalities, social organisations of all kinds, philosophy, religion, political theories, historical science, philology, artistic theory and achievement, natural and applied sciences, technology, economic forces, etc., etc. There are very few scholars who would have the courage to undertake such a task ; far fewer are those who could hope to carry through the enterprise with the success that has attended on Professor Schnabel's efforts. Each " subject matter " is treated with great competence, and yet so as to be within the grasp of the ordinary educated reader. For instance, the third volume opens with thirty pages devoted to the philosophy of Hegel and its political, social and religious significance during the philosopher's lifetime and a century later—a valuable critical evaluation of what is living and dead in that system. Equally competent is the treatment of the development and role of the historical sciences and those mental disciplines which the Germans class as Geisteswissenschaften—a term for which there is no satisfactory English equivalent. To the role of applied science and the development of industry and the industrial spirit almost half of the third volume is devoted. In all this there is no neglect of detail ; we have even a discussion, calm and objective as usual, on the religious aspect of this development and of the claim made that it is particularly the child of Protestantism—that, in the words of Uhlhorn, the machine has something essentially Protestant about it.

But what is especially worthy of praise is not only this specialist knowledge of detail, but the extent to which the author remains the master of his material and utilises it all for the unified picture

which is his ultimate aim—he never gets lost in the richness of his detailed studies. Thus, so far as he has gone—the fourth volume is yet to come—he has succeeded in making a noteworthy, even an unique contribution to the understanding of the history of nineteenth century Germany and of the Germany of to-day, which is the product of that century, but is also a reaction against some of its dominant forces and characteristics.

With the factors that went to shape the social and political features of that century the second volume deals. On the whole it was the century of the victorious advance of the Middle Classes —an advance indeed that was more evident in the realms of science and industry than in the field of politics. Here we have a masterly analysis of their real historical significance, of their outlook, of their Liberalism, of their demand and struggle for constitutional government, of the extent of their victory and of its limits. We have brought before us the various factors—intellectual, moral and material—that went to the making of that Liberalism and of the opposing traditions, interests, doctrines and tendencies. The treatment is always adequate and the expositions lucid. Both the general reader and the specialist can come to these volumes with full confidence that he has much to get from them. J. M. O'S.

JUDAISM. By A. Vincent, Professor at the University of Strasburg. London: Sands. 1934. 5s.

One would not, I take it, be far wrong in supposing that most people, even those who live side by side with Jews, know little of that mysterious race. They have learned, perhaps, from *Ivanhoe* and the history of Ferdinand and Isabella and what their newspaper tells them about anti-semitism in Poland and France that the Jews are a persecuted people. They may have wondered vaguely why Jews figured so prominently in the Bolshevist revolutions of Russia and Hungary and have been puzzled as to why Herr Hitler dislikes them so much. They have heard something about Zionist activities in Palestine.[1] They know that Jews are associated on the one hand with second-hand clothes or furniture shops and, on the other, with high finance. But, if they bestow any thought on the matter at all, it may be that they are unable to account for these various facts. Mr. Hilaire Belloc could enlighten them on some of them.[2] But various questionings might still remain in their minds, for I believe that many educated people know more about the distant Japanese, Hindoos, and

[1] See G. K. Chesterton's *The New Jerusalem.* [2] *The Jews* (Constable, 1922).

African negroes than they do about the Jews who may be their next-door neighbours. Is being a Jew mainly a question of race or of religion ? And if the latter, what *is* their religion ? Is it that of the people of Palestine in the time of our Saviour ? Do they believe in the Bible, do they offer sacrifice, what goes on in their synagogues, are there still Pharisees and Sadducees, do they still await a Messiah ?

These questions and many more besides are answered in this little book. It does not deal with the Jews as a political, social, and economic problem, which they are to some extent, but relates objectively and with sympathy their history since the time of Christ, sets forth their beliefs, practices, and customs, studies their literature, and notes the different tendencies that are at work within Judaism. Here and there the author points out the differences that distinguish Judaism from Christianity, but not in a controversial spirit.

The work throughout is richly furnished with bibliographical references. The author acknowledges in particular his indebtedness to Père Léonce de Grandmaison, S.J., " who was for me a guide and a friend " and to whom the book is dedicated, and also to Père Bonsirven, S.J., on whose work, *On the Ruins of the Temple*, he has drawn considerably. The translation by Rev. Dr. James Donald Scanlan is competent and reads smoothly. S. J. B.

A SHORTER HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Hilaire Belloc. London : Harrap. 1934. 10s. 6d. net.

CUSTOM does not stale Mr. Belloc's infinite variety as the historiographer to the average man. This will be evident even to the casual reader of the present volume, notable even among its author's books for the vigour and lucidity of its writing, in which is told the story of the evolution of the English people from its earliest recorded period to our own time.

It may seem that Mr. Belloc, in retelling this somewhat trite tale, was entering on a task that was superfluous. But his new history is not merely a narrative of events ; it essays to explain the events. The writer's well-known philosophy of history is made the foundation of his explanation. Mr. Belloc is not only a Catholic, but also a good European—in the best sense of that often misused term—and this fact makes his treatment differ in many respects from the customary manner of historians of the English people.

Rome, both pagan Rome and Christian Rome, was the great shaping force of European civilisation, and the debt of that

civilisation to its benefactor—and this is true of England as well as of Europe in general—cannot be left out of account or underestimated by any historian who wishes to explain as well as to record. It is from this angle that Mr. Belloc presents the course of English history in its earlier stages. He brings English history into the general current of European development. Continental movements and personalities take their places as factors in what is too often presented as an isolated development. As a consequence the cultural value of the study of English history is much increased. This is one decided advantage that Mr. Belloc's book has over its predecessors.

When the writer comes to the period of the English religious revolt, the book is again sharply differentiated from the generally current accounts of that important period. This is not merely because the writer is a Catholic, for he is quite alive to the weaknesses or abuses of the old system, against which at any rate on the surface the revolt was directed. He is able to view the movement of revolt in more just perspective than are those who look upon the old system with the hate or lack of sympathy which are equally the outcome of ignorance. It would be too much to expect that Mr. Belloc's explanation of this contentious period will satisfy all his readers, but they will admit that his method of dealing with it is at least well-founded and credible.

The book ends substantially with the death of Queen Victoria; for although the story of the succeeding years is given in outline by way of an epilogue, the writer holds that contemporary events are too closely implicated with feelings to allow of dispassionate treatment—to quote his own words: "they should be *only* recorded, lest, in a very few years, the emotions attached to them, and still more our judgment upon them, should be falsified in the event."

One may truly say of this book that it is one of Mr. Belloc's best efforts to teach his contemporaries the history of the past and thus to enable them to judge more rightly the present, and surely this is the highest function of the historian. The book would make admirable reading for the higher forms in our Irish schools, where unfortunately the history of England has been unduly neglected in recent years. Such neglect cannot be good for the teaching of history, whether one considers it in its bearings on our young people as students of history or as future citizens.

W. J. W.

Literature, Ancient and Medieval

A HISTORY OF CLASSICAL GREEK LITERATURE. By T. A. Sinclair, M.A. London: Routledge. 1934. 12s. 6d. net.

The author of this work has recently been appointed Professor of Greek in Queen's University, Belfast. He is not by any means a new hand at the difficult task of compressing the long history of Greek literature into a brief space, for he has already given us a noteworthy revision of Jebb's encyclopaedic article in the fourth edition of the *Cambridge Companion to Greek Studies*. The present work is presumably intended to form a series with the *History of Later Greek Literature* by Professor F. A. Wright, which has already been reviewed in these pages.

Professor Sinclair stops short with Aristotle, and in just a little more than four hundred neatly-printed pages he gives us a very successful and complete account of Greek poetry and prose to the later half of the fourth century B.C. Although in some cases, notably those of Herodotus and Thucydides, his discussion is of adequate length, his space does not of course permit him to enter very deeply into critical questions, particularly such as are raised by almost every Greek tragedy. We note to our regret, for instance, that on p. 240 he states in a note that before the production of the *Eumenides* the powers of the Areopagus had been severely reduced by the popular party, and adds: "The *Eumenides* is a protest against this." Here he can scarcely be said to do justice to the purpose of the play; one had imagined that this old interpretation had been long ago discarded.

Like almost all present-day authorities, Professor Sinclair, though cautious, may be described as a believer in the unity of Homer. It is remarkable what a revolution has taken place in this respect since before the War, when such believers were the outcasts of scholarship. In antiquity those who ceased to think one poet could have written the Homeric poems merely divided the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* between two poets. We are now back at that stage once more as far as the "Homeric question" is concerned. Readers of Professor Sinclair will find very few of the modern discoveries in Greek literature missing from his pages. He has the new Ibycus, the new Alkman, Bacchylides, Pindar, and the others, down to the new fragment of Sophron published in 1933; but we do not find the new bit of Aeschylus' *Niobe*.

The book is written in a very clear and limpid style, and will be found very easy to read, especially by the educated public

who are not specialists. Students will perhaps regret that the limitations of Professor Sinclair's space and method forbade him to give more references and a fuller bibliography. In the latter we miss especially two fundamental works, the elder Wilamowitz's *Pindaros* and his son's *Dramatische Technik des Sophokles*. The only book on Aristotle mentioned is Professor Taylor's small popular handbook. There is nothing of W. D. Ross and nothing of Jaeger, although the latter has been recently at last translated. Apart from one or two minor misprints, we note that on p. 147 the birth of Bacchylides is put a century too early (there is no mention of a recent theory which makes him Pindar's equal in age). On p. 387 the genuineness of Demosthenes' Fourth Philippic is too decidedly queried; it is now considered established on the evidence of Didymus' *Commentary*. On p. 400 it is misleading to say that Hermeias was "another former student" of the Academy. In all probability he was not personally known to Plato, as Jaeger (*Aristoteles*, p. 114) has shown. We warmly recommend Professor Sinclair's work to the attention of all who desire an up-to-date, thoroughly competent, and very agreeably-written introduction to Greek literature in its finest period. M. T.

FROM DANTE TO JEANNE d'ARC. Adventures in Medieval Life and Letters. By Katherine Brégy, Litt.D. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. 1934. $1.75.

In the first sentence of his Preface to this book the General Editor of the Science and Culture Series, to which it belongs, indicates clearly the main source of its interest: "The revival of interest in medieval literature and art, and the renewed appreciation of what was best and noblest in the life and institutions of the Middle Ages, have been among the most hopeful signs of our day." Of that revival the symptoms and tokens are evident enough, in England, on the Continent, and even in the New World. Miss Brégy's fellow-countryman and co-religionist, Dr. James J. Walsh, has contributed not a little thereto by his *The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries* and by his *Golden Treasury of Medieval Literature*. In England we may note the recent success of Miss Helen Waddell's *The Wandering Scholars* and *Mediaeval Latin Lyrics* and the still more recent *Oxford Essays in Medieval History*. Indeed in that country interest in the Middle Ages has long been fostered by periodicals such as the *Journal of Medieval Studies* and by learned societies such as the Early English Text Society, the Percy Society, and several other kindred bodies. In Germany

one might instance the excellent series *Bücher des Mittelalters* edited by Friedrich von der Leyen and in France the new editions of such medieval classics as the *Roman de Renart*, the *Roman de la Rose*, and the *Chanson de Roland*. Also there is the marked revival of interest in medieval spirituality.[1] It would seem that medieval literature is no longer a domain reserved to scholars, but is coming back to something like popular favour.

But of books such as Miss Brégy's, based on thorough knowledge and sympathy but modern in outlook and attractively written, there are as yet too few. And we are accordingly grateful for *From Dante to Jeanne d'Arc*. We were already indebted to her for two delightful volumes—*The Poet's Chantry* and *Poets and Pilgrims*. These were chiefly studies of Catholic poets—English, Irish, and American. Now she has entered a new field.

The book opens with a study of Dante which recalls that brilliant book *Recall to Dante* by Miss Alice Curtayne. This is followed by three studies in medieval romance. Romance for her is "one of the most real and salutary facts in the universe." It is "the glory of sunset and the glamour of purple mist; it is the wonder and tenderness of life; the essence of poetry; the seeking and finding of the ideal." These are no mere archaeological studies. The romances of the Middle Ages—the Holy Grail, Tristram and Iseult,[2] and many another "have remained sources of esthetic stimulus and limitless adaptation ever since."

Next comes a study of a medieval way of life wholly at variance with modern ways, that of the lady anchoress. In extreme contrast is the study of Eleanor of Aquitaine, "a medieval worldling." Two further studies of great interest complete the book. In the former the author draws a comparison between Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and some medieval allegories, notably *Everyman*, which she considers immensely superior to Bunyan. It is interesting to compare this chapter with two remarkable studies of Bunyan which have appeared within the past few years, one by John Livingston Lowe in his book of essays entitled *Of Reading Books*, the other by Alfred Noyes in *The Opalescent Parrot*. The former is a panegyric, the latter a wholesale condemnation. Miss Brégy, it seems to me, is more dispassionate and more discriminating than either. The book concludes with a study of Jeanne d'Arc.

Miss Brégy writes with the ease that comes of a thorough

[1] Cf. a work reviewed in the March number of STUDIES (p. 157) *Auteurs spirituels et Textes dévots du Moyen Age latin*.

[2] Significantly enough *The Times* of July 12 of this year reviews a long new poem on this theme—*Tristram* by Frank Kendon.

and comprehensive grasp of her subject. She writes out of an abundance of knowledge and with an enthusiasm which is always restrained. It is refreshing to find such qualities at the command of one whose outlook is so wholly Catholic, for to see the Middle Ages aright one must look at them through Catholic eyes.

S. J. B.

Philosophy

THE PROBLEM OF ERROR FROM PLATO TO KANT. A Historical and Critical Study. By Leo W. Keeler, S.J., Professor of History of Philosophy in the Gregorian University. Rome: Gregorian University. 1934.

Intellectual error, that is, false judgment is so common that it is taken as a characteristic of our human condition—*humanum est errare*—but its philosophic explanation presents a very difficult problem. To err is to judge something to be what it is not; but the explanation and genesis of such a judgment raises grave difficulties in every system of Philosophy—and insurmountable difficulties in some of the most widely accepted systems. Error is a fact and must be accounted for, and a system that can offer no explanation for this common fact must stand thereby condemned. For the Realist, truth is the adaequation of the mind to the thing—*adaequatio intellectus ad rem.* But how can thought be adaequated to what does not exist? Or how can that which is not, determine and regulate my thought? An adaequation requires two terms, but in the case of error we have only one! We have mind—we have not the thing. For the Idealist the problem is much more difficult and seems to be insoluble. If the mind constructs its object, and if the only reality of that object is that it is thought—*esse est percipi*—then every judgment, from the mere fact that it is thought, must be true. For the Idealist there is no adaequation: no independant object to measure his thought and consequently his thought can never be inadequate or false.

The problem of error was felt early in the history of Philosophy by those thinkers who first began systematically to inquire into the nature of cognition. Plato, in the *Theaetetus* and *Sophist*, treated it *ex professo* and at length; and it passed into the body of traditional philosophical questions. Naturally the philosophers who are more concerned with Knowledge than with Being give it a greater prominence—such as Plato, St. Augustine, Descartes and Kant.

Fr. Keeler's is probably the first full treatment of this question.

He traces the question, with great patience and detail, through all the important thinkers from the Greek Sophists to Kant.

A coherent explanation of error may well be considered as a negative *criterium* of a system; and the Rationalists and Idealists stand the test badly. The chapter on Kant is most instructive, where Fr. Keeler shows that Kant was able to give an answer to this difficulty only at the expense of much fluctuation and confusion between the Idealist and Realist view of truth. Fr. Keeler shows that in St. Thomas we have all the elements for a complete theory of error: seeing that in the analysis of judgment he distinguishes perception from assent and recognises the role of the will in all but necessary judgments.

Fr. Keeler's detailed and painstaking study (which at times is a little diffuse) has put this important philosophical question in its true historical perspective; and there are signs that a good deal of attention will be given to it in the future—at least by Catholic philosophers. It is to be hoped that Fr. Keeler, who has treated the historical aspect of the question with such success, will contribute greatly to the philosophical solution of the problem. It should be added that his book teems with small verbal errors which would have been eliminated by a careful proof-reading.

H. K.

FOUNDATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF VALUE. By H. Osborne. Cambridge University Press. 1933. 8s. 6d.

SCIENCE AND THE SPIRIT OF MAN. By Julius W. Friend and James Feibleman. Allen & Unwin. 1933. 12s. 6d.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. By T. Hywel Hughes. Allen & Unwin. 1933. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Osborne's book is principally a classification of the more general theories about the nature of value. Although he does not pretend to give an exhaustive discussion of the problems arising from these theories nor even to say anything original about value, in his criticisms, and particularly in his interpretation of Idealism, he may claim to give a positive contribution.

Although he laudably attempts to clear up confusions in terminology and definition, it is disappointing that he does not himself attempt a clear definition of value. He can discover nothing common in the different theories except some implication about reality. In view of the variety of doctrines about reality, this is a very slender thread. If, as he holds, the philosophy of value is ultimate, more ultimate than theoretical metaphysics, it is difficult to see how he can accept the view that doctrine about

reality is the point of departure in the distinction between different theories of value.

His personal convictions are liberal ; but he does show a clear preference for Idealism over Naturalism and Realism. His Idealism, based on an ultimate intuition of conscience, is unsatisfactory. He refuses to define the fundamental notions of " conscience " and " right." We get nothing but the single imperative to follow a conscience which has no directive principle other than common sense and an impulse to work for the ultimate advantage of corporate humanity.

In spite of its inconclusiveness, Mr. Osborne's book gives a useful survey of the literature and problems regarding value.

Science and the Spirit of Man is an attempt to rescue human and spiritual values, the " Good, True, Beautiful and Worshipful," which the scientific outlook tends to belittle or ignore.

The modern mind is moulded to an alarming degree by the scientific attitude, which takes as the central sphere of knowledge a cosmology holding that nature is a blind world of matter and energy, where man, his life, reason and aspirations are merely accidental features. " It is shocking to observe the effect produced by the modern cosmology on contemporary life." " The modern man concerns himself with proximate ends " ; there is no ultimate purpose of life other than merely keeping alive.

The authors' aim is to substitute for this distorted picture drawn by science a new ordering of experience, to be mapped out in broad outlines.

The book is partly critical, partly constructive. The critical portion is by far the more important. The lengthy discussion of the principles and validity of science has many telling points. The most interesting chapter is that on the classical physics and the relativity theory. The criticism brings out the purely abstract character of physical enquiry, the artificial and pragmatic nature of its concepts, and its one-sided exclusion of purpose. The attack is, however, carried too far, with the result of emptying out the baby with the bath. So far is physics from giving us bedrock truth, that its concepts are fictional crystallizations, its laws are truisms based on definitions, its subject-matter has no reality. There is, in fact, no real independent world at all. In a chapter on Psychology we are, further, told that there is no mind independent of perception.

The constructive portion of the book is decidedly weak. One wonders whether the dual authorship may be responsible for the inequality. An imperfectly thought out theory of humanistic

monism is outlined. Rarely in a philosophical work does one find such loose use of terms. The vague words, 'value,' 'significance,' 'meaning,' supply the key to every problem.

Dr. Hughes's book is a scholarly and well-reasoned defence of religion against the attacks of the New Psychology, especially Behaviourism and Psycho-analysis. The attitude of these he regards as the greatest menace to the religious point of view at present. He gives a clear and full exposition of both these theories and a sound criticism of their fundamental tenets. The explicit tendency of these theories is to extreme determinism, elimination of the supernatural, denial of reality to the object of religion and of validity to religious experience. In the psycho-analytical school, theories directly subversive of the fundamental truths of Christianity have been developed.

The author justly shows that, in taking these attitudes, these theories go outside the scope of Psychology, and give not results of psychological research, but of foregone metaphysical theories.

The second part of the book deals critically and positively with the main questions of the psychology of religion. First, the reality of God is proved, as against the theories of projection. Then, the following questions are discussed : the instinctive basis of religion ; the religious consciousness and experience ; the consciousness of sin ; conversion ; the sense of peace ; the consciousness of power ; the sense of divine presence.

In his positive theory the author puts undue emphasis on feeling, to the neglect of the intellectual and doctrinal factor.

He gives an extensive bibliography, but does not seem to be acquainted with the Catholic literature on the subject.

J. Shine

Books Received

Besborodov, S. The Bolsheviks discover Siberia. (Lawrence, 2/-).
Blanc, Gabriel. Lourdes et la Libre-Pensée. (Téqui, 2fr. 50).
Blanc, Gabriel. Variations d'un Futur anthropophage. (Téqui, 10fr.).
Bonneval, P. P. Les grands jours de la vie religieuse. (Aubanel Ainé).
Bontoux, G. Les Aveux de J. J. Rousseau sur les questions de l'heure présente. (Téqui, 2fr. 50).
Burke, John J. Christ in Us. Meditations. (Dolphin Press, $1.25).
Caussade, P. J. de. Spiritual Letters. Translated by Algar Thorold. (Burns Oates, 6/-).
Cecil, Lord David. Early Victorian Novelists. (Constable, 10/-).
Cicognani, Amleto. Canon Law. Introduction to Study, History of Sources, Commentary on Book I. (Dolphin Press, $5.00).
Cazales, Abbe de. La Passion de N. S. Jésus-Christ d'après les méditations de Anne-Catherine Emmerich. (Téqui, 12fr.).
Clairfeu, Rene. L'Heure va-t-elle sonner ? (Téqui, 8fr.).
Cobban, A. Rousseau and the Modern State. (Allen & Unwin, 10/-).
Coudenhove, Ida. The Burden of Belief. (Sheed & Ward, 3/6).

COURBERIVE, JEAN. Les dieux vermoulus. (Editions Spes, 7fr. 50).
CRUM, W. E. Francis Llewellyn Griffith. (Milford, 1/6).
CURTAYNE, Alice. Patrick Sarsfield. (Talbot Press, 2/6).
DOMINIQUE, PIERRE. Sibérie rouge. (Editions des Portiques, 12fr.).
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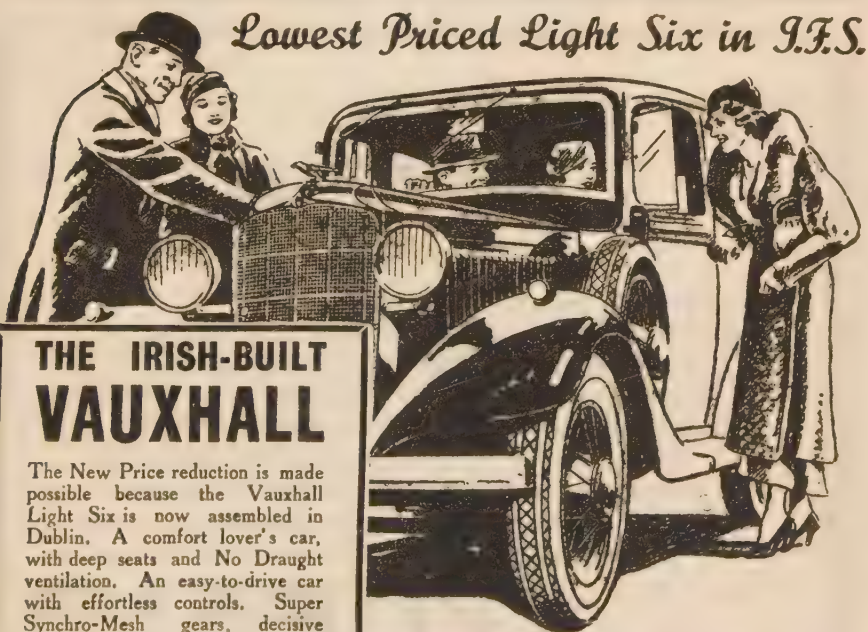

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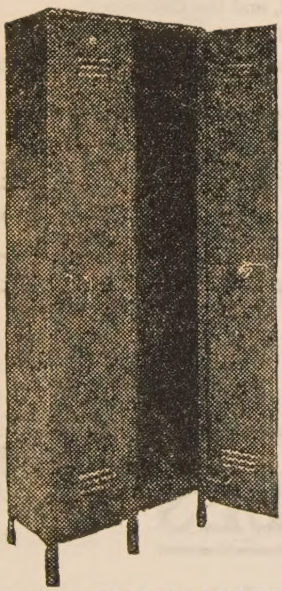

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